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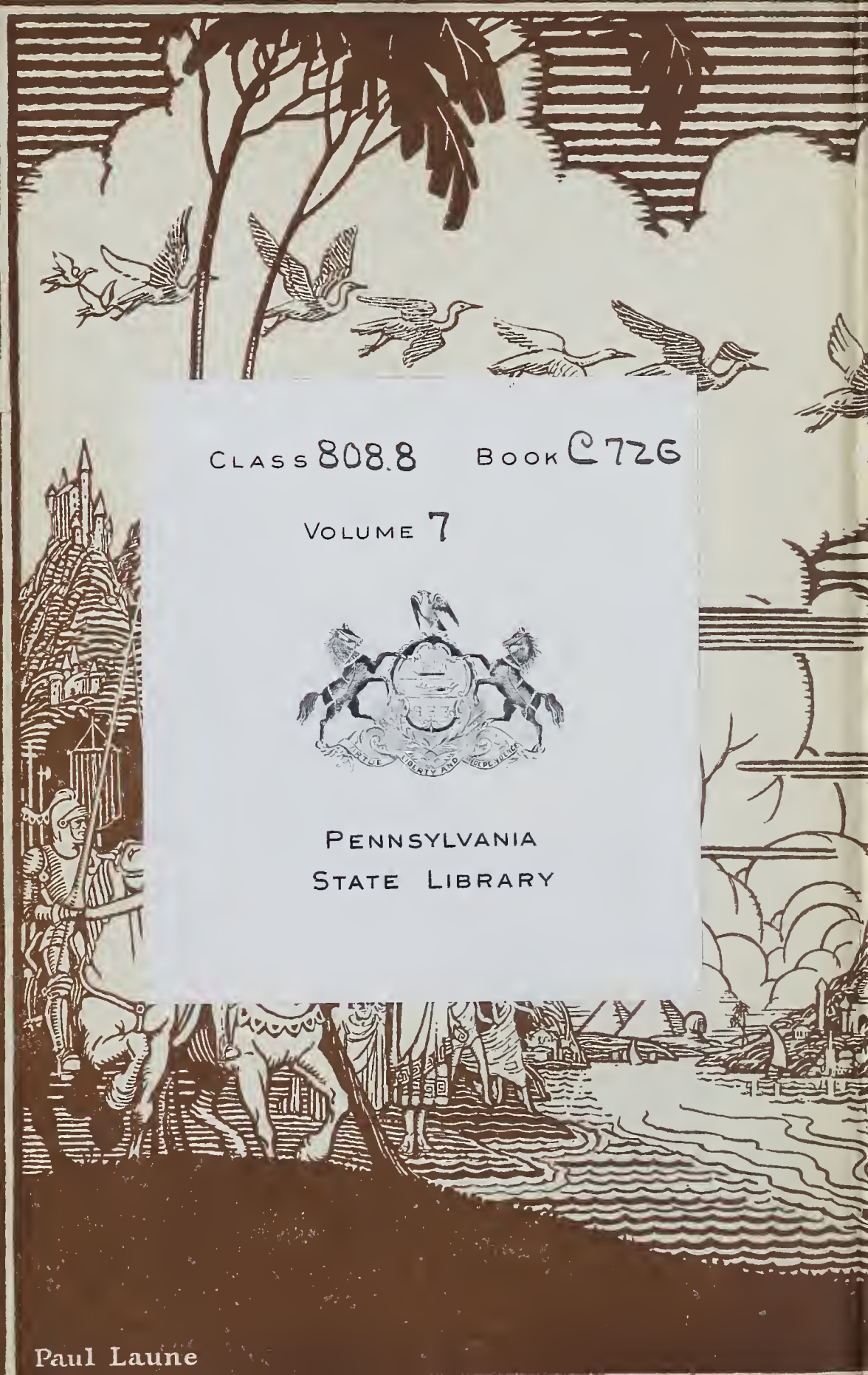

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FRENCH LITERATURE FROM 1848 TO THE PRESENT DAY— A GENERAL VIEW

FRENCH literature at the present day is no less individual than it was in the past. It is still fed with the sap of a national life characterized by its unity and coherence; it is written in a language second to none in its expressive power, even if deprived of some of its raciness by a long process of intellectual and social refinement. The changes wrought in the French mind by the revolutions of modern thought have not altered the peculiar quality of style which is the glory of French prose, and the virtues of which French poetry has managed to make her own. But although it keeps true to its tradition, the literature of France in recent times has acquired a more extensive range, and a new breadth of appeal; it bears witness, in its way, to the enlargement of the national outlook, and the spread of a more varied interest, thus pointing, like many other symptoms, to the birth of a world culture.

The date about which the second volume of this survey begins has been chosen under the stress of a special need. Neither in the number of interesting works, nor in their value, can the literature produced after 1850 balance that which was written from the medieval times to the middle of the nineteenth century. Such a scale, needless to say, is no fair index to the relative importance, esthetic or historical, of the periods thus marked out. A very distinct emphasis is here laid, for obvious reasons, on the contemporary part of a long historical development. But apart from the practical end in view, this division can be justified as well on other grounds. From 1850 onward the literature of France, having run as it were through one complete cycle, and experienced the full scope of its powers, really enters upon a new course, the nature and characteristics of which it is the aim of these few pages briefly to define.

Down to 1850, French literature had displayed strongly marked and relatively simple features. Broken as it was by one main turn into two sharply contrasted periods, it had shown in both a similar temper by its allegiance to a single idea. From the middle ages to the first decades of the eighteenth century, it mainly obeyed the powerful instincts which sought for beauty in order, symmetry, and exactness. A rational type of art — akin to the classical type of antiquity — tentatively grew, reached its slow maturity, and declined. Next, during the hundred years after 1750, new desires revealed themselves in the emergence of another type; romanticism was prepared, came to a head, enjoyed a short-lived triumph, and passed on to decay.

To judge from that succession — a more vividly antithetical and dramatic one, perhaps, than is generally the case — it might have seemed about 1850 that the coming age was to witness the renewal of the sharp alternation thus initiated; and French literature might have appeared doomed to swing forever, in repeated reaction, from one to the other of the contending principles.

Now a state of conflict has been indeed the predominating aspect of French literature during the three-quarters of a century that have elapsed since 1850; but the conflict has assumed a new character; it has been a much more involved and intricate matter than before. The changes from one phase to another have been less strenuously fought over, and the transitions less clearly marked; so that the general texture of that period is, roughly speaking, more uniform; whilst the literary works, on the contrary, have persistently grown more individual and diverse. Indeed, variety has been through that span of years the outstanding quality of French literature; a variety which can hardly be reduced to classical or romantic standards, but takes after both.

This is not to say that the law of rhythmic development has ceased to operate. Those seventy-five odd years of mental and literary life allow of a division into three recognizable phases. With the turn of the mid-nineteenth century, art and thought swing together away from the ideal of romanticism. Everything had been subservient to the exercise of the imagination and the emotions; form had been liberated from the shackles of a fossilized style, and unchecked play given to the principle of freedom. Now a desire for intellectuality and order makes itself felt; after the riot of the romantic age, artists instinctively long for the dignity, the restraint of careful discipline. Meanwhile the sciences are growing beyond the ken of former centuries; they open up vistas of power and wealth, and bid fair to give man the empire of the physical world; positive knowledge becomes the pattern of all moral activity; and literature falls under the spell of history, geology, archæology, biology. The new schools that reach thus a consciousness of their aims are united by a common purpose, their affinities being rather "classical" than the reverse. *Realism* sets up a scientific ideal for literature and the arts: nothing matters but truth, and writers should hold up a mirror to man and life as they now are, or as they ever were. *Naturalism* goes one step further in singling out for special study and imitation those aspects of nature, physical or moral — as, for instance, the slavery of most human beings to instinct and passion — which a delicacy, a refinement, or an optimistic convention had usually placed under a ban. The *Parnassians* are poets who withdraw from the more trite thoroughfares of letters and the self-display of the romantics to the severe chaste slopes of the sacred mount; they devote themselves to a fastidious worship of beauty, the cult of polished form, and an impersonal contemplation of man's vagaries through the ages. The disciples of *Art for Art's Sake*, lastly, push the same principle to a more definitely esthetic exclusiveness; and refuse to acknowledge

the claims of any value before those of an artistic ideal, that should rule literature and hold sway no less over life.

The years from 1875 or 1880 to 1900 or 1910 witness a new change in the temper of thought and letters. The mood of reason, of science and positive knowledge, is undermined in its turn. A secret dissatisfaction gnaws at the heart of the times. The intuitive activities of mind are reasserted by the philosophers and moralists; literature becomes restless again, hearkens to voices from the strange and the beyond, tries to express subtle shades of emotional meaning, or takes pleasure in the intricate interplay of allusive ideas. *Symbolism* and *Impressionism* are the twin-born children of that disquieted romantic spirit; they put forth again the personality of the artist, but not in a direct unashamed fashion; the former selects as its special province the correspondences and remote analogies that appeal to the more fanciful play of imagination, and which soothe the craving of a refined intellect for the elusive glimmers of truth; among the many echoes that reverberate through nature, it catches most readily the associations which unite the music of syllables with emotions or images; it makes suggestion the normal method of art. The latter aims more definitely at calling up a vibration in the souls of readers or spectators, through which the individual, inexpressible quality of the artist's perception or meaning can only be expressed; it deals with the evanescent shades which a more attentive study of man's heart or the physical world has revealed. By the side of both, *Decadence* is the proud confession of the morbidness in which a declining century seeks a relief for its own jaded sensibilities; it appeals to a sense of frankness and the bitter pleasure of pessimism, whilst making a bid for novelty at the expense of health and balance.

The years just before and those just after the Great War were to French literature an unsettled time of manifold ephemeral schools and rival tendencies. From the currents and cross-currents, if any stronger movement can be made out, it is the superior magnetism which once more attracted artists and writers to a classical ideal. Many minds were drawn towards the security and permanence which a principle of tradition seemed to offer in the hopeless struggle of new-fangled theories; the sanity of equilibrium, an intellectual mastery of warring elements, an economy of phrase, and an insistence on the value of implicit as opposed to explicit expression, characterized not a few of the more significant men of letters, with whom the cult of the national past was more or less a conscious motive, and who desired to link themselves up with it.

The moral rhythm in the development of literature has thus been for the last seventy-five years holding sway as before; and the phases which have kept recurring preserve strong analogies with those which had preceded them; it is still a question, at bottom, of an alternation between moods, in which now intellectual, now emotional and imaginative, tendencies predominate. But the fact that is now more clearly apparent with each new change is that the periods more and more interpenetrate one another. Each waxing literary mo-

ment does not put an end to that which is waning away, but so to say absorbs its substance and mingles it with its own into an original alloy. Thus the "classical" or the "romantic" phases which keep coming in and going out do not really repeat each other; they are all individual in the different combination of their elements, whose number and complexity are ever on the increase. The "Realism" of 1860 is no mere repetition of the classical doctrine of truth; it is a classicism flushed with the still glowing ardors of romanticism. The "Symbolist" school is no mere revival of the romantic tradition; it adds to this an intellectual subtlety derived from the philosophical cravings of the realistic period. The "Neo-Classicism" of contemporary French writers is remote indeed from the effortless purity of a Racine, or from the rigorous discipline of a Flaubert; it is shot through and through, in its conscious composure, with all the restlessness of modern thought and the morbidity of a disquieted world.

And not only do opposite or complementary tendencies mingle into more complex frames of mind, but a growing number of writers cease to obey at all the spirit of their own times; erratic individualities are more and more numerous; as many hark back to the past, or point forward to the future, as chime in with the predominant note of the present. In the medley of French literature during the last seventy-five years, the stream of romanticism and that of classicism have both maintained in fact their continuous courses, though the main character of each successsive phase was due, now to one, now to the other; and whilst moving in accord with this or that, most writers have revealed the gradual commingling of the two currents. By far the greater number of notable French minds from 1850 to the present day exemplify that process of increasing complexity, that capitalization of consciousness, so to say, through which a series of layers, the deposits of successive ages, are constantly added to the background of thought and literature. So the conflicting schools do not displace each other, but very largely overlap; no doctrine of art really drives out all opposition, and enjoys the privilege of undisputed rule; it is only by means of an artificial generalization that periods are distinguished at all, and frontiers marked out, even roughly; the number of the exceptions, at any given time, almost exceeds that of the writers who undoubtedly and clearly express the spirit of the age; and the tones of practically all the voices that make themselves audible awake in the listeners' memories subtle remembrances of more than one music already heard, and echoes of more than one past.

As a general result, French literature during those three-quarters of a century has been more than ever before in touch with the whole world, and alive to the most distant as well as the most alien influences. There is no appeal, from Europe or from over the seas, with which it could not, through some of its representatives at least, vibrate in unison. Its inner variety has made it more receptive; and its receptivity has set upon it the seal of eclecticism.

A consequence, again, is that France has been reinstated in her position as

one of the most active centers — probably the most active center — of literary initiative. All through the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, French classicism had been responsible for the model which rival cultures emulated or followed. The romantic age reversed that process; in learning to liberate her long-repressed sensibilities, France had accepted the lead of the nations of the North; she had stood in discipleship to more precocious and more spontaneous schools of romanticism, as much as to her own deeper genius. From 1850 onward, there is no note in the whole scale of literary expression which French writers cannot strike freely and genuinely through the power of their creative impulses. The boldest flights of the imagination, the most mystic endeavors of the soul, the brightest play of color and the richest range of sensations, no less than those traditional values — intellectual criticism, the ordering of facts and ideas, or the nicest grading of fine shades, are thenceforward fully acclimatized in France; those gifts are all, when they show themselves, racy of the soil.

Now, it is still a characteristic of the French mind that it thinks quickly, realizes swiftly its own intent, and in the process of analysis and formulation displays very special aptitude and ease. The waves of doctrine and of fashion in literature which have for the last seventy-five years swept over Europe and the world have not all originated in France; France herself was through that period in a receptive and responsive state to stimuli that radiated to her from abroad; but it was her luck or her privilege to grow more quickly aware than most other nations of the new way the spiritual wind was blowing, and more often than not to start the change or launch the transition. Most literary movements of the later nineteenth cenury bore a French name or had their initial focus in France. The French "Naturalists" were a model and an encouragement to realists the world over; "Symbolism," "Impressionism," "Decadence," came first to a head in France, though examples of all three might be adduced from other literatures at earlier dates.

Thus it is that a volume of selections from modern French literature can recommend itself with reasonable confidence to all categories of readers. Its appeal is broad and varied enough to please every taste. All kinds of temperaments and manners are here represented; and the national limitations which used to offset the originality of the French genius hardly make themselves felt any more. The era of Realism and Naturalism did not only witness the strong ascendency of an ideal akin to that of scientific truth, and of a grim resolve to face all the facts of life; as soon as one passes from doctrines to men, that illusion of simplicity and uniformity vanishes; by the side of Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, there flourished the tender humorous art of Alphonse Daudet, the flashing impressionism of the De Goncourts; and as one probes below the surface, Flaubert reveals in his objectivity the bitterness of an inverted romantic; Zola, an imagination hankering after epic grandeur; Maupassant, the thrill of the mysterious and the weird. Among the "Parnassians," meanwhile,

Leconte de Lisle clothed powerful visions in a language the more moving for its severe restraint; and Victor Hugo, the chief survivor of Romanticism, adapted his vigorous maturity to the demands of a new age without renouncing the fervor and the impassioned eloquence of his lyricism; while Baudelaire, one of the greatest writers of the century, endowed French poetry with the most acute perception of those difficult shades of imaginative emotion, the elusive gleams of which might have seemed excluded forever by the cool broad light of French reason. On the other hand, the intellectuals kept busy; Sainte-Beuve was working his way, fiber after fiber, into the very core of human and artistic personalities; Taine was building his vigorous generalizations as a system; and Renan let his sharp mind play lambently over the problems of religious and moral philosophy. France remained, not only to Matthew Arnold, but in herself, the land of clear dispassionate argument and logical valuation, a land where the criticism of life and ideas was a genuine activity.

With the advent of Symbolism, and the mystic temper or the decadent moods which so strangely mingle in the last years of the century, the atmosphere of French literature undergoes another change. The influences from Scandinavia, Russia, Germany, the United States, are met more than half way by the curiosities of an inquiring spirit, keen upon the pursuit, the knowledge and experience of all that is different, untasted, and unfelt. Ibsen, Tolstoy, Wagner, Nietzsche, Whitman, the more readily find an echo and a response in French minds, as France is casting over the world a new spell, the subtle magic of which seems to have forestalled all the witchcraft of foreign sorcery. Verlaine melts down the hard clearness of the French intelligence into the childlike poignancy of simple feeling; Mallarmé turns to strange uses a language stripped by three centuries of mental analysis, and educes a fresh suggestion from the music of its tones. At a time when the descriptive style flourishes in all literatures, Loti instils a more pathetic sense of evanescence into the very glamour of the scenery he depicts. In vividness of coloring, in delicacy of shade, in forcefulness of presentment, the image of the material world which modern French writers have been painting is equal to any. The intuitionist philosophy of Bergson, fed largely on English sources, reacts upon the universe of thought as a strong encouragement to idealism; while a Belgian writer, Maeterlinck, makes French the vehicle of the almost inexplicable premonitions of the soul. The present moment sees France a home for all the experiments and endeavors with which the disquietude of the twentieth-century spirit is alive everywhere. And yet, the Neo-Classicists, who as a group probably stand above all others, preserve, or wish to preserve, the continuity of French tradition; Barrès, a romanticist at heart, had disciplined his thought to an austere nationalism; Claudel associates his deep meditative sense of inherited French values with the bold flights of a vision akin, at times, to the cosmic sublimity and obscurity of Blake; Valéry writes metaphysical poetry and prose in a language severely precise, sober, and chaste.

The question that rises, lastly, when the prospect of those seventy-five or eighty years (1848–1928) closes on the broken variegated view of the present, is whether the lines will again unite into a harmonious literary landscape, or whether the mixture and the confusion have come to stay. Will the rhythm of moral development resume its sway over the course of art, and bring on phases, reminiscent of the old, yet new; or has the evolution of French literature carried it definitively to a stage of synthesis and eclecticism? It is difficult to hazard a guess; but perhaps one may venture to think that the last word will remain with the individual writer. The age of schools is past and gone; it now belongs to each mind to be a school unto itself. There will be, none the less, affinities and groups; critics will be at work, classifying and sorting talents after their kinds. But the heritage of the past is too rich and heavy for a totally fresh departure to be made; whilst an unlimited field remains open to personal originality in the free combination and proportioning of known elements. It is possible to expect that French literature will flourish tomorrow no less than it did yesterday, on the soil which has been gathered and mellowed for it by the life and thought of a thousand years; but that it will not be less national for approximating more and more, within its limits, to the total experience enclosed in the consciousness of man.

Louis Cazamian

THE GROWTH OF REALISM

THE SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE, 1851–1870

WHEN peace had been restored to Paris after the Working-men's Revolution in 1848, a constitution was adopted which called for the election of a President for a term of four years. To this office Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a nephew of the great Napoleon, was elected; he spent the next two years in building up his reputation as a statesman by supporting the Pope of Rome, who had been threatened by a popular movement with the loss of his temporal power in Italy, and in giving the middle classes the impression that he alone, among the French political leaders, was strong enough to guarantee that no repetition of the events of 1848 should occur while he held the reins of government. Although from the first many suspected Louis Napoleon of designs upon the republic, he won the support of the army and the clergy, while a large section of the people outside of Paris felt no particular sympathy for the republican form of rule, and wished only to be freed from anxiety and the shadow of revolution.

At the end of 1851, the President showed his hand, when he seized the persons of most of his political enemies, dissolved the National Assembly, and demanded that the Constitution be revised. After a short struggle, which involved bloody fighting in the Paris streets, Napoleon, backed by his troops, had his way. His term of office was extended to ten years and a fresh Constitution introduced which meant practically a return to the system of his great uncle; in 1852, with the consent of the people as expressed through a plebiscite, he had himself formally proclaimed Emperor. He was wise enough to placate some of his adversaries by publishing an amnesty, and cunning enough to divert the attention of the French people from political questions by giving them other things to think about — chiefly wars.

The period preceding the Revolution of 1848, it will be remembered, had been one of internal unrest but peace with France's neighbors. Napoleon, now the Emperor Napoleon III, was ready enough to end this period of peace, and flatter the national vanity of the people by winning victories and re-establishing their military reputation. Furthermore, he was indebted to the army for the support that had rendered possible his *coup d'état* of 1851, and the military leaders naturally were anxious to restore the glories of the reign of Napoleon the First. It was the Emperor's dream to gather to his side powerful allies among the European nations in order to check and humble Austria, then regarded as the chief military rival of France. In 1853, he joined with England

in upholding the cause of Turkey against Russia, when the Ottoman Empire seemed to be on the verge of destruction. The result was the Crimean War, by which France and England gained little or nothing; what real advantages were the fruit of victory accrued to the little kingdom of Sardinia (including Piedmont), whose crafty, far-seeing minister, Cavour, had brought it into the war on the side of the Allies, foreseeing that in the near future, when Sardinia should take the lead in the struggle of Italy against Austria, it would be of vital importance to have France and England favorably inclined.

In pursuance of his anti-Austrian policy, Napoleon next made an arrangement with Cavour, whereby, in return for the cession of Savoy and Nice, France should join the Piedmontese in a war against Austria. The war accordingly began in 1859. The Piedmontese were, of course, overmatched by the Austrians, but the French armies poured into northern Italy, defeated their opponents in the great battles of Magenta and Solferino, and did Cavour's work for him most thoroughly. Napoleon now wished to prevent the consolidation of Italy under the leadership of the King of Piedmont from going too far; he would have preferred a loose union of states, with the Pope at their head. But although Venetia was formally resigned to Austria, the other minor states of northern Italy voted to join Piedmont, thus quite upsetting Napoleon's plans. Then Garibaldi's famous expedition to Sicily brought about the ruin of the Bourbon kingdom of Naples in the south, and Piedmont became supreme in Italy. Under Victor Emmanuel of Piedmont, Italy was united into a new country in 1861, but France was no longer looked on with gratitude as the main agent in this emancipation, for Napoleon's diplomacy had aroused alarm in Italian minds.

Another unlucky venture of the Emperor's was an expedition to Mexico, which, at first undertaken to punish that country for its treatment of foreigners, soon developed into a scheme for the foundation of a French empire in the New World. While the United States was occupied with her Civil War this plan was allowed to proceed, but when the war ended the inevitable protests were issued, the whole affair fell through, and ended discreditably for France. Thus in a few years Napoleon III had filled his neighbors with suspicion of his good faith, gained the reputation of being a menace to the peace of Europe, and yet failed to win the close alliance of any of the Powers.

At home things seemed to be proceeding more smoothly. Although it could not be denied that the rule of Napoleon was an arbitrary one, the general prosperity experienced throughout the country, the growth of industrialism, the opening up of new railways, and the rebuilding and beautifying of the streets of Paris made people feel that on the whole France was doing well. The main opposition to the Emperor was centered in the Republicans, for the Royalists had lost the support of their strongest adherents, the Roman Catholics. These had been placated by Napoleon III, who showered favors on their church, and had abandoned hope of the Bourbons' being restored.

The Republicans were without most of their leaders, who had been exiled by Napoleon or were afraid of offending him, and their press was almost completely muzzled, while the very efficient police system made conspiracy a difficult and dangerous matter. The university professors and teachers, who had in the main been against the usurpation, were subjected to a strict surveillance, and given no opportunity of setting forth liberal views in the lecture-halls. In consequence, up to the year of the Italian war, 1859, there were few open indications of discontent. After that date, however, Napoleon III began to lose ground at home, as he had done abroad. His failure to win the hegemony of Italy for Rome caused the clergy to fear that he might allow the Pope to lose his temporal power altogether, and their support of the Empire became lukewarm. Napoleon's hostility to Austria, the greatest Roman Catholic power, also served to alienate the sympathies of the Church. And in 1860 he further weakened his position by making a commercial treaty with England that offended the protectionist working-men, and made them grumble that he cared little about France's industries.

Meanwhile the foreign horizon began to darken. Under the superb leadership of Bismarck, the Kingdom of Prussia was steadily gaining strength. In 1866 she was ready to challenge the leadership of Austria among the German states, and catching her rival at an early disadvantage had no difficulty in winning the war within a month. Prussia had wisely made friends with Italy, who now welcomed any weakening of Austria that would give her fuller freedom from fears of aggression, and a chance of obtaining Venice. Napoleon had stood aloof from the war, hoping that both combatants would be worn out by a long struggle, and that thus France would benefit without striking a blow. He was bitterly disappointed by the speedy triumph of Prussia; at the same time leaders in his own country, Thiers among them, pointed out the danger of allowing such a strong military power to be created beyond the Rhine without either making an alliance with it or providing against its aggressions. The dissatisfaction with the imperial government, which after all had only been lulled by the meager successes of Napoleon's foreign policy and by France's material prosperity, showed itself through manifestations in Paris during 1868. The next year Napoleon III granted some much-needed reforms, but saw that one thing was necessary to regain the trust of the people and make them forget his blunders — a sweeping military victory over Prussia. He allowed himself to be led into a declaration of war against the Prussians on what was really only a pretext, never doubting that he would be victorious.

In the war of 1870–71 everything went wrong from the beginning. The Prussians were much better prepared than the French, excellently led, full of confidence, and considerably more numerous. France was defeated in battle after battle; at Sedan a whole army, the Emperor with it, fell into the hands of the foe. This meant the end of the Empire. The Emperor was a prisoner, the Empress fled to England, and without a struggle a temporary Govern-

ment of National Defence was set up, under the Republican leaders Gambetta and Jules Favre. With this new leadership the French prolonged the hopeless struggle for a time, but the capture of Paris early in 1871 put an end to the war. France had to make a humiliating peace, suffer the loss of two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, and pay a huge indemnity to the victors. In addition, she had to look on as her hated enemy, Prussia, consolidated the German states under her leadership into the German Empire. This took place while the war was still in progress.

LITERATURE AND MATERIALISM — 1870

In French life during the second half of the last century, there is one date which stands out as a landmark: 1870, the year when France's military power crumbled before the onslaught of the Prussian armies, when her Emperor fell into the enemy's hands, when her capital was besieged and bombarded, and her humiliation as a nation seemed complete. It is natural for the political or social historian to take that year as the close of one era and the opening of another, and to trace the gradual work of reconstruction and re-affirmation of ideals which went to shape the France of 1914 and made it so unlike the France of 1870. But for the literary historian, in search of a date of peculiar significance in the development of French letters, 1870 is not altogether satisfactory. Although it spelt so much to the nation at large, it did not seriously affect the growth of movements which had already manifested themselves, which wrought their fulfilment independently of the catastrophe of 1870, and the final exhaustion and dissolution of which cannot be traced directly to it.

The spirit which pervaded French literature at this time was born of a reaction against Romanticism; it reflects in many ways the general state of the country during the Second Empire, and may best be summed up in the word *materialism*. There were of course many eddies and side-currents in the great stream of materialistic thought, and it would be a mistake to say that the writers of genius who contributed to it could be linked by any narrow formula, or that politics, commerce, foreign policy — all the thousand and one manifestations of a country's life — followed an identical track with that along which literature advanced. Such preliminary cautions may be taken for granted. But it is none the less true that if one characteristic prevailed in the many-sided life of the French people between 1848 and 1870, and found a voice in its writings, that characteristic was the trend towards *materialism;* men fixed their minds on the tangible things of the world, on what could be easily grasped and imparted, and neglected or denied outright everything else. With most of the leaders who opposed the usurpation of power by Napoleon III living in exile, and the others prevented from expressing their thoughts in print, the political parties settled into a compromise with the Empire; the extraordinary material prosperity which followed upon the establishment of a solid govern-

ment, and the flourishing of industrialism, seem to have compensated many for the loss of their liberty. The court of Napoleon III was famous for its gaiety, cynicism, and luxury.

In the intellectual world, the prevailing influence was that of Positivism, the doctrine first enunciated by Auguste Comte. Even during the First Empire, when the emotional waves of Romanticism were becoming stronger and stronger and the eighteenth-century faith in the reason appeared to be declining, there had been groups of thinkers and writers who maintained their faith in the mental attitude of the Encyclopedia. To these men, who believed that the human reason could comprehend and satisfactorily explain all things, the name "Ideologues" was given by their contemporaries. The most famous were Cabanis (1757–1808) and Destutt de Tracy (1754–1836). In the direct line of descent from them lies Comte, with his reliance upon deduction, his confidence that scientific methods of inquiry would eventually unlock every riddle of life, and his rigid abstention from the supernatural. And under him as their master, although not always admitting it, perhaps even unconscious of it, the thinkers of the Second Empire elaborated their systems. Renan in the sphere of religion, Taine in that of literary theory, Claude Bernard in that of medical science, were working along parallel lines; the brilliant successes which were being won by the apostles of natural science had led men to believe that nothing existed which could not be set down and examined by the investigator as a specimen is examined in the laboratory. To Taine the work of literary genius was a product which could be resolved into its elements by an analysis as sure and as accurate as the chemist's; all that was necessary on the part of the critic was knowledge, training in method, and patience.

THE REALISTIC NOVEL

The writing of fiction very soon showed the effect of the new trend of taste; there sprang up in France the novel of realism, which in the hands of its master, Gustave Flaubert, was to provide models for the whole of Continental Europe to follow. The way for the realistic novelists had been paved by the magnificent achievement of Balzac in the previous generation. Although chronologically Balzac falls within the Romantic period, he is certainly best regarded as standing between and in some manner connecting the two currents of thought — Romanticism and Realism. If in his frequent neglect of the demands of correct taste, in the exuberance of his imagination, and his boundless fertility, Balzac was akin to the Romantic writers, he was on the other hand a Realist by virtue of his power of delineating men and women as they really are, not as they might be. Furthermore, the way in which he made his 'Comédie Humaine' represent all classes of society showed that he was anxious that the products of his mind should answer as closely as possible to the concrete world he saw about him — his characters, while retaining their in-

dividuality, are types in which is fixed for all time the life of Balzac's generation.

After Balzac, minor novelists, such as Champfleury (1821–1889) and Duranty (1833–1880) tried to make their fiction a photographic likeness of reality, but succeeded only in making it tiresome. Their works are quite deservedly forgotten; as forerunners of the great French realists their names are still known to students, but they lacked the genius necessary to breathe life into the new forms.

This genius is gloriously apparent in the novels of Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880), whose famous 'Madame Bovary' was published in 1857. The book was prosecuted on account of the frankness of some of the descriptions, and thus obtained a good deal of notoriety, but after the affair had blown over, 'Madame Bovary' continued to be discussed, and soon acquired a solid reputation owing to the fundamental truth of its conception and the superb security of its handling. This fame has not sensibly diminished since Flaubert's day. There have been some critics who have rated Flaubert higher than others would; no one would place him in the front rank of European writers, but no one of judgment would place him very far from it. And Flaubert's triumph in 'Madame Bovary' was a triumph for the realistic conception of the novel — the work of fiction which is based on life as it is lived, for whose imaginary events notes have been taken of fact, and whose imaginary characters think, speak, and act in all respects as their living models. The unequivocal success won by Flaubert's book firmly established the realist theory about 1860; from that time forward it was considered only natural that the novelist should take his material from life as he found it, and give it only so much shaping as his artistic nature demanded. The writers of fiction prepared themselves by a study of reality, amassed bundles of notes, scanned the columns of the press for suitable situations to be worked into their stories. When this fervor for realism was combined merely with talent and facility of expression, the result was often interesting but without any permanent literary value; when, as in Flaubert, there was genius as well, masterpieces were produced.

After 'Madame Bovary' there came the depressing but marvelously vivid 'Education Sentimentale' (1869), and the extraordinary historical novel 'Salammbô' — each of them an achievement in its way. These works have been discussed and variously estimated ever since their appearance, but all the critics are in agreement on this point — that they represent a single conception of life and of literature, although their subjects are so various.

THE IDEALISM OF GEORGE SAND

While in the novel of Flaubert the author's intention is to keep himself in the background and give as objective a picture of his characters as possible, not all the writers of this period were able to break away so entirely as he from the

subjectivity of Romanticism. The great woman novelist, George Sand (1804–1876), combined with a delicate observation and a keen psychological analysis much of the personal note of the Romantic writers. Her books are often referred to as "idealistic" in contrast to the work of the realists; this, of course, does not mean that she spun the whole material of her stories out of her imagination, but that into the final form of that material there entered, beside the observed facts and everyday motives, much that was purely personal and individual, much that had significance only when considered in relation to the author's own life and nature. In her early novels, indeed, George Sand did not depend much upon the accurate presentation of the life about her; these stories, the best known of which is perhaps 'Indiana' (1832), show very plainly the influence of Romanticism. Later, in such tales as 'La Mare au Diable' (1846) and 'François le Champi' (1850), she cultivated a happier vein; without entering upon catalogues of their surroundings and minute descriptions of their appearance, she depicted the peasants of her native Berri in simple charming tales. Her painting is not a slavish copy of living models, but in all essentials it is faithful, and there can be little doubt that this part of her work is what will survive longest. In the fiction of her closing years, between 1860 and 1876, George Sand returned in part to her earlier manner; she surrounded her characters with an aureole of beauty, as in 'Le Marquis de Villemer' (1861), but never departed so far from reality as to make the reader feel that the foundation of fact had been altogether withdrawn. In George Sand, although she was gifted with a style of beauty and distinction, we have no careful craftsman, but a born story-teller, who wrote novels because that was her most natural form of expression for what she had seen and felt.

THE POETRY OF BAUDELAIRE

During all these years, and in fact up to the time of his death in 1885, that indefatigable genius, Victor Hugo, kept pouring out his magnificently energetic and varied poems. But in and by himself he was not enough to arrest the development of French poetry after 1840, which was away from Romanticism. The younger writers continued to read and to admire his compositions without wishing to imitate them, for after the decline of Romanticism, with its emphasis on the individuality of the poet and its apotheosis of the emotional nature, there had entered into literature other and more disquieting tones. Of these, the most original and influential, at home and abroad, was that which proceeded from the verses of Charles Baudelaire (1821–1867).

In the same year as 'Madame Bovary' (1857) Baudelaire's curious volume of poems, entitled 'Les Fleurs du Mal,' made its appearance at Paris. Disgusted and alarmed at some of the expressions used by the poet and at the repulsive nature of many of the images he presented, the authorities prose-

cuted him, as they prosecuted the author of the novel, for outraging public morality. They obtained the suppression of some of the most obnoxious pieces, but the book without them was sufficiently alarming. In verses which showed the most studious attention to form, and were full of a haunting cadence new to French poetry of modern times, Baudelaire dwelt on the most loathsome details of death and corruption; he seemed to caress the objects which in other poets had awakened only horror and aversion. If this perversity can in part be explained by saying that Baudelaire took pleasure in shocking the middle-class section of his reading public, it cannot be denied that in part it was a genuine expression of what he felt when he confronted life. With an intensely religious nature, shown by the very fervor with which he proclaimed that he was a damned soul and gloried in his sin, Baudelaire coupled a singular morbidity of taste. His eye was fixed upon the one overpowering fact — death; and he made death his theme in a thousand different ways. Among the worldly, self-satisfied soldiers and industrialists of the Second Empire he appears like some horrid *memento mori* to remind them that all the pomp and material abundance of their life is bound for the grave and the worm. It is small wonder that the "Decadents" of a later generation looked back to him as their literary father.

With Baudelaire, too, the foreign debt of French poetry becomes marked as perhaps never before since the time of the Renaissance. In the troubled, fitful, but highly poetic genius of Edgar Allen Poe, Baudelaire found his spiritual affinity. He eagerly read Poe's tales and translated them into French, along with some of his critical remarks. With Poe's pronouncement that poetry had to do primarily with Beauty, not with morality or truth, he found himself thoroughly in accord. He thus early broke away from the "social" ideal of literature to which Victor Hugo had pointed, and which had led some of the later romanticists astray. Besides introducing into his poems many phrases and figures of speech drawn from Poe, Baudelaire allowed his whole conception of his art to be colored by the theories of the American writer, and passed this conception down in a modified form to the "Symbolists" who flourished at the end of the century.

THE DRAMA

Just at the middle of the nineteenth century, the French drama, which seemed to be near its last gasp between the glittering but shallow comedies of Scribe and the ponderous improbabilities of the now discredited romantic tragedians, underwent a swift galvanization, and returned to life in the works of two playwrights — Emile Augier and Alexandre Dumas the Younger. In 1849 Augier presented his 'Gabrielle,' and three years later Dumas followed with his famous 'La Dame aux Camélias.' The essential point about the plays which came from the pens of both is that they are the product of men who were born with a sense of the dramatic. Alfred de Musset, charming though

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so many of his comedies were, had been first and foremost a poet; Scribe let the intellectual pleasure of his construction lead him far away from reality; the other romantic authors never showed that they possessed a genius specifically suited to the theater. The playwrights of the period between 1850 and 1870, on the other hand, found in the stage their most natural method of reaching the public; it would be no doubt a mistake to call either Augier or Dumas a great dramatist, but what each wrote was and is dramatic in a very real sense. Augier, in such plays as 'Les Effrontés' (1861) and 'La Contagion' (1866), picked out and presented on the boards of the theater living types of the Second Empire — the shameless money-hunter and opportunist, and the hardened and materialistic sceptic. In 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' (1854) he set forth in the persons of two of his characters the actual struggle that was going on between the members of the upper classes, unwilling to fight for their existence, and the newly-rich bourgeoisie, who were making their pressure more and more felt. With Alexandre Dumas, son of the great novelist, the play became even more distinctly the vehicle for moral ideas, but it never degenerated into sheer didacticism. With unflagging zeal Dumas sought to show the public of his day the danger that lurked for them in the decay of the family in France; the vices and weaknesses of the Paris of 1865 met and revealed themselves with incomparable vividness in 'Le Demi-Monde,' 'La Question d'Argent,' 'Le Fils Naturel,' and 'L'Ami des Femmes.' Since that time the theater has added to its resources and contrariwise has discarded some of the devices that were regarded as perfectly legitimate by Augier and Dumas, but no one will deny that the dramas produced by them deserved the success they obtained. As a matter of fact, in spite of the change in taste which has been wrought by the passing of time, 'L'Aventurière,' 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier,' and 'La Dame aux Camélias' are still regularly played before appreciative audiences.

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1848 Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is elected president	
1851 By his *coup d'état,* Louis Napoleon seizes control of the state, and exiles his political adversaries	
1852 Louis Napoleon is proclaimed emperor as Napoleon III	1852 Victor Hugo, *Les Châtiments;* Dumas the Younger, *La Dame aux Camélias*
	1853 Leconte de Lisle, *Poèmes Antiques*
1854–56 The Crimean War: France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey oppose Russia	1854 Augier, *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*
	1856 V. Hugo, *Les Contemplations*
1858 Napoleon III agrees with Cavour to help Italy against Austria	1857 Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary;* Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du Mal*
1859 France declares war on Austria, and wins the battles of Magenta and Solferino	
1862 France declares war on Mexico and defeats the Mexican armies	1862 Flaubert, *Salammbô;* V. Hugo, *Les Misérables*
	1863 Taine, *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise;* Renan, *La Vie de Jésus*
1865 The French are forced, by American intervention, to withdraw from Mexico	
1866 The war between Prussia and Austria ends in a crushing victory for the former	1866 *Le Parnasse Contemporain* published
1867 French troops are sent to Rome to help the Pope defend his dominions against Garibaldi	1868 A. Daudet, *Le Petit Chose*
1870 The Franco-Prussian War; Napoleon III is defeated and dethroned. The Third French Republic is formed	

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE was born in Paris in 1821; he died there in 1867. Between these dates lies the evolution of one of the most striking personalities in French literature, and the development of an influence which affected not only the literature of the poet's own country, but that of all Europe and America. The genuineness of both personality and influence was one of the first critical issues raised after Baudelaire's advent into literature; it is still one of the main issues in all critical consideration of him. A question which involves by implication the whole relation of poetry, and of art as such, to life, is obviously one that furnishes more than literary issues, and engages other than literary interests. And thus, by easy and natural corollaries, Baudelaire has been made a subject of appeal not only to judgment, but even to conscience. At first sight, therefore, he appears surrounded either by an intricate moral maze, or by a no less troublesome confusion of contradictory theories from opposing camps rather than schools of criticism. But no author — no dead author — is more accessible, or more communicable in his way; his poems, his theories, and a goodly portion of his life, lie at the disposition of any reader who cares to know him.

The Baudelaire legend, as it is called by French critics, is one of the blooms of that romantic period of French literature which is presided over by the genius of Théophile Gautier. Indeed, it is against the golden background of Gautier's imagination that the picture of the youthful poet is best preserved for us, appearing in all the delicate and illusive radiance of the youth and beauty of legendary saints on the gilded canvases of medieval art. The radiant youth and beauty may be no more truthful to nature than the gilded background, but the fact of the impression which the artist sought to convey is not on that account to be disbelieved.

Baudelaire was born in the Rue Hautefeuille, in one of those old houses with a pepper-pot turret at the corner which have disappeared from the city under the advancing improvement of straight lines and clear openings. His father, a gentleman of learning, retained all the eighteenth-century courtesy and distinction of manner, which, like the pepper-pot turret, has disappeared under the advance of Republican enlightenment. An absent-minded, reserved child, Baudelaire attracted no especial attention during his school days. When they were over, he plainly showed his predilection for a literary vocation. From this his parents sought to divert him by sending him to travel. He voyaged through the Indian Ocean, visiting the great islands: Madagascar, Ceylon, Mauritius, Bourbon. Had there been any irresolution in the mind of the

youth, this voyage destroyed it forever. His imagination, essentially exotic, succumbed to the passionate charm of a new, strange, and splendidly glowing nature; the stars, the skies, the gigantic vegetation, the color, the perfumes, the dark-skinned figures in white draperies, formed for him at that time a heaven, for which his senses unceasingly yearned afterwards amid the charms and enchantments of civilization, in the world's capital of pleasure and luxury. Returning to Paris, of age and master of his fortune, he established himself in his independence, openly adopting his chosen career.

He and Théophile Gautier met for the first time in 1849, in the Hôtel Pimodau, where the meetings of the Hashish Club were held. Here in the great Louis XIV saloon, with its woodwork relieved with dull gold; its corbeled ceiling, painted after the manner of Lesueur and Poussin, with satyrs pursuing nymphs through reeds and foliage; its great red and white spotted marble mantel, with a gilded elephant harnessed like the elephant of Porus in Lebrun's picture, bearing an enameled clock with blue ciphers; its antique chairs and sofas, covered with faded tapestry representing hunting scenes, holding the reclining figures of the members of the club; women celebrated in the world of beauty, men in the world of letters, meeting not only for the enjoyment of the artificial ecstasies of the drug, but to talk of art, literature, and love, as in the days of the Decameron — here Baudelaire made what might be called his historic impression upon literature. He was at that time twenty-eight years of age; and even in that assemblage, in those surroundings, his personality was striking. His black hair, worn close to the head, grew in regular scallops over a forehead of dazzling whiteness; his eyes, the color of Spanish tobacco, were spiritual, deep, penetrating, perhaps too insistently so, in expression; the mobile sinuous mouth had the ironical voluptuous lips that Leonardo da Vinci loved to paint; the nose was delicate and sensitive, with quivering nostrils; a deep dimple accentuated the chin; the bluish-black tint of the shaven skin, softened with rice-powder, contrasted with the clear color of his cheeks. Always dressed with meticulous neatness and simplicity, following English rather than French taste; in manner punctiliously observant of the strictest conventionality, scrupulously, even excessively polite; in talk measuring his phrases, using only the most select terms, and pronouncing certain words as if the sound itself possessed a certain subtle, mystical value — throwing his voice into capitals and italics; — in contrast with the dress and manners about him, he looked, says Gautier, like a dandy who had strayed into Bohemia.

The contrast was no less violent between Baudelaire's form and the substance of his conversation. With a simple, natural, and perfectly impartial manner, as if he were conveying commonplace information about everyday life, he would advance some monstrously Satanic axiom, or sustain, with the utmost grace and coolness, some extravagant mathematical theory. And no one could so inflexibly push a paradox to the uttermost limits, regardless of the

consequences to received notions of morality or religion; always employing the most rigorously logical methods. His wit was found to lie neither in words nor thoughts, but in the peculiar standpoint from which he regarded things, a standpoint which altered their outlines — like those of objects looked down upon from a bird's flight, or looked up to on a ceiling.

His first productions were critical articles for the Parisian journals; articles that at the time passed unperceived, but which today furnish perhaps the best evidences of that keen artistic insight and foresight of the poet, which was at once his greatest good and evil genius. Between 1856 and 1865 appeared his translation of the works of Edgar Allan Poe; this may be said to have naturalized Poe in French literature, where he has played a rôle curiously like that of Baudelaire in Poe's native literature. The natural predisposition of Baudelaire, which fitted him to be the French interpreter of Poe, rendered him also peculiarly sensitive to Poe's mysteriously subtle charms; and he showed himself as sensitively responsive to these as he had been to the spell cast by the East. The influence upon his intellectual development was decisive and final. His indebtedness to Poe, or it might better be said, his identification with Poe, is visible not only in his paradoxical manias, but in his poetry, in his theories of art and poetry set forth in his various essays and fugitive prose expressions, and notably in the introduction to his translations of the American author's works.

In 1857 appeared the 'Fleurs du Mal' [Flowers of Evil], the volume of poems upon which Baudelaire's fame as a poet is founded. It was the result of his thirty years' devotion to the study of his art and meditation upon it. Six of the poems were suppressed by the censor of the Second Empire. This action called out that fine appreciation and defense of Baudelaire's genius and methods, by four of the foremost critics and poets of Paris, which form, with the letters from Sainte-Beuve, de Custine, and Deschamps, a precious appendix to the third edition of the poems.

The name 'Flowers of Evil' is a sufficient indication of the intentions and aim of the author. Their companions in the volume are: 'Spleen and Ideal,' 'Parisian Pictures,' 'Wine,' 'Revolt,' 'Death.' The simplest description of them is that they are indescribable. They must not only be read, they must be studied repeatedly to be understood as they deserve. The paradox of their most exquisite art, and their at times most revolting revelations of degraded and perverse humanity, can be accepted with full appreciation of the author's meaning only by granting the same paradox to his genuine nature; by crediting him with being not only an ardent idealist of art for art's sake, but an idealist of humanity for humanity's sake; one to whom humanity, even in its lowest degradations and vilest perversions, is sublimely sacred; — one to whom life offered a single tragedy, that of human souls flying like Cain from a guilt-stricken paradise, but pursued by remorse, and scourged by the consciousness of their own finitude.

But the poet's own words are the best explanation of his aim and intention: —

"Poetry, though one delve ever so little into his own self, interrogate his own soul, recall his memories of enthusiasms, has no other end than itself; it cannot have any other aim, and no poem will be so great, so noble, so truly worthy of the name of poem, as that which shall have been written solely for the pleasure of writing a poem. I do not wish to say that poetry should not ennoble manners — that its final result should not be to raise man above vulgar interests. That would be an evident absurdity. I say that if the poet has pursued a moral end, he has diminished his poetic force, and it would not be imprudent to wager that his work would be bad. Poetry cannot, under penalty of death or forfeiture, assimilate itself to science or morality. It has not Truth for object, it has only itself. Truth's modes of demonstration are different and elsewhere. Truth has nothing to do with ballads; all that constitutes the charm, the irresistible grace of a ballad, would strip Truth of its authority and power. Cold, calm, impassive, the demonstrative temperament rejects the diamonds and flowers of the Muse; it is, therefore, the absolute inverse of the poetic temperament. Pure Intellect aims at Truth, Taste shows us Beauty, and the Moral Sense teaches us Duty. It is true that the middle term has intimate connection with the two extremes, and only separates itself from Moral Sense by a difference so slight that Aristotle did not hesitate to class some of its delicate operations amongst the virtues. And accordingly what, above all, exasperates the man of taste is the spectacle of vice, is its deformity, its disproportions. Vice threatens the just and true, and revolts intellect and conscience; but as an outrage upon harmony, as dissonance, it would particularly wound certain poetic minds, and I do not think it would be scandal to consider all infractions of moral beauty as a species of sin against rhythm and universal prosody.

"It is this admirable, this immortal instinct of the Beautiful which makes us consider the earth and its spectacle as a sketch, as a correspondent of Heaven. The insatiable thirst for all that is beyond that which life veils is the most living proof of our immortality. It is at once by poetry and across it, across and through music, that the soul gets a glimpse of the splendors that lie beyond the tomb. And when an exquisite poem causes tears to rise in the eye, these tears are not the proof of excessive enjoyment, but rather the testimony of a moved melancholy, of a postulation of the nerves, of a nature exiled in the imperfect, which wishes to take immediate possession, even on earth, of a revealed paradise.

"Thus the principle of poetry is strictly and simply human aspiration toward superior beauty; and the manifestation of this principle is enthusiasm and uplifting of the soul — enthusiasm entirely independent of passion — which is the intoxication of heart, and of truth which is the food of reason. For passion is a natural thing, even too natural not to introduce a wounding, discordant tone into the domain of pure beauty; too familiar, too violent, not

to shock the pure Desires, the gracious Melancholies, and the noble Despairs which inhabit the supernatural regions of poetry."

Baudelaire saw himself as the poet of a decadent epoch, an epoch in which art had arrived at the over-ripened maturity of an aging civilization — a glowing, fragrant over-ripeness, already softening into decomposition. And to be the fitting poet of such an epoch, he modeled his style on that of the poets of the Latin decadence; for, as he expressed it for himself and for the later "decadent" school in French poetry: —

"Does it not seem to the reader, as to me, that the language of the last Latin decadence — that supreme sigh of a robust person already transformed and prepared for spiritual life — is singularly fitted to express passion as it is understood and felt by the modern world? Mysticism is the other end of the magnet of which Catullus and his band, brutal and purely epidermic poets, knew only the sensual pole. In this wonderful language, solecisms and barbarisms seem to express the forced carelessness of a passion which forgets itself, and mocks at rules. The words, used in a novel sense, reveal the charming awkwardness of a barbarian from the North, kneeling before Roman Beauty."

Nature, the nature of Wordsworth and Tennyson, did not exist for Baudelaire; inspiration he denied; simplicity he scouted as an anachronism in a decadent period of perfected art, whose last word in poetry should be the apotheosis of the Artificial. "A little charlatanism is permitted even to genius," he wrote: "it is like cosmetics on the cheeks of a naturally beautiful woman; an appetizer for the mind."

In music his choice was the same. As early as 1861, he saw the consummate art of Wagner, and preferred it to all other music, at a time when the German master was ignored and despised by a classicized musical world. In perfumes it was not the simple fragrance of the rose or violet that he loved, but musk and amber; and he said, "my soul hovers over perfumes as the souls of other men hover over music."

Besides his essays and sketches, Baudelaire published in prose a novelette, 'Fanfarlo' (1847); 'Artificial Paradises, Opium and Hashish,' translations and imitations of De Quincey's 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' (1860); and 'Little Prose Poems' (1868), which were also inspired by a book, the 'Gaspard de la Nuit' of Aloysius Bertrand, and which Baudelaire thus describes: —

"The idea came to me to attempt something analogous, and to apply to the description of modern life, or rather a modern and more abstract life, the methods he had applied to the painting of ancient life, so strangely picturesque. Which one of us in his ambitious days has not dreamed of a miracle of poetic prose, musical, without rhythm and without rhyme, supple enough and rugged enough to adapt itself to the lyrical movements of the soul, to the undulations of reverie, and to the assaults of conscience?"

Failing health induced Baudelaire to quit Paris and establish himself in

Brussels; but he received no benefit from the change of climate, and the first symptoms of his terrible malady manifested themselves — a slowness of speech, and hesitation over words. As a measured and sententious enunciation was characteristic of him, the symptoms attracted no attention, until he fell under a sudden and violent attack. He was brought back to Paris and conveyed to a sanatorium where he died, after lingering several months in a paralyzed condition, motionless, speechless; nothing alive in him but the thought seeking to express itself through his eyes.

The nature of Baudelaire's malady and death was, by the public at large, accepted as confirmation of the suspicion that he was in the habit of seeking his inspiration in the excitation of hashish and opium. His friends, however, recalled the fact of his incessant work, and intense striving after his ideal in art; his fatigue of body, and mind, and his increasing weariness of spirit under the accumulating worries and griefs of a life for which his very genius unfitted him. He was also known to be sober in his tastes, as most great workers are. That he had lent himself more than once to the physiological and psychological experiment of hashish was admitted; but he was a rare visitor at the séances in the Hôtel Pimodan, and came as a simple observer. His masterly description of the hallucinations produced by hashish is accompanied by analytical and moral commentaries which unmistakably express repugnance to and condemnation of the drug.

The extraordinary compression and the polish of Baudelaire's lines make him particularly difficult to translate. His dark genius has, however, attracted a number of English writers who have tried not always unsuccessfully to render him into our language — among them Arthur Symons, James Elroy Flecker, and Lord Alfred Douglas.

GRACE KING

FROM 'LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE'

EVERY ONE HIS OWN CHIMERA

UNDER a great gray sky, in a great powdery plain without roads, without grass, without a thistle, without a nettle, I met several men who were walking with heads bowed down.

Each one bore upon his back an enormous Chimera, as heavy as a bag of flour or coal, or the accoutrements of a Roman soldier.

But the monstrous beast was not an inert weight; on the contrary, it enveloped and oppressed the man with its elastic and mighty muscles; it fastened with its two vast claws to the breast of the bearer, and its fabulous head surmounted the brow of the man, like one of those horrible helmets by which the ancient warriors hoped to increase the terror of the enemy.

I questioned one of these men, and I asked him whither they were bound

thus. He answered that he knew not, neither he nor the others; but that evidently they were bound somewhere, since they were impelled by an irresistible desire to go forward.

It is curious to note that not one of these travelers looked irritated at the ferocious beast suspended from his neck and glued against his back; it seemed as though he considered it as making part of himself. None of these weary and serious faces bore witness to any despair; under the sullen cupola of the sky, their feet plunging into the dust of a soil as desolate as that sky, they went their way with the resigned countenances of those who have condemned themselves to hope forever.

The procession passed by me and sank into the horizon's atmosphere, where the rounded surface of the planet slips from the curiosity of human sight, and for a few moments I obstinately persisted in wishing to fathom the mystery; but soon an irresistible indifference fell upon me, and I felt more heavily oppressed by it than even they were by their crushing Chimeras.

THE EYES OF THE POOR

AH! you want to know why I hate you today. It will probably be less easy for you to understand than for me to explain it to you; for you are, I think, the most perfect example of feminine impenetrability that could possibly be found.

We had spent a long day together, and it had seemed to me short. We had promised one another that we would think the same thoughts and that our two souls should become one soul; a dream which is not original, after all, except that, dreamed by all men, it has been realized by none.

In the evening you were a little tired, and you sat down outside a new café at the corner of a new boulevard, still littered with plaster and already displaying proudly its unfinished splendors. The café glittered. The very gas put on all the fervency of a fresh start, and lighted up with its full force the blinding whiteness of the walls, the dazzling sheets of glass in the mirrors, the gilt of cornices and moldings, the chubby-cheeked pages straining back from hounds in leash, the ladies laughing at the falcons on their wrists, the nymphs and goddesses carrying fruits and pies and game on their heads, the Hebes and Ganymedes holding out at arm's length little jars of syrups or parti-colored obelisks of ices; the whole of history and of mythology brought together to make a paradise for gluttons. Exactly opposite to us, in the roadway, stood a man of about forty years of age, with weary face and a grayish beard, holding a little boy by one hand and carrying on the other arm a little fellow too weak to walk. He was taking the nurse-maid's place, and had brought his children out for a walk in the evening. All were in rags. The three faces were extraor-

dinarily serious, and the six eyes stared fixedly at the new café with an equal admiration, differential in each according to age.

The father's eyes said: 'How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! One would think that all the gold of the poor world had found its way to these walls.' The boy's eyes said: 'How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! But that is a house which only people who are not like us can enter.' As for the little one's eyes, they were too fascinated to express anything but stupid and utter joy.

Song-writers say that pleasure ennobles the soul and softens the heart. The song was right that evening, so far as I was concerned. Not only was I touched by this family of eyes, but I felt rather ashamed of our glasses and decanters, so much too much for our thirst. I turned to look at you, dear love, that I might read my own thought in you; I gazed deep into your eyes, so beautiful and so strangely sweet, your green eyes that are the home of caprice and under the sovereignty of the Moon; and you said to me: 'Those people are insupportable to me with their staring saucer-eyes! Couldn't you tell the head waiter to send them away?' So hard is it to understand one another, dearest, and so incommunicable is thought, even between people who are in love!

Translated by Arthur Symons

CROWDS

IT is not given to every man to take a bath of multitude: to play upon crowds is an art; and he alone can plunge, at the expense of humankind, into a debauch of vitality, to whom a fairy has bequeathed in his cradle the love of masks and disguises, the hate of home and the passion of travel.

Multitude, solitude: equal terms mutually convertible by the active and begetting poet. He who does not know how to people his solitude, does not know either how to be alone in a busy crowd.

The poet enjoys this incomparable privilege, to be at once himself and others. Like those wandering souls that go about seeking bodies, he enters at will the personality of every man. For him alone, every place is vacant; and if certain places seem to be closed against him, that is because in his eyes they are not worth the trouble of visiting.

The solitary and thoughtful walker derives a singular intoxication from this universal communion. He who mates easily with the crowd knows feverish joys that must be forever unknown to the egoist, shut up like a coffer, and to the sluggard, imprisoned like a shell-fish. He adopts for his own all the occupations, all the joys and all the sorrows that circumstance sets before him.

What men call love is small indeed, narrow and weak indeed, compared with this ineffable orgy, this sacred prostitution of the soul which gives itself

up wholly (poetry and charity!) to the unexpected which happens, to the stranger as he passes.

It is good sometimes that the happy of this world should learn, were it only to humble their foolish pride for an instant, that there are higher, wider, and rarer joys than theirs. The founders of colonies, the shepherds of nations, the missionary priests, exiled to the ends of the earth, doubtless know something of these mysterious intoxications; and, in the midst of the vast family that their genius has raised about them, they must sometimes laugh at the thought of those who pity them for their chaste lives and troubled fortunes.

Translated by Arthur Symons

MEDITATION

BE pitiful, my sorrow — be thou still:
For night thy thirst was — lo, it falleth down,
Slowly darkening it veils the town,
Bringing its peace to some, to some its ill.

While the dull herd in its mad career
Under the pitiless scourge, the lash of unclean desire,
Goes culling remorse with fingers that never tire: —
My sorrow — thy hand! Come, sit thou by me here.

Here, far from them all. From heaven's high balconies
See! in their threadbare robes the dead years cast their eyes:
And from the depths below regret's wan smiles appear.

The sun, about to set, under the arch sinks low,
Trailing its weltering pall far through the East aglow.
Hark, dear one, hark! Sweet night's approach is near.

THE DEATH OF THE POOR

THIS is death the consoler — death that bids live again;
Here life its aim: here is our hope to be found,
Making, like magic elixir, our poor weak heads to swim round,
And giving us heart for the struggle till night makes end of the pain.

Athwart the hurricane — athwart the snow and the sleet,
Afar there twinkles over the black earth's waste,
The light of the Scriptural inn where the weary and the faint may taste
The sweets of welcome, the plenteous feast and the secure retreat.

It is an angel, in whose soothing palms
Are held the boon of sleep and dreamy balms,
Who makes a bed for poor unclothèd men;
It is the pride of the gods — the all-mysterious room,
The pauper's purse — this fatherland of gloom,
The open gate to heaven, and heavens beyond our ken.

MUSIC

SWEET music sweeps me like the sea
Toward my pale star,
Whether the clouds be there or all the air be free
I sail afar.
With front outspread and swelling breasts,
On swifter sail
I bound through the steep waves' foamy crests
Under night's veil.
Vibrate within me I feel all the passions that lash
A bark in distress:
By the blast I am lulled — by the tempest's wild crash
On the salt wilderness.
Then comes the dead calm — mirrored there
I behold my despair.

THE BROKEN BELL

BITTER and sweet, when wintry evenings fall
Across the quivering, smoking hearth, to hear
Old memory's notes sway softly far and near,
While ring the chimes across the gray fog's pall.

Thrice blessed bell, that, to time insolent,
Still calls afar its old and pious song,

Responding faithfully in accents strong,
Like some old sentinel before his tent.

I too — my soul is shattered; — when at times
It would beguile the wintry nights with rhymes
Of old, its weak old voice at moments seems
Like gasps some poor, forgotten soldier heaves
Beside the blood-pools — 'neath the human sheaves
Gasping in anguish toward their fixèd dreams.

The two poems following are used by permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company

THE ENEMY

MY youth swept by in storm and cloudy gloom,
Lit here and there by glimpses of the sun;
But in my garden, now the storm is done,
Few fruits are left to gather purple bloom.

Here have I touched the autumn of the mind;
And now the careful spade to labor comes,
Smoothing the earth torn by the waves and wind,
Full of great holes, like open mouths of tombs.

And who knows if the flowers whereof I dream
Shall find, beneath this soil washed like the stream,
The force that bids them into beauty start?
O grief! O grief! Time eats our life away,
And the dark Enemy that gnaws our heart
Grows with the ebbing life-blood of his prey!

Translated by Katherine Hillard

BEAUTY

BEAUTIFUL am I as a dream in stone;
And for my breast, where each falls bruised in turn,
The poet with an endless love must yearn —
Endless as Matter, silent and alone.

A sphinx unguessed, enthroned in azure skies,
White as the swan, my heart is cold as snow;
No hated motion breaks my lines' pure flow,
Nor tears nor laughter ever dim mine eyes.

Poets, before the attitudes sublime
I seem to steal from proudest monuments,
In austere studies waste the ling'ring time;
For I possess, to charm my lover's sight,
Mirrors wherein all things are fair and bright —
My eyes, my large eyes of eternal light!

Translated by Katherine Hillard

GEORGE SAND

IF genius means creative faculty constantly renewed, and powerful and fertile inspiration, then George Sand certainly had more genius than any other female writer. Others are distinguished by a more chastened talent, or have soared to the heaven of art on a steadier wing, but none have surpassed her in magnificent spontaneity. One of her critics — speaking of her ample and copious style, which satisfied even Flaubert, yet is frequently disparaged by modern chiselers of "artistic writing" — uses the expressive Latin phrase *lactea ubertas;* giving the idea of an abundant stream of generous milk ever gushing forth and overflowing. Jules Lemaître adds that this quality resembles natural kindness of heart, and is its near relative. And he is right. George Sand was above all else kind-hearted, and was most womanly in this; she was truly feminine also in her extraordinary power of assimilation — which, however, did not interfere with her originality, as everything she absorbed, whether ideas or knowledge, seemed to blossom in a new and personal form when she applied it.

Nothing is more interesting than to go to the source of her life to find the determining causes of her work; and to her friendships, chosen in the most varied spheres, to follow the evolution of her thought. One can then see that she was an admirable instrument, formed by nature in one of her exceptional moods, to vibrate with extraordinary intensity under every influence approaching her. The aspirations, failures, doctrines, the good and evil, of half a century, palpitate in her fictions, even though we can here and there discern the errors of a mind led astray by enthusiasm. Every problem interesting to contemporary humanity attracted her broad sympathies. Long before those avowed apostles of pity, the Russian writers, she felt that "for those who are born compassionate, there will always be something to love, and consequently to pity, serve, and suffer for, on earth." She was the first who said forcibly that the most living source of progress in the human mind was the idea of solidarity.

And this is why she will always be great, in spite of the transformation of taste, which in the name of realism declares this idealist out of fashion. It is not her fault if her instinct always led her to write poetic rather than analytic works. According to her theories of art — and very instructive theories they are — a novel should be a mixture of both, with true situations and characters grouped around a type intended to personify the sentiment of the book. The author must not be afraid to give this sentiment all the force with which he aspires to it himself, but must on no account degrade it in the play of

events. He may moreover lend it powers above the average, and charms and sufferings beyond the probabilities admitted by the greater number of minds. Above all, the author must beware of thinking that he does not need a faith of his own for writing, and that it is enough to reflect facts like a mirror. "No, this is not true: readers are attracted only to the writer with an individuality, whether this pleases or shocks them." This phrase is in a letter which George Sand wrote me, while she emphasized the following words: "The soul must not be void of faith, for talent cannot develop in a vacuum; it may flutter there for a moment, but only to expire."

Truly this has nothing in common with the cruel impersonality so boasted of in the next generation: this is not the novel as understood by Zola, who never agreed with her that true reality is made up of both beauty and ugliness, and that the will to do good finds its place and use after all; nor is it the laborious effort, often driven to the point of anguish, of her friend Flaubert, who used to torture himself to find an epithet, and to whom she said, when scolding him: "Feed on the ideas and sentiments stored in your brain and your heart . . . *form,* which you think so important, will be the result of your digestion, without any help. You consider it an aim — it is only an effect." The minutely detailed psychology of a certain school was equally foreign to her, although she has made some superb and profound studies of character: fraternal jealousy in 'Jean de la Roche,' and Prince Karl's jealousy of the past in 'Lucrezia Floriani' — merely to mention one of the passions into which she delved deeply. But her aim was to interest, above all else, and who shall dare to say that she was wrong? In her eyes supreme impartiality was something anti-human; incompatible with the novel, whose prime object is to be human. She wrote for the sheer delight of giving the best of her heart and brain to many others. As for the improbabilities she is accused of trying to make people accept on principle, we must admit that very often nothing is more improbable than reality itself, especially when that reality is the life of a George Sand; whence, as may be readily understood, she drew her inspiration with an artist's privilege. Every contrast can be found in it; the wildest extravagance of fancy as well as a bourgeois simplicity.

Aurore Dupin was born in 1804, the year of Napoleon's coronation, at the apogee of the glories of France; which she always loved passionately, while at the same time she had an extremely correct opinion of the faults of the Latin races, particularly that lack of practical common-sense she was so aware of in herself, and which condemns one to be either led or made use of by others. Nevertheless there was a mixture of foreign blood in her veins; and strangely enough, she had inherited her republican soul through royal descent — twice branded, however, with the stigma of illegitimacy. She was a descendant of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland; for her grandmother was a natural daughter of the Maréchal de Saxe who had married M. Dupin de Francueil. Madame Dupin de Francueil had, besides her talents and

most remarkable mental qualities, all those natural virtues that can be strengthened by philosophy in the absence of religious belief. The direction given by such a mother had already begun to bear its fruits in Maurice, the father of the future George Sand — a brave soldier during the Revolution, who became a handsome officer of the First Empire, and died young, but had the intuitive gift of writing, as his brilliant letters prove: yet he had inherited certain ancestral weaknesses. He became attached to a girl of low birth and no education, who had already been led into sorry adventures. And so the blood of kings and heroes mingled with that of the lower-class Parisians in the veins of the little girl, who at a later day was to transform the active qualities of her ancestors into qualities of imagination. Her maternal grandfather had been a bird-seller, who plied his trade on the quays of the Seine; and it is interesting to note the love that George Sand had all her life for feathered folk. She has spoken of them almost as eloquently as of music and children — those divine themes which her pen never exhausted. And the fascination was reciprocal. In her garden at Nohant she used to walk surrounded by a flock of sparrows and goldfinches, who trustfully pecked from the hands held out to them, just as she describes it in 'Teverino.'

George Sand owed something more than her love of birds to her mother — whom she loved passionately, but whose inferior station, barely tolerated by the family, made the daughter suffer keenly; I mean a deep tenderness for the poor and lowly, an advanced predilection for outlaws of all sorts, a revolt against social prejudices and conventionalities, and a certain bohemianism that — in her youth especially — was constantly struggling against that good-breeding which nevertheless served her so well for giving her personages the tone proper to good society.

Aurore Dupin's years at an English nuns' convent contributed not a little to the formation of her peculiar manner, in which many contrary elements were combined. Her free-thinking grandmother had put her in this pious retreat out of respect to the customs of society. She wished the dreamy and untrained child, who had grown up in all the freedom of country life, and was adopting peasant habits, to learn good manners. Let us hasten to add that, for our future joy, George Sand always remained somewhat a peasant; we owe her admirable pastoral novels to this rustic substratum.

The convent made a mystic of this wild creature, but not at once, for she bore her well-deserved name of Madcap a long time; still, the influence of a group of women of the highest moral character acted upon her by degrees. She has rendered them the most grateful homage in her 'Memoirs,' recognizing that the years spent in that great family of women were the happiest and most peaceful of her life.

Aurore astounded her grandmother by coming home a Catholic. She soon ceased to find certitude in dogma, however. A most irregular course of reading led her helter-skelter through all philosophies and all literatures. Spinoza

captivated her; her admiration made her set Leibnitz above all metaphysicians; she came in turn under the ascendancy of Chateaubriand, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Byron; but her real master was Rousseau. By her first novels especially she belongs to his school; no freer from the great fault of declamation than he, as much enamored of nature as he had been, and able to speak the burning language of love as he had known how to speak it.

If it is true that modern pedagogy, by following methods and giving an important place to science, has the inevitable result of killing women's imagination and making them uniform, then George Sand was a most privileged creature; for she was brought up without a plan — educating herself haphazard, learning a little Latin when quite a child with Deschartres, her deceased father's preceptor, and no doubt picking up many other things as well, while with that learned and eccentric man. She was influenced by the convent next, where her ardor for learning was somewhat benumbed; and finally turned loose in a library, where like a bee she made honey of everything.

A perfect rage for reading and physical exercise, long hours of study alternating with long rides, were her peculiarities, when some of her imprudent friends thought it was time to marry this young girl, so entirely free from coquetry or even the desire to please. Her large, black, dreamy eyes seemed ever following some inward vision, and gave her, as she says herself, a stupid look; in fact she never was *bright* at any period of her life. Her conversation was not brilliant, although she has often made her written dialogues extremely so; talking tired her, and the George Sand of future literary dinners usually played there a mute part. Melancholy by reflection, she needed gaiety; and this silent creature often surprised those about her by sudden outbursts of animal spirits. Moreover, she never thought herself handsome. (Balzac, who has described her as Camille Maupin in his novel 'Beatrix,' has contradicted her on this point.)

She was given in marriage to M. Dudevant, the son of a retired colonel. He had been an officer himself, but was now nothing but a hunting country-gentleman, and at times a hard drinker. It will surprise no one that this hasty and ill-assorted union was unhappy. It is more astonishing that it should have lasted nearly ten years. To give it so long life, it needed the all-powerful assistance of maternity — George Sand's really great passion, and her only lasting and indestructible one. She nursed her children herself; took care of them night and day, even at the beginning of her restless career; always found the time to look after them most tenderly; and at last, in the later period of her life, when she had calmed down, she became the indefatigable educator of her granddaughters. She was most skilful with her needle, and did not despise any household detail. I saw her thus when she was sixty years old; but when she was twenty she enjoyed dancing the *bourrée* with the peasants on holidays as well.

Finally all this was not enough for her, and she went to Paris for a short

time every year; but as her husband, the master of their common fortune, gave her a ridiculously small allowance, she utilized her talents in order to live — made crayon portraits, painted miniature ornaments, or collaborated with several journalists from her native province of Berri, for the Figaro. These articles never were remarkable, as George Sand had neither the requisite spirit and dash, nor had she any talent for brevity; although later she succeeded several times in short stories, and as those rare pearls 'Lavinia' and 'Metella' prove.

One year when she was in the country, having read much of Walter Scott, she wrote her first novel. "Having read it over," she says ingenuously, "I concluded that it was good for nothing; but that I could write some not quite so bad." She had found her vocation. At first Jules Sandeau wrote with her, and later left her half his surname. As for "George," it is as common a name in Berri as "Patrick" in Ireland.

The courts failed to decree the legal separation of M. and Mme. Dudevant until 1836. It was in favor of the latter, intrusting her with the education of her two children; this proves that all the blame cannot have been hers. By this time she had published her masterpieces, if one can apply this term to George Sand's novels — for perhaps there is not a perfect one among them, except the pastoral novels. Working without any plan, stopping as if exhausted when she had said all that was pent up in her, she usually broke down at the dénouement.

These captivating early works are pre-eminently works of passion. It would be a mistake to consider them the voluntary unveiling of the author's life; but one is certain to find it everywhere, and apparently in spite of herself. 'Indiana' (1832) was surely not the cry of her personal revolt against marriage, for the selfish lover in it is not any nobler than the tyrannical husband; but just here George Sand has demonstrated with the deepest feeling, in which many a memory echoes, by how far she considers woman superior to man when love is at stake. She seems to be less severe with Jacques, a heroic husband, who resolves to commit suicide, so as to save his wife from the shame of becoming guilty towards him. There is no less audacity and horror of conventional forms in 'Valentine' (1832), where aristocratic prejudices are trampled under foot by the descendant of an illustrious race, in favor of the son of a peasant. The dangerous doctrine that love can dictate duties superior to law is brought forward in these burning pages, and must have served as an excuse to many sensitive souls that went astray; and we may say that they must have been among the best and noblest of such souls, for George Sand never knew how to use the demoralizing language that appeals to base natures.

'Lélia' (1833) must be considered a magnificent prose poem, as all the characteristics of the most elevated poetry are found in it: amplitude, rhythm, brilliancy, and powerful imagery. Taken as a whole, it is more out of date than any other of George Sand's novels, just on account of this excessive

poetic enthusiasm. Yet it contains the greatest beauties. The characters seem like incarnated myths or allegories. Lélia represents agonized aspirations towards the sublime, although we recognize that duality in her which is more or less noticeable in every one, but was present in so extraordinary a degree in George Sand. Sténio, while he recalls Alfred de Musset, typifies the struggles of an inspired poet, whose weak and vacillating will betrays him to seducing sensualism. When George Sand wrote 'Lélia,' she was painting the agonized state of her own soul facing a terrible enigma. She had reached her thirtieth year without having had her eyes opened to the realities of life; and then suddenly found herself in a great social center where all the sadness, want, vice, and injustice of the world confronted her. Up to that time she had wept over her own woes; now she felt like an atom among the millions of creatures crushed by inexorable fate. Her despair is reflected in the character of Lélia, in whom the evil of doubt and the thirst for truth are warring; her heart, incapable of finding happiness anywhere, is consumed with boundless desires; and she dies without having gratified them.

The subject of 'Mauprat' (1837) is simpler and more wholesome. It is the effect of passion, working for good this time, upon a wild, violent, and apparently untamable creature, in whom the pure young girl he adores creates a conscience, and as it were, a soul. The supreme power of ennobling love was a subject dear to George Sand. She takes it up again in 'Simon' and other stories.

We must not forget that this mad harvest, in which common-sense has no place, was grown in 1830 — the era of Utopias and anticipated possibilities, when a new world seemed about to be born on the ruins of the old. This was the time when Théophile Gautier went to the theater with long hair and a pink satin waistcoat, when Balzac wore a monk's white robe instead of a dressing-gown, and when George Sand used to cut off her beautiful black locks and wear masculine attire, making herself look a boy of twelve in it on account of her diminutive stature. She only wore those unbecoming clothes, however, in an intermittent way, and because she found them more convenient and less expensive than others.

Up to 1840 George Sand wrote under the impulse of feeling, following no system; later on, a system was grafted on the feeling without destroying it. Lamennais' humanitarian Christianity, the revolutionary tirades of Michel de Bourges, the dreamy socialism of Pierre Leroux — all took hold on her either successively or at once. With more zeal than discernment she made herself the echo of the most advanced principles of political equality and of communism. These ideas led her to publish 'Le Compagnon du Tour de France' (1840), in which an aristocratic maiden openly declares her resolution to marry into the lower classes, so as to belong to them herself; 'Le Meunier d'Angibault' (1845), wherein an obstinate artisan proudly refuses the hand of the young countess he adores, because she represents the wealth he would

not have at any price (fortunately she becomes poor, and rejoices at it as if it were the greatest happiness); and 'La Comtesse de Rudolstadt,' that misty sequel to the sunny and harmonious story of 'Consuelo' (1842), with all its theosophical and humanitarian allegories, that at times make us yawn. If however we leave out the political harangues, carbonarism, and other chimeras, what magnificent fragments there are in these partisan books! — although their romantic imagination is smothered by the medley of accumulated dissertations and arguments. Still the author is always arguing and fighting for progress and reforms; and some of these have been achieved since — in a less radical way, no doubt, than she would have wished, yet they would have gratified her. George Sand was in open rebellion against every kind of slavery. She greatly admired 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' saying of Harriet Beecher Stowe: "I do not know whether she is a genius, but she has more than genius — she surely is a saint." She spurned the limits of sex, and above all things despised hypocrisy.

There is no purer, simpler, nor more beautiful French than that which adapts itself so perfectly to the humble subjects of 'La Mare au Diable' (1846) and 'François le Champi' (1850). Some critics have said that George Sand's peasants were not real. They seem to me, on the contrary, to be very closely studied from the honest and laborious population of central France; and however much they may be idealized, they are far more like those I have known than the brutes painted by the masters of the so-called naturalistic school, the latter evidently preferring to look at their coarseness through a magnifying glass. George Sand did the reverse; she set off the best traits of these primitive natures, with whom she had the greatest affinity. The Revolution of 1848 tore her from her eclogues; her friends dragged her into the very thick of the fight, and used her as a sonorous instrument. She drew up 'Lettres au Peuple' and the 'Bulletins de la République'; but her illusions about the new form of government could not hold out against the bloody days of June: she says that "disgust drove her to solitude, where she faced her free and revolted conscience"; and she now went back to her best, her noblest inspirer — Nature. Whether she carries about a broken heart in Italy after a celebrated quarrel, or gaily climbs the Alps with Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult — whether she spends the winter at Majorca nursing Chopin, or wanders dreamily along the sunken lanes of the Black Valley and the banks of the Indre — she never fails to reflect the humble or striking beauties surrounding her, or to make a soul vibrate in them. She has the marvelous and peculiar art of infusing a human emotion into external and inanimate objects — which then seems to emanate from them. Has she not written an immortal page on perfume and memory, in connection with a sage leaf she had bruised between her fingers?

Nohant was a salutary retreat for her in every respect. She spent the greater part of her life there in close communion with the earth, frequently cultivating

it with her own hands, and drawing her favorite subjects of study from plants and stones. Nothing interested her more than natural history. She gave herself up to it with ardor; convinced that constant study was imperative, and that if a writer does not lay up a treasure of knowledge, the tool he uses, though ever so fine, will be wielded in vain. Botany and geology filled her days, and she read much besides: science, history, everything interesting her. In the evening, other things were read aloud in the family circle; very often plays were acted. According to her fixed habit, she wrote at night after everyone had retired, never failing to cover twelve large quarto pages before going to bed — her inspiration being so tractable.

As she grew older she went to Paris less frequently, except when there was a question of performing one of the plays she willingly dramatized from her novels. She was passionately fond of the stage and all connected with it; and liked to put actors and showmen of all sorts in her books, as she did in 'L'Homme de Neige,' 'Le Château des Désertes,' 'Pierre qui Roule,' etc. But when it came to writing a play, she did not always show the qualities the stage demands — such as logical sequence in a briskly carried action, sparkling dialogue, and a sense for comic situations. Several of her comedies or dramas, however, were very successful; *viz.*, 'Le Mariage de Victorine' (1851), 'Claudie,' and 'Le Marquis de Villemer' (1864). She made a great many plays for her own little theater at Nohant, never neglecting her marionettes, who inspired 'Le Diable aux Champs,' and for whom her fairy fingers were always making new costumes.

In her later works she kept abreast of all new efforts in literature with interest and sympathy, yet always repeating that "art for art's sake" was a vain phrase; that art for whatever is worthy, and for the general welfare, should be the aim of all study; that when there is a beautiful sentiment in one's soul, it becomes a duty to find such expression for it as will make it enter into many other souls. Being sincerely modest, she did not believe in posterity, imagining that it would take her at her own valuation. Once they were finished, she completely forgot her novels. "'Consuelo' — what is that?" she asked Flaubert. "I do not remember a single word of it. Are you indeed reading it, and does it really amuse you? If so, I must read it again and be pleased with myself, because you are."

Death found her as busy as ever. Two days before the end, although she at times suffered acutely, she wrote cheerfully: "I feel stronger and freer within myself than ever." She passed away in June 1876, in her seventy-third year, before her powers had waned.

Those who wish to enter further into this life, in which personal vicissitudes are so closely connected with the evolution of genius, will find all of George Sand in 'L'Histoire de ma Vie' (1854–55), where she has drawn so correct a portrait of herself — although she tells us hardly more than the story of her childhood and early youth, to the eternal regret of scandalmongers; in the

'Lettres d'un Voyageur' (1834), those poetic disclosures that she occasionally made to the public in an impersonal yet most transparent form; and finally in her 'Correspondence' (1882–84), which perfectly reveals her great warm heart. One cannot fail to be touched on seeing her, while busy writing a hundred volumes, lavish kindness unceasingly on every claimant, answering every question, counseling young authors and giving them letters of introduction, helping hesitating talent to discover its vocation, pleading for exiles or political prisoners; and most bountifully putting her time, her words, her influence, even when it cost her the most, at the disposal of others. When she dropped that valiant pen, she surely had also earned the right to a gentle, uninterrupted sleep in the pretty little cemetery at Nohant. The future will winnow her abundant but uneven work, and separate the tares from the wheat; and of the latter there will remain a well-filled measure fully sufficing for her glory.

TH. BENTZON (MADAME THÉRÈSE BLANC)

LÉLIA

[In this magnificent, fiery, yet at times absurd story, written in a period of passion and despair, Sténio sometimes stands for Alfred de Musset, and again for the Ideal; while Lélia is at once George Sand, and the human soul warred upon and torn by its dual nature.]

THE prophets are crying in the desert today, and no voice answers, for the world is indifferent and deaf: it lies down and stops its ears so as to die in peace. A few scattered groups of weak votaries vainly try to rekindle a spark of virtue. As the last remnants of man's moral power, they will drift for a moment about the abyss, then go and join the other wrecks at the bottom of that shoreless sea which will swallow up the world."

"O Lélia, why do you thus despair of those sublime men who aspire to bring virtue back to our iron age? Even if I were as doubtful of their success as you are, I would not say so. I should fear to commit an impious crime."

"I admire those men," said Lélia, "and would like to be the least among them. But what will those shepherds bearing a star on their brows be able to do before the huge monster of the Apocalypse — before that immense and terrible figure outlined in the foreground of all the prophets' pictures? That woman, as pale and beautiful as vice — that great harlot of nations, decked with the wealth of the East, and bestriding a hydra belching forth rivers of poison on all human pathways — is Civilization; is humanity demoralized by luxury and science; is the torrent of venom which will swallow up all virtue, all hope of regeneration."

"O Lélia!" exclaimed the poet, struck by superstition, "are not you that terrible and unhappy phantom? How many times this fear has taken possession of my dreams! How many times you have appeared to me as the type of the unspeakable agony to which the spirit of inquiry has driven man! With your beauty and your sadness, your weariness and your scepticism, do you not personify the excess of sorrow produced by the abuse of thought? Have you not given up, and as it were prostituted, that moral power, so highly developed by what art, poetry, and science have done for it, to every new impression and error? Instead of clinging faithfully and prudently to the simple creed of your fathers, and to the instinctive indifference God has implanted in man for his peace and preservation; instead of confining yourself to a pious life free from vain show, you have abandoned yourself to all the seductions of ambitious philosophy. You have cast yourself into the torrent of civilization rising to destroy, and which by dashing along too swiftly has ruined the scarcely laid foundations of the future. And because you have delayed the work of centuries for a few days, you think you have shattered the hour-glass of Eternity. There is much pride in this grief, Lélia! But God will make this billow of stormy centuries, that for him are but a drop in the ocean, float by. The devouring hydra will perish for lack of food; and from its world-covering corpse a new race will issue, stronger and more patient than the old."

"You see far into the future, Sténio! You personify Nature for me, and are her unspotted child. You have not yet blunted your faculties: you believe yourself immortal because you feel yourself young and like that untilled valley now blooming in pride and beauty — never dreaming that in a single day the plowshare and the hundred-handed monster called industry can tear its bosom to rob it of its treasures; you are growing up full of trust and presumption, not foreseeing your coming life, which will drag you down under the weight of its errors, disfigure you with the false colors of its promises. Wait, wait a few years, and you too will say, 'All is passing away!'"

"No, all is not passing away!" said Sténio. "Look at the sun, and the earth, and the beautiful sky, and these green hills; and even that ice, winter's fragile edifice, which has withstood the rays of summer for centuries. Even so man's frail power will prevail! What matters the fall of a few generations? Do you weep for so slight a thing, Lélia? Do you deem it possible a single idea can die in the universe? Will not that imperishable inheritance be found intact in the dust of our extinct races, just as the inspirations of art and the discoveries of science arise alive each day from the ashes of Pompeii or the tombs of Memphis? Oh, what a great and striking proof of intellectual immortality! Deep mysteries had been lost in the night of time; the world had forgotten its age, and thinking itself still young, was alarmed at feeling itself so old. It said as you do, Lélia: 'I am about to end, for I am growing weak, and I was born but a few days ago! How few I shall need for dying, since so few were needed for living!' But one day human corpses were exhumed from the

bosom of Egypt — Egypt that had lived out its period of civilization, and has just lived its period of barbarism! Egypt, where the ancient light, lost so long, is being rekindled, and a rested and rejuvenated Egypt may perhaps soon come and establish herself upon the extinguished torch of our own. Egypt, the living image of her mummies sleeping under the dust of ages, and now awaking to the broad daylight of science in order to reveal the age of the old world to the new! Is this not solemn and terrible, Lélia? Within the dried-up entrails of a human corpse, the inquisitive glance of our century discovered the papyrus, that mysterious and sacred monument of man's eternal power — the still dark but incontrovertible witness of the imposing duration of creation. Our eager hand unrolls those perfumed bandages, those frail and indissoluble shrouds at which destruction stopped short. These bandages that once enfolded a corpse, these manuscripts that have rested under fleshless ribs in the place once occupied perhaps by a soul, are human thought; expressed in the science of signs, and transmitted by the help of an art we had lost, but have found again in the sepulchers of the East — the art of preserving the remains of the dead from the outrages of corruption — the greatest power in the universe. O Lélia, deny the youth of the world if you can, when you see it stop in artless ignorance before the lessons of the past, and begin to live on the forgotten ruins of an unknown world."

"Knowledge is not power," replied Lélia. "Learning over again is not progress; seeing is not living. Who will give us back the power to act, and above all, the art of enjoying and retaining? We have gone too far forward now to retreat. What was merely repose for eclipsed civilizations will be death for our tired-out one; the rejuvenated nations of the East will come and intoxicate themselves with the poison we have poured on our soil. The bold barbarian drinkers may perhaps prolong the orgy of luxury a few hours into the night of time; but the venom we shall bequeath them will promptly be mortal for them, as it was for us, and all will drop back into blackness. . . . In fact, Sténio, do you not see that the sun is withdrawing from us? Is not the earth, wearied in its journey, noticeably drifting towards darkness and chaos? Is your blood so young and ardent as not to feel the touch of that chill spread like a pall over this planet abandoned to Fate, the most powerful of the gods? Oh, the cold! that penetrating pain driving sharp needles into every pore. That cursed breath that withers flowers and burns them like fire; that pain at once physical and mental, which invades both soul and body, penetrates to the depths of thought, and paralyzes mind as well as blood! Cold — the sinister demon who grazes the universe with his damp wing, and breathes pestilence on bewildered nations! Cold, tarnishing everything, unrolling its gray and nebulous veil over the sky's rich tints, the waters' reflections, the hearts of flowers, and the cheeks of maidens! Cold, that casts its white winding-sheet over fields and woods and lakes, even over the fur and feathers of animals! Cold, that discolors all in the material as well as in the intellectual world; not

only the coats of bears and hares on the shores of Archangel, but the very pleasures of man and the character of his habits in the spots it approaches! You surely see that everything is being civilized; that is to say, growing cold. The bronzed nations of the torrid zone are beginning to open their timid and suspicious hands to the snares of our skill; lions and tigers are being tamed, and come from the desert to amuse the peoples of the north. Animals which had never been able to grow accustomed to our climate, now leave their warm sun without dying, to live in domesticity among us, and even forget the proud and bitter sorrow which used to kill them when enslaved. It is because blood is congealing and growing poorer everywhere, while instinct grows and develops. The soul rises and leaves the earth, no longer sufficient for her needs, to steal the fire of Prometheus from heaven again: but, lost in darkness, it stops in its flight and falls; for God, seeing its presumption, stretches forth his hand and deprives it of the sun."

AT VENICE

From 'A Traveler's Letters'

I DEFY any one to prevent me from sleeping agreeably when I see Venice, so impoverished, so oppressed, and so wretched, defy Time and men to prevent *her* from being beautiful and serene. There she is, all around me, looking at her reflection in her lagoons, with the air of a sultana; and are not those fishermen who sleep on the pavement of the opposite shore both winter and summer, with no other pillow than a granite step, and no other mattress than their slashed jackets, a great example of philosophy as well? When they have not the wherewithal for a pound of rice, they sing a chorus to forget their hunger; and in the same way they defy both their masters and their misery, accustomed as they are to brave heat, cold, and squalls. It will take many a year of slavery to completely brutalize this careless and frivolous disposition, that has lived on amusements and festivities so many years. Life in Venice is still so easy! Nature there is so rich and so readily turned to account! The sea and the lagoons teem with fish and game, and there is enough shell-fish caught in the open streets to feed all the population. Gardens make excellent returns: there is not a corner of that rich clay which does not generously produce more fruits and vegetables than a field on *terra firma*. Every day, boats loaded with fruits, flowers, and such sweet-smelling herbs that their perfumed trace can be scented in the early morning mist, come in from the thousand islets dotting the lagoon. The port being free, foreign commodities are not dear; the most exquisite wines from the Archipelago cost less at Venice than the commonest wine at Paris. Oranges arrive from Palermo in

such profusion that on the day the Sicilian vessel comes into port, ten of the finest can be bought for four or five cents of our money. Hence animal life is the least cause of expense at Venice, and the transportation of provisions is so easily effected that it fosters the indolence of the natives. Market produce comes to your house-door by water, and hucksters pass through the streets and over the bridges. The exchange of money for daily food is managed by means of a rope and basket. In this way a family can be abundantly supplied without going out, or even sending a servant. What a difference between this convenient mode of existence and the laborious toil that a family half-poor is obliged to perform every single day in Paris, and then only to dine worse than the poorest Venetian workman! What a difference too, between the preoccupied and serious faces of the people who jostle each other and hurry, get muddy and elbow their way through the Parisian crowd, and the easy-going pace of these Venetians, who sing as they crawl along, and lie down every now and then on the smooth, warm pavement of the quays! The traders who bring their whole stock to Venice daily in a single basket are the jolliest wags in the world, and retail jokes with their wares. The fishmonger, at the close of his day's wanderings, tired and hoarse after shouting all the morning, comes and sits down in a square or on a parapet; and to sell his remnants he throws out the most ingenious invitations to all who pass by, or to the smokers on the neighboring balconies. " Just look! " he says: " this is the finest fish I had in the whole lot! I kept it till now, because I know that rich people dine later than others nowadays. See these fine sardines, four for two centimes. One glance of the pretty housemaid at this fine fish, and another into the bargain at the poor fisherman! " The water-carrier makes puns while offering his merchandise. " *Acqua fresca e tenera.*" [Cool, tender water.] The gondolier at his station solicits passengers with marvelous offers. " Are we going to Trieste this evening, my lord? Here is a fine gondola, not afraid of a gale on the high seas, and a gondolier who can row to Constantinople without stopping! "

Unexpected pleasures are the only pleasures in this world. Yesterday I wanted to see the moon rise on the Adriatic; I never could induce Catullo the elder to take me to the shore of the Lido. He pretended what they all pretend when they do not want to obey, that wind and tide were against him. I most cordially wished the doctor to the deuce for having sent me this asthmatic fellow, who gives up the ghost at every stroke of his oar, and chatters more than a thrush when he is in his cups. I was in the worst kind of humor when, in front of the Salute, we met a boat slowly gliding down towards the Grand Canal, shedding the sounds of a delicious serenade, like a perfume, in its wake. " Turn your prow," I said to old Catullo: " I hope you'll have at least the strength to follow that boat."

Another boat loitering about there followed my example, then a second one, and yet another; and at last, all those out breathing the evening freshness

on the Canalazzo, and even some empty boats, began to row towards us, their gondoliers shouting "Music! Music!" in as famished a way as the Israelites clamoring for manna in the desert. In ten minutes a flotilla had formed about the dilettanti; every oar was silent, and the boats were carried on by the current. The harmony swept softly on with the breeze, and the oboe sighed so tenderly that every one held his breath for fear of interrupting its love-plaints. The violin began to weep so sadly and with so sympathetic a quivering that I dropped my pipe and pulled my cap down to my eyes. Then the harp let us hear two or three scales of harmonious sounds which seemed to come down from heaven, and promise the caresses and consolations of angels to suffering souls on earth. Next the horn came out of the woods, as it were; and each one of us thought he saw his first love come from the heights of the forests of Frioul, and draw near to the joyous sound of the flourish. The oboe addressed her with more passionate words than those of a dove following its beloved through the air. The violin breathed throbs of convulsive joy; the harp made its deep strings vibrate generously, as if they were the palpitations of a flaming heart; and the tones of the four instruments clasped each other like blessed souls embracing before departing for heaven together. I caught and held their accents, and my imagination heard them long after they had ceased. Their passage had left a magic warmth in the atmosphere, as if Love had shaken it with his wings.

A few moments of silence, which no one dared to break, followed. The melodious bark began to move more rapidly, as if it wished to escape from us; but we dashed in its wake. We were like a flock of petrels fighting to be the first to seize a goldfish. We pressed around it, the great steel saws of our prows shining in the moonlight like the fiery teeth of Ariosto's dragons. The fugitive freed itself in Orpheus' manner: a few chords on the harp made all fall into silence and order again. At the sound of the light arpeggios, three gondolas took their place at either side of the one carrying the symphony, and followed the adagio with a religiously slow movement. The others dropped behind, forming a retinue; and this was not the worst place for hearing. These rows of silent gondolas, gliding so gently down the wide and magnificent Venetian canal, were a sight made to realize the loveliest of dreams. At the sound of the sweetest strains of 'Oberon' and 'William Tell,' every ripple, every light rebound of the oars, seemed to respond fondly to the sentiment of each musical phrase. The gondoliers, standing in their bold attitude at the stern, were outlined against the blue air like thin black specters, behind the groups of friends and lovers they were rowing. The moon was rising slowly, and began to show her inquisitive face above the roofs; she too seemed to be listening, and to like the music. One of the palace-lined banks of the Canal, still steeped in darkness, stenciled its huge Moorish lacework, blacker than the gates of hell, against the sky. The other bank received the reflection of the full moon, now as broad and white as a silver shield, on its serene and silent

façades. This immense line of fairy-like buildings, illumined by no other light than that of the heavenly bodies, was truly sublime in its look of solitude, repose, and immobility. The slender statues, rising by hundreds against the sky, seemed flights of mysterious spirits charged to protect the mute city's rest, plunged thus in a slumber like that of the Sleeping Beauty, and condemned like her to sleep a hundred years and more.

We rowed along thus for nearly an hour. The gondoliers had become rather wild. Old Catullo himself bounded at the allegro, and followed the rapid course of the little fleet. Then his oar would take an amoroso movement at the andante, and he would accompany it with a sort of grunt of beatitude. The orchestra halted under the portico of the White Lion. I leaned over to see "my lord" step out of his gondola. He was a splenetic child of seventeen or eighteen, burdened with a long Turkish pipe, that he could not have smoked completely without becoming consumptive to the last degree. He looked very much bored; but he had paid for a serenade that I had enjoyed far more than he, and for which I was very much obliged to him.

G. Sand

SIMON

[The Count de Fougères had emigrated before the Revolution. During his exile he had been a merchant in Istria, had married an Italian, and when he returned brought a daughter, Fiamma, with him. She having republican blood in her veins — the blood of those brave bandits who had held out against Austria to the death — does not want to have the old aristocratic privileges revived in her favor. The novel closes by her marrying Simon — a young lawyer, the son of peasants — who typifies all the sufferings of the intelligent and generous *déclassé* of society.]

MEANWHILE the Count de Fougères came to take possession of his new home. The villagers were too anxious to make him pay a sort of "earnest money," to spare him the infliction of new merry-makings and new honors. When he saw there was no escape, he yielded gracefully and presented his "dear vassals" with a barrel of wine, at the same time wishing with all his heart that their warm affection towards him might cool a little. But that was not the way to do it. He was welcomed, extolled, complimented, awakened at dawn to the sound of bagpipes a second time, and re-bombarded with fire-crackers. He took it in good part, shook hands an incredible number of times, raised his hat even to the village dogs, composed an infinite quantity of variations on the invariable words of his gracious replies, endured the interminable and fatiguing conversations with

evangelic patience; and having made himself as popular a sovereign as possible, went to bed worn out with fatigue, infected by proletarian miasmas, while his administrative brain calculated by how much he could raise this one's rent and lower that one's wages, on account of all these loans of paternal affability. Mademoiselle de Fougères displayed a disposition which was pronounced haughty and impertinent, by shutting herself up in her room during all these sentimental pasquinades. She remained invisible, and her father could not make her retiring sincerity bend to the politic considerations due to his position; she had a mute and respectful way of opposing him that broke him like a straw — him, so mean in thought, feeling, and language. He felt that he could rule that iron soul by conviction alone, and that the power to convince was precisely what he lacked. Feeling that it would be a hopeless task to punish his daughter, he was obliged to allow her to hide or be silent.

A few days after these extraordinary festivals, the village patron saint's day was to be celebrated. Monsieur de Fougères had gone to a cattle fair in Bourbonnais the previous day; for no sooner had he been made lord of the manor than he became a dealer again. Among all the persons who had testified their zeal, one thought he had not sufficiently bent the knee before his name and title. This was the village priest; a young man with neither judgment nor true piety, but who, having read some old ecclesiastical documents, wanted to resuscitate a singular custom at the earliest opportunity. On the patron saint's day the sexton was sent to Mademoiselle de Fougères, requesting her not to fail to be present at the blessing of the Holy Sacrament. This message surprised the young Italian very much. She thought it strange for a priest to arrogate to himself the right to point out her duty in such a manner. Nevertheless, she did not think she could be excused from performing what her education rendered sacred. Still, fearing some such snare as she had hitherto been able to avoid, she did not go into the raised pew reserved for the ancient lords of Fougères — a pew placed in full sight to the right of the choir, and now furnished with a rug and several arm-chairs at the priest's own expense. Fiamma waited until vespers had begun; then slipped into church in the plainest garments, and mingled with the crowd of women who in that part of the country kneel on the church pavement. She hated the flattery paid to any special class; but thought that before God she could not bow down with too much humility.

It was vain for her to hope to escape the village priest's scrutinizing glance, or the sexton's, who had been told to find her. The church was very small; and besides, the custom of the country separates the women from the men, and gathers the former in one of the naves. Between the 'Magnificat' and the 'Pange Lingua,' in the interval used by the officiating priest for putting on his pontifical vestments, the sexton passed through the feminine crowd, and in the priest's name came to beg Mademoiselle de Fougères to take a place more suited to her rank. When she refused to go to the pew, the obsti-

nate assistant had an arm-chair and hassock placed near the railing separating the two sexes at the entrance to the choir, just as he would have done for his bishop. He thought that Mademoiselle de Fougères would not be able to resist this flattering invitation, and concluded to go back to the altar.

In the meantime the rows of women separating Mademoiselle de Fougères from the insolent arm-chair had opened, and every eye seemed to be requesting her to condescend to take possession of it. Jeanne Féline alone, whose fervent prayer was somewhat disturbed, and whose honest and incorruptible good sense was no less shocked, by what was going on, lowered her prayer-book, raised her hood, and fixed on Mademoiselle de Fougères a look in which the pride of virtue and the fire of youth shone amidst all the ravages of age and sorrow. Fiamma saw her, and recognized Simon's mother by a distant likeness of features and a striking similarity of expression. She had heard this woman's merit praised, and had wished for an opportunity to make her acquaintance. She therefore bore the look quietly, and by her own expressed that she was ready to enter into communication with her.

Madame Féline, as bold and ingenuous as truth itself, addressed her at once, and whispered: —

"Well, mademoiselle, what does your conscience bid you do?"

"My conscience," replied Fiamma unhesitatingly, "bids me stay here and offer you the arm-chair as a mark of respect due you."

Jeanne Féline was so far from expecting this answer that she was dumfounded.

Mademoiselle de Fougères was not, like her father, a person who could be accused of courting popularity. She was said to have the opposite failing, and Jeanne could not understand why she had remained in the general crowd from the beginning of the ceremony. At length her face softened; and resisting Fiamma, who wanted to lead her to the arm-chair, she said —

"No, not I: it would ill become me to take a place of honor before God, who sees the depths of all hearts and our weakness. But look! there is the oldest woman in the village — one who has known four generations; she usually has a chair, but is kneeling on the ground today. They forgot her on your account."

Mademoiselle de Fougères followed the direction of Jeanne's gesture, and saw a centenarian, for whom some young girls had made a sort of cushion with their fustian cloaks. She went towards her, and with Madame Féline's assistance, helped her to rise and sit down in the arm-chair. The old woman did not resist, not understanding what was taking place, and thanked them by nodding her trembling head.

Mademoiselle de Fougères knelt on the pavement close to Jeanne, so as to be entirely hidden by the back of the great arm-chair; in which the ancient dame, who performed her religious duties by mere force of habit, owing to her age soon fell quietly asleep.

The priest, however, knowing that downcast eyes harmonize with the fervor of an officiator, could just see a woman with a white head-covering in the arm-chair. He fancied that his negotiations had been successful, and began to officiate calmly; but when the time came for the explosion of his great project — when he had descended the three steps of the altar and knelt to burn incense before the Holy Sacrament, crossed the choir and walked towards the arm-chair to render the same honor to Mademoiselle Fougères according to ancient feudal custom — he noticed his mistake, and his arm remained suspended between heaven and earth; while all the congregation of the faithful, eyes and mouths wide open, were wondering why these unusual honors were being paid to Mother Mathurin.

The young priest did not lose his composure: but seeing that Mademoiselle de Fougères had carried her point, with a little obstinacy and malice showed her that she was not to have it all her own way; for turning briskly to the other side, he swung the censers towards the seignorial pew, thus giving the empty place the honors due more to the title than to its bearers. The whole village was amazed; and it took more than six months to make the commentators, who were worn out by inquiries and discussions, adopt the true version of the event. The relatives of the centenarian did not fail to say that she had been blessed in virtue of an ancient custom giving this preference to persons a hundred years old; and that the priest had found it in the archives of the commune. As for the old woman, being nearly blind and more than half asleep when she was thus honored, as her ear was fortunate enough to be forever closed to all human speech and all worldly noise, she died without ever knowing that she had had incense burned before her.

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE SAND'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH FLAUBERT

[The following letters are taken from 'The George Sand-Flaubert Letters,' translated by Aimée L. McKenzie; published by Messrs. Boni and Liveright, and reprinted by their permission. They begin in 1875 when Flaubert had just published 'L'Education Sentimentale' and had been rather disappointed with its reception.]

SAND TO FLAUBERT

NOHANT, November 18, 1875.

WHAT'S our next move? For you, of course, *desolation,* and, for me, *consolation.* I do not know on what our destinies depend; you see them pass, you criticize them, you abstain from a literary appreciation of them, you limit yourself to depicting them, with deliberate

meticulous concealment of your personal feelings. However, one sees them very clearly through your narrative, and you make the people sadder who read you. As for me, I should like to make them less sad. I cannot forget that my personal victory over despair was the work of my will and of a new way of understanding which is entirely opposed to what I had before.

I know that you criticize the intervention of the personal doctrine in literature. Are you right? Isn't it rather a lack of conviction than a principle of esthetics? One cannot have a philosophy in one's soul without its appearing. I have no literary advice to give you, I have no judgment to formulate on the author friends of whom you speak. I myself have told the Goncourts all my thought; as for the others, I firmly believe that they have more education and more talent than I have. Only I think that they, and you especially, lack a definite and extended vision of life. Art is not merely painting. True painting, moreover, is full of the soul that wields the brush. Art is not merely criticism and satire: criticism and satire depict only one side of the truth.

I want to see a man as he is; he is not good or bad, he is good and bad. But he is something more . . . *nuance. Nuance,* which is for me the purpose of art, being good and bad, he has an internal force which leads him to be very bad and slightly good — or very good and slightly bad.

I think that your school is not concerned with the substance, and that it dwells too much on the surface. By virtue of seeking the form, it makes the substance too cheap! It addresses itself to the men of letters. But there are no men of letters, properly speaking. Before everything, one is a man. One wants to find man at the basis of every story and every deed. That was the defect of 'L'Education Sentimentale,' about which I have so often reflected since, asking myself why there was so general a dislike of a work that was so well done and so solid. This defect was the absence of *action* of the characters on themselves. They submitted to the event and never mastered it. Well, I think that the chief interest in a story is what you did not want to do. If I were you, I would try the opposite; you are feeding on Shakespeare just now, and you are doing well! He is the author who puts men to grips with events; observe that by them, whether for good or for ill, the event is always conquered. In his works, it is crushed underfoot.

SAND TO FLAUBERT

NOHANT, January 12, 1876.

I want to write to you every day; time is lacking absolutely. At last here is a free moment; we are buried under the snow; it is the sort of weather that I adore: this whiteness is like general purification, and the amusements of the house seem more intimate and sweeter. Can anyone hate the winter in the country? The snow is one of the most beautiful sights of the year!

It appears that I am not clear in my sermons; I have that much in common with the orthodox, but I am not of them; neither in my idea of equality, nor of authority, have I any fixed plan. You seem to think that I want to convert you to a doctrine. Not at all, I don't think of such a thing. Every one sets off from a point of view, the free choice of which I respect. In a few words, I can give a résumé of mine: not to place one's self behind an opaque glass through which one can see only the reflection of one's own nose. To see as far as possible the good, the bad, about, around, yonder, everywhere; to perceive the continual gravitation of all tangible and intangible things toward the necessity of the decent, the good, the true, the beautiful.

I don't say that humanity is on the way to the heights. I believe it in spite of everything; but I do not argue about it; it is useless because each one judges according to his own personal vision, and the general aspect is for the moment poor and ugly. Besides, I do not need to be sure of the safety of the planet and its inhabitants in order to believe in the necessity of the good and the beautiful; if the planet departs from that law, it will perish; if the inhabitants discard it, they will be destroyed. Other stars, other souls will pass over their bodies; so much the worse! But, as for me, I want to gravitate up to my last breath, not with the certitude or the need of finding elsewhere *a good place,* but because my sole joy is in keeping myself with my family on an upward road.

In other words, I am fleeing the sewer, and I am seeking the dry and the clean, certain that it is the law of my existence. Being a man amounts to little; we are still near the monkey from which they say we proceed. Very well! a further reason for separating ourselves still more from it and for being at least at the height of the relative truth that our race has been admitted to comprehend; a very poor truth, very limited, very humble! Well, let us possess it as much as we can and not permit any one to take it from us.

We are, I think, quite agreed; but I practise this simple religion and you do not practise it, since you let yourself become discouraged; your heart has not been penetrated with it since you curse life, and desire death like a Catholic who yearns for compensation, were it only the rest eternal. You are no surer than another of this compensation. Life is perhaps eternal, and therefore work is eternal. If this is so, let us do our day's work bravely. If it is otherwise, if the *moi* perishes entirely, let us have the honor of having done our stated task, it is our duty; for we have evident duties only towards ourselves and our equals. What we destroy in ourselves, we destroy in them. Our abasement lowers them, our falls drag them down; we owe it to them to remain erect so that they shall not fall. The desire for an early death, as that for a long life, is therefore a weakness, and I do not want you to admit any longer that it is a right. I thought that I had it once; I believed, however, what I believe today, but I lacked strength, and like you I said: 'I cannot help it.' I lied to myself. One can help everything. One has the strength that one thinks one has not,

when one desires ardently to *gravitate,* to mount a step each day, to say to one's self: 'The Flaubert of tomorrow must be superior to the one of yesterday, and the one of day after tomorrow more steady and more lucid still.'

When you feel you are on the ladder, you will mount very quickly. You are about to enter gradually upon the happiest and most favorable time of life: old age. It is then that art reveals itself in its sweetness; as long as one is young, it manifests itself with anguish. You prefer a well-turned phrase to all metaphysics. I also, I love to see condensed into a few words what elsewhere fills volumes; but these volumes, one must have understood them completely (either to admit them or to reject them) in order to find the sublime résumé which becomes literary art in its fullest expression; that is why one should not scorn the efforts of the human mind to arrive at the truth.

I tell you that, because you have excessive prejudices *as to words.* In truth, you read, you dig, you work much more than I and a crowd of others do. You have acquired learning that I shall never attain. Therefore you are a hundred times richer than all of us; you are a rich man, and you complain like a poor man. Be charitable to a beggar who has his mattress full of gold, but who wants to be nourished only on well-turned phrases and choice words. But, brute, ransack your own mattress and eat your gold. Nourish yourself with the ideas and feelings accumulated in your head and your heart; the words and the phrases, the *form* to which you attach so much importance, will issue by itself from your digestion. You consider it as an end, it is only an effect. Happy manifestations proceed only from an emotion, and an emotion proceeds only from a conviction. One is not moved at all by the things that one does not believe with all one's heart.

I do not say that you do not believe; on the contrary, all your life of affection, of protection, and of charming and simple goodness, proves that you are the most convinced individual in the world. But, as soon as you handle literature, you want, I don't know why, to be another man, one who should disappear, one who destroys himself, who does not exist! What an absurd creature man is! What a false rule of *good taste!* Our work is worth only what we are worth.

Who is talking about putting yourself on the stage? That, in truth, is of no use, unless it is done frankly by way of a chronicle. But to withdraw one's soul from what one does, what is that unhealthy fancy? To hide one's own opinion about the characters that one puts on the stage, to leave the reader therefore uncertain about the opinion that he should have of them, that is to desire not to be understood, and from that moment, the reader leaves you; for if he wants to understand the story that you are telling him, it is on the condition that you should show him plainly that this one is a strong character and that one weak.

'L'Education Sentimentale' has been a misunderstood book, as I have told you repeatedly, but you have not listened to me. There should have been a

short preface, or, at a good opportunity, an expression of blame, even if only a happy epithet to condemn the evil, to characterize the defect, to signalize the effort. All the characters in that book are feeble and come to nothing, except those with bad instincts; that is what you are reproached with, because people did not understand that you wanted precisely to depict a deplorable state of society that encourages these bad instincts and ruins noble efforts; when people do not understand us, it is always our fault. What the reader wants, first of all, is to penetrate into our thought, and that is what you deny him, arrogantly. He thinks that you scorn him and that you want to ridicule him. For my part, I understood you, for I knew you. If any one had brought me your book without its being signed, I should have asked myself if you were immoral, sceptical, indifferent, or heart-broken. You say that it ought to be like that, and that M. Flaubert will violate the rules of good taste if he shows his thought and the aim of his literary enterprise. It is false in the highest degree. When M. Flaubert writes well and seriously, one attaches one's self to his personality..One wants to sink or swim with him. If he leaves you in doubt, you lose interest in his work, you neglect it, or you give it up.

I have already combated your favorite heresy, which is that one writes for twenty intelligent people and does not care a fig for the rest. It is not true, since the lack of success irritates you and troubles you. Besides, there have not been twenty critics favorable to this book which was so well written and so important. So one must not write for twenty persons any more than for three, or for a hundred thousand.

One must write for all those who have a thirst to read and who can profit by good reading. Then one must go straight to the most elevated morality within one's self, and not make a mystery of the moral and profitable meaning of one's book. People found that with 'Madame Bovary.' If one part of the public cried scandal, the healthiest and the broadest part saw in it a severe and striking lesson given to a woman without conscience and without faith, to vanity, to ambition, to irrationality. They pitied her; art required that, but the lesson was clear, and it would have been more so, it would have been so for *everybody,* if you had wished it, if you had shown more clearly the opinion that you had, and that the public ought to have had, about the heroine, her husband, and her lovers.

That desire to depict things as they are, the adventures of life as they present themselves to the eye, is not well thought out, in my opinion. Depict inert things as a realist, as a poet, it's all the same to me, but, when one touches on the emotions of the human heart, it is another thing. You cannot abstract yourself from this contemplation; for man, that is yourself, and men, that is the reader. Whatever you do, your tale is a conversation between you and the reader. If you show him the evil coldly, without ever showing him the good, he is angry. He wonders if it is he that is bad, or if it is you. You work, however, to rouse him and to interest him; you will never succeed

if you are not roused yourself, or if you hide it so well that he thinks you indifferent. He is right: supreme impartiality is an anti-human thing, and a novel ought to be human above everything. If it is not, the public is not pleased in its being well written, well composed, and conscientious in every detail. The essential quality is not there: interest. The reader breaks away likewise from a book where all the characters are good without distinctions and without weaknesses; he sees clearly that that is not human either. I believe that art, this special art of narration, is only worth while through the opposition of characters; but, in their struggle, I prefer to see the right prevail. Let events overwhelm the honest man, I agree to that, but let him not be soiled or belittled by them, and let him go to the stake feeling that he is happier than his executioners.

SAND TO FLAUBERT

NOHANT, March 15, 1876.

I should have a good deal to say about the novels of M. Zola, and it would be better to say it in an article than in a letter, because there is a general question there which must be formulated with a refreshed brain. I should like to read M. Daudet's book first, the book you spoke of to me, but the title of which I cannot recall. Have the publisher send it to me collect, if he does not want to give it to me; that is very simple. On the whole, the thing that I shall not gainsay, meanwhile making a *philosophical* criticism of the method, is that 'Rougon' is a *strong book,* as you say, and worthy of being placed in the first rank.

That does not change anything in my way of thinking, that art ought to be the search for the truth, and that truth is not the picture of evil. It ought to be the picture of good and evil. A painter who sees only one is as false as he who sees only the other. Life is not crammed with monsters only. Society is not formed of rascals and wretches only. The honest people are not the minority, since society exists in a certain order and without too many unpunished crimes. Imbeciles dominate, it is true, but there is a public conscience which weighs on them and obliges them to respect the right. Let people show up and chastise the rascals, that is good, it is even moral, but let them tell us and show us the opposite; otherwise the simple reader, who is the average reader, is discouraged, saddened, horrified, and contradicts you so as not to despair.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

I FANCY that when 'Madame Bovary' appeared in 1857, even the most alert of French critics, like Sainte-Beuve or J. J. Weiss, would have been thoroughly astonished if someone had said to him: — "Do not deceive yourself; this novel of passion, which everybody is reading and which has suddenly made its author the fashion; this picture of morals, so boldly brushed that it disquiets the governing powers and summons the painter before the censors of morals; this study of style, so brilliantly executed that the most determined revolutionists marvel at it — in forty years will have become part of the classical tradition of France. Among all the names of the nineteenth century, that of Gustave Flaubert will be linked with that of Courier alone, in the list of the prose writers of the great Latin line after La Bruyère, Pascal, and Montesquieu. This little book is not an accident. It is an event, and its author is the master whom hundreds of other artists in France and abroad will follow; the man, perhaps, whose ideas will modify most deeply the esthetics of the century." Yes, I can see Sainte-Beuve smile at this prophecy, although his valiant essay in the 'Lundis' shows how deeply he was impressed by Flaubert's début. I see the witty Weiss shrug his shoulders, although his criticism written at that time shows a stirring of extreme curiosity concerning the newcomer. It is not given to any one to construct the orbit of contemporary works, or to foresee their place with posterity. Would it not have amazed Voltaire to learn that he would live through 'Candide,' and Diderot that his work would reduce itself to the 'Neveu de Rameau' — two pamphlets scribbled in a few days, the second not even published by its author?

I

In seeking to discover why a book or a writer grows greater as the years pass, instead of dwindling away with the first successes, one finds that this book and this writer strikingly disclose a *moral unity*. Nothing that is not typical endures in human memory. The posthumous fame and the influence of Flaubert confirm this great law of literary history. Few writers have more deeply impressed this moral unity upon more diverse works. From that youthful day when he read to his friend Maxime Du Camp his great unpublished novel 'Novembre,' to the eve of his death, when he traced the last lines of 'Bouvard and Pécuchet,' he developed without pause or modification one changeless system and expressed one changeless conclusion concerning human life. One metaphysical conviction lightens the pages of his youth and those of his ap-

proaching age, as the same sun irradiates morning and evening of the same day with universal light. This doctrine, born with Flaubert, as I shall try to show, is the old doctrine of pessimism, but of a verified, studied-out, hopeless pessimism, as atomically established as that of Schopenhauer in Germany and of Heraclitus in Greece. From the point of view of the novelist, as from that of the two philosophers, the evil of life does not arise from circumstances, but is inherent in the very fact of humanity. Whether barbarian or civilized, whether belonging to the antique world or to modern society, to an age of faith or to an epoch of scepticism, whether artist or artisan, simple or complex, the human being lives to see the failure of his ambition, be it noble or base, narrow or boundless. The mocking hand of Fate seems to have written a negative sign before the colossal sum of human efforts, and the total always shows a loss; the greatness of these efforts augmenting the greatness of the predetermined ruin. Such is the idea permeating from end to end all the books composed by this admirable artist, the thesis he struggled to demonstrate by examples not far-fetched and abstract, but concrete and living, and of such extraordinary intensity that the series of six volumes really constitutes the most absolute, the most uncompromising manual of nihilism ever composed.

To comprehend the doctrine behind the accident and the theory behind the fact, one must consider the chief characters of these books successively. By a process quite opposed to that of authors who are simply misanthropic, Flaubert does not make the final miseries of his characters result from their faults, but from their qualities. At the same time he is careful to select ordinary and not exceptional types, and to surround them with ordinary circumstances. Thus constituted, they cease to be individual and become representative, and their symbolic failure becomes the failure of the whole class. Take as examples Madame Bovary in the novel of that name, and Frédéric Moreau in 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' Both are results of the legitimate and indeed very noble tendency of the lower classes toward culture and refinement. Emma Bovary is the daughter of a farmer who wished her to become a "lady," and Frédéric is the son of a middle-class father who has resolved that his boy shall have a "liberal" profession. She has been sent to a convent. He has been put in school. In their class of society this is the accepted educational process, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Both pupils respond to the instruction they receive. Ah, well! if the first descends, step by step, the ladder which leads to vice, to crime, to suicide, it is simply because, played upon by the religious and poetical emotions of the convent which was so long her home, she has formed too exquisite, too complex, too sequestered a dream of existence, and has felt too acutely the meagerness of her environment. She is perverted by the noblest characteristics of her nature; and in that experience she resembles the sentimental Frédéric, her brother in delicacy as in weakness. If the man of society, young, rich, intelligent, spoils his hours one by one, as a child, who cannot draw, uncleanly and foolishly spoils his sheets of fair white paper, he does so

because he has surrendered himself too freely to the charm of the books and dreams which enchanted his youth, and has longed too eagerly for higher emotions, for romantic affections, and glorious adventures.

Again, if the two grotesque protagonists of 'Bouvard et Pécuchet' make the most imbecile use of their late-coming independence, of their will and energy, it is because the hearts of these office clerks suddenly released from servitude beat with the noblest zeal for the Ideal — in that form, however, "which deceives the least; that is, science": and do not say that these lack singleness of heart more than the others.

Again, it is the romantic novelist who wrote the story of 'Un Cœur Simple,' the pathetically foolish adventure of an old maid who adores with a religious fervor a stuffed parrot. And again, do not say that the decadence of contemporary society is responsible for these failures. Would it have been better for these men and women to take root in the soil of a world still new, and to share the heroic youth of civilization? The sinister brutality which stains red the landscapes of 'Salammbô,' answers the question. Mathô, like Frédéric, like the daughter of Hamilcar, like the child of Farmer Ronault, struggles painfully in the heavy nightmare of existence; the gloomy frenzy of the savage has no more appreciable result than the shrinking trepidation of the civilized man. Nor will it suffice to say that these civilized folk and these barbarians were alike wanting in that great supernatural strength, faith. St. Anthony, the hermit of the Thebaid, after years of maceration, cries, like Emma, like Frédéric, "Of old I was not so wretched!" The depth of his penitence has but intensified his power to feel and suffer. A cataleptic, haunted by visions, terrified at night by the howling of the jackal, by the desert winds, by the shadow of a cross upon the sand, at last he bows down like a slave before the stupid and inert Thing, shapeless and multiform Matter. "I would," he sighs, "that I were Matter!" Supreme aspiration, containing the drama, at once tragic and farcical, of our poor humanity! An appeal which recalls Goya's picture of a skeleton straining to lift up the stone of his tomb to write upon it the terrible word *Nada* — "Nothing!" There is nothing! "Who knows?" wrote Flaubert himself in one of his letters: "doubtless death has nothing more to tell than life."

II

For the source and principle of this pessimism, one must search through the volumes of Flaubert's correspondence. It is easy to see that this way of feeling and of judging life is not with the author of 'Madame Bovary,' as with so many others, an amusement of dilettantism. It is the deep and personal moral of these frank letters that the convincing force of a work of art is always proportionate to its sincerity. If to Flaubert's readers his creations have this authenticity of authority, it is because they are struck out of his own life and spirit. I mean that they express what was essential in his life, and most per-

sonal, least incidental, in his spirit. The whole difference between objective artists, among whom Flaubert enrolled himself, and the subjective school, is that the first exclude all anecdote, all petty individual and local circumstance, from their written confessions. They can give expression to their genius only when they reveal the inmost depths of their nature. From the first, Flaubert's letters show that his heart, as another great unquiet spirit, Lamennais, declared of himself, was "born with a wound." Today we know that his mental structure was sustained by an organism prematurely touched at the very center of life. Epilepsy was destroying Flaubert. The 'Souvenirs' of Maxime Du Camp contain a very touching account of the first attack of this fatal nervous malady. But long before that attack, a hypersensitiveness, strange alternations of exaltation and repression, of enthusiasm and disgust, indicated that a secret malady was preying upon this robust fellow. From his twentieth year he contended with those humiliating fatalities against which human energy, however ambitious, is doomed to dash itself. Moreover, he was surrounded by contradictions.

His prose astonishes the reader by the lyric amplitude of his least sentence. A poet quivers in the prose writer with all the passion, all the ardor, of a Shakespeare or a Byron. Now, this poet was the son of a surgeon. His early life, from his birth in 1821 to 1839, when he came to Paris to study law, was passed in a hospital. His room overlooked a court where the invalids walked, and an amphitheater where his father's pupils dissected bodies. The dreams of his childhood and youth moved side by side with horrible impressions of physical decay. He speaks somewhere of his nature as "drolly bitter." This sinister humor was doubtless born in that hospital room where by turns he read his favorite authors — Homer, Æschylus, Vergil, Dante, Victor Hugo — and saw the rollicking students smoke and jest over the cadavers. The contrast was not less sharp between his precocious taste for imaginative literature and the employment his father wished him to undertake. He has drawn in 'Madame Bovary,' under the name of Doctor Larivière, a slight but vigorous portrait of this father, whom he deeply admired. But it is nevertheless true that the rough practitioner, with his grim professional aspect and his habit of working on living matter, could not comprehend his second son's vocation for authorship. All the letters of this period bear traces of this cruel misunderstanding. As a mere lad, Flaubert lived in a state of constant rebellion against the paternal ideas and discipline. Nor was he more in harmony with the ideas and discipline of his time. When only fifteen he began to be fascinated by romanticism and its poets, at the very moment when public taste was ready to find fault with that school of 1830, which should rather be called the school of 1820. Finally, as his correspondence clearly shows, this romantic youth, whose ideal was incarnated in the adorable figure of Madame Arnouse — an only love, never realized, always dreamed — suffered the precocious disenchantment of a French school. What strange collisions of alien elements! How fate delights

to entangle us in those irresistible impulses which set us forever in disharmony with life and with ourselves!

For Gustave Flaubert, played upon by such discordant influences, life soon became one long suffering. Soon, too, he perceived that this suffering was caused by no one mitigable chance, but that it grew out of the very fact of existence. In the long correspondence which extends from his precocious childhood to his premature old age, which shows us his student's cell, his traveler's tent, his Parisian abode of the famous author, he never varies his complaint. Whether writing to Le Poitevin, his schoolfellow; to Du Camp, the comrade of his youth; to Louis Bouilhet, the associate of his maturity ; to Louise Colet, the confidante of his critical days of apprenticeship; or to George Sand, the glorious *alter ego* of his years of achievement, everywhere and always he proclaims the narrowness of human destiny; the misery and sadness of existence; his distaste for his contemporary world; his horror of the future; the weariness of enduring; the woefulness of yielding; the falsehood of desire; and the vanity of hope.

The persistence of these lamentations is the more striking in that this pessimist is never disheartened. His fearless agnosticism has nothing in common with the languid negations of a Werther or an Obermann. No coward soul utters his accusation. His complaint, almost from the beginning, is more intellectual than sentimental. All the sweet poisonous melancholy on which he fed himself may be referred to the understanding rather than to the moral nature; and therein appears the characteristic which distinguishes him absolutely from authors who, like Byron, Chateaubriand, Musset, and Baudelaire, have expressed under very different forms what has been called the malady of the age.

Flaubert, the contemporary of Taine, Renan, Berthelot, Pasteur, was of a scientific turn of mind. He was like the physiologist who from the symptoms of his own specific malady reasons to the general disease, and who finds in his own personality the opportunity to verify and to register a vaster hypothesis. Here we can make out the explanation for the typical character of the work and the man.

Because of this scientific turn of mind, united to a sensibility both complex and passionately sad, Gustave Flaubert stands as one of the newest of the psychological oddities of his age. There is no denying the fact that in the nineteenth century science was the all-powerful controller of human activity. Not only has it modified the material conditions under which this activity works, but still more has it changed our point of view and altered our mental methods. It has accustomed us to an idea which seems at first sight simple, yet which involves an immense revolution — the contemplation of everything as conditional, including even the most spontaneous creations of the mind. Thus we come to acknowledge, with Taine and Sainte-Beuve, that fixed laws control the production of literary work, and that a tragedy, a novel, a poem, are born

under conditions as absolute as those which accompany the blooming of a flower. Laws govern the production of political systems and religious hypotheses — laws regulate the decadence and prosperity of races, of countries, of families — laws, finally, dominate our own intellect and our own affections.

It must not be forgotten, however, that this conception leaves room for personal responsibility. Our free will is simply set to choose among these conditions those which will or which will not produce certain effects. But whether the will choose freely or not, these conditions always imply the same result. They share, and we share with them, in that universal and immeasurable order which science declares to exist, and which, fragment by fragment, detail by detail, she aims at discovering. Thus considered, our individuality both diminishes and is increased. It diminishes because we see with too implacable clearness the limitations of our power, thus hedged about by laws which are independent of our volition. It increases, because outside our puny selves we catch glimpses of, we grasp at, those imperishable laws which were before we were, which will be when we are not. Beyond our own lives we thus touch and outlive all life; beyond our own joy, all joy; beyond our own suffering, all suffering. Such amplitudes of feeling do we gain with this new attitude of mind! As it was constant with Flaubert, many men of our generation have loved in him that profound accent in which they heard a magnificent echo of the inarticulate speech hidden in their own hearts.

III

Pessimism, however original and however sincere, yet remains a disease; and had Flaubert brought only this message of despair he would not occupy his high place in our respect. Happily he brings another doctrine, that of heroism, and I had almost said of religion. Flaubert himself employs this word, when speaking in one of his letters of Alfred de Musset: — "He lacked religion," he says; "and religion is indispensable." What he meant was that in this life, so wretched in his eyes and so inevitably foredoomed to failure, a man perceives nobility, finds comfort, only upon condition of devoting all his powers to something apart from himself and his interests, from his passions and his person. Perhaps this creed of the most exalted renunciation following on the completest pessimism is less contradictory than it appears; for the Christian faith, itself the most luminously hopeful which has ever appeared upon earth, rests also upon a pessimistic vision of man and of fate.

And if Flaubert were inconsistent in his beliefs, let us applaud the lack of logic which produced his masterpieces. His personal religion was that of literature. He loved it with the most unrestrained, the most untiring love. I do not know in the intellectual order a more pathetic drama than that which fills his letters to the friend of his youth, her whom he called his "Muse." Housed in his small abode at Croisset near the gates of Rouen, and scarcely

going out except to pace his garden on the bank of the Seine, this man of thirty undertook to write a book with which he should be — not satisfied, for what author worthy the name is ever satisfied? but which should come as near perfection as possible. That book is 'Madame Bovary.' The very ideal of the literary artist is here evoked before our inward gaze: the absolute, the irremediable scorn of contemporary success, the contempt for vanity, the complete absence of all desire for gain — these elementary virtues of the great author are naturally found there, as well as the scrupulous conscience which no difficulty discourages, and the invincible patience which no beginning over again wearies; and especially and everywhere the flame, the sacred fever of creative intellect. In these pages — usually dashed off in the morning after the nightly task was finished — there stirs a sublime breath which draws tears. One seems to see, one sees, the genius of one of those immortal works which, like 'Tartuffe,' like the 'Pensées,' like the 'Caractères,' will endure as long as the French language. Never was human brain possessed by more passionate frenzy for art; and in saying that all Flaubert's great works were composed in the same way, with this prodigious care in detail, this implacable search for truth and beauty, this zeal and tenacity, it is plain why in thirty years of this exhausting work he composed so few volumes, and these of such virile composition, of such sovereign mastery of style, that all other modern works seem slight, cowardly, and incomplete beside them.

It is difficult to explain in what Flaubert's style — his great title to glory — exactly consists. No term is oftener employed, indeed, than this term "style." None more easily defies a definition. In saying that an author has style, some writers praise his elegant correctness, while others mean to affirm his original incorrectness. According to the first sense, the masters of style in France would be Fénelon, Buffon, Rousseau. According to the second sense, they would be Rabelais and Saint-Simon. The citation of these names suffices to prove both points of view legitimate. The complexity of things imposes the complexity of points of view. To write is indeed to translate ideas into words. But what must we understand by this formula, *ideas?* I have the idea of a straight line, I have the idea of the feeling I experience, I have the idea of the room where I am. Are these three kinds of ideas of the same order, and are the trains of accessory impressions which each entails equally diverse?

The phrases which serve as the external form of these three kinds of ideas must then be so different that certain French writers of the seventeenth century considered literature incapable of rendering those of the third group. Again, in the nineteenth century, Stendhal and Merimée absolutely denied that sensations of the eyes are reducible to words. Flaubert was of the contrary opinion. To his mind the thing had been proved, since Chateaubriand; and the men who failed to reproduce an actual contour or color in a phrase seemed to him as incompetent as did they whose prose failed to express an ab-

stract idea or to convey an emotion. He maintained that Merimée did not understand his profession, and this he would demonstrate book in hand!

In what, then, did his conception of his profession consist? In the first place, in a special development of intellectual sensibility; and here Flaubert was certainly right. An isolated word taken by itself should have its value of tone for the author, as the color on a palette has its value of tone to the painter. Considered in the dictionary, this word has a physical and moral existence perceived by the artist. Take at random one which is typical. Does not the word *frêle* [frail], which nevertheless comes from the same Latin word (*fragilis*) as fragile, differ from the latter as a flower differs from an object of human industry? Are there not words of race whose presence at the end of a pen or on the tip of the tongue betrays a patrician manner of feeling and thinking, while others reek of bad company and soil the paper on which the pen traces them? It is not their meaning which gives them this elegant or brutal, this ignoble or aristocratic character. It is the trace, visible or not, of their Latin origin, their tonic accent, their sonority, and still other elements which cannot be analyzed and which the artist discerns through practice. For Flaubert, the profession of authorship consisted in developing in himself this sense of the physiognomy of words to the point of always finding the exact, and as he maintained, the only, term to express a truth, a form, a feeling. " For there is only one," he said to his favorite pupil Maupassant; and as to himself, his rigor was unsparing. Another of his friends, and his fervent admirer, Taine, told me that he had seen him spend three weeks hunting for a single word, and that was the word *secouer,* to shake. He was very proud of finishing his story of ' Hérodias ' with the adverb *alternativement,* " alternately." This word, whose two accents on *ter* and *ti* give it a loose swing, seemed to him to render concrete and almost perceptible the march of the two slaves who in turn carried the head of St. John the Baptist.

The choice of words resembles the choice of colors in painting. The value of a tone changes with the value of the tone placed next it. Therefore the second step in authorship consists, once the words are chosen, in putting them together and in constructing sentences. Flaubert's theories of sentence structure have become legendary. All his biographers have told us how he passed nights declaiming his own prose, crying his sentences with all his might, trying them, as he said in his common but expressive phrase, " with his own muzzle." There was something of mania and something of paradox in this method. There was also a theory which he set forth himself in his very curious preface to the ' Dernières Chansons ' of Louis Bouilhet. Flaubert thought that a well-constructed phrase adapts itself to the rhythm of the respiration. He reasoned somewhat after this fashion: In presence of such or such an idea we experience such or such an impression. This impression has its reaction upon our organism. It leaves it colder or warmer; our blood beats quicker or slower; our breath is hurried or stopped. The phrase which translates this idea should accord with this state of our organs; and how better ascertain this than by trying it on

the register of our chest? "Badly constructed sentences," said he, "never resist this test." Now follow the consequences of this principle. They are infinite, and the art of writing, thus conceived, becomes difficult enough to terrify the most patient. If sentences are made to be read aloud, harmony is their ruling quality; and from that spring these two laws: constant renewal of forms, and suppression of all rhyme, of all hiatus, and of all repetitions. Goncourt recounts in his journal that he saw Flaubert unhappy because he had left the following expression in Madame Bovary: "d'une couronne de fleurs d'orange" [with a wreath of orange-blossoms]. The three *d's,* governed each by the other, made him despair. He strove furiously to reduce the words which serve as setting to the others: the conjunctions, the prepositions, the auxiliary verbs. He fought for hours and days against *que, de, faire, avoir, être.* Dumas, who scarcely liked him, mocked this formidable labor, so disproportioned to the result: "He is a giant," said he, "who cuts down a forest in order to make a box." This witty epigram only proves that the author of the 'Demi-Monde' was a moralist, a mind preoccupied from the beginning with the service rendered; while Flaubert was an artist, the most careful and uncompromising of artists. Somewhere in his correspondence he speaks of a bit of wall on the Acropolis, the memory of which exalted him like a vision of perfect beauty. This comparison completely illustrates his ideal of style: a prose holding itself erect by virtue of essential words, and so finely and strongly constructed that these essential words — correct, exact, and precise, resting upon each other without parasitic attachments — are beautiful both in themselves and for their mathematical relation — a prose which is such an integral substitute for the object that it becomes the object itself. "The author in his work," he said with curious eloquence, "should be like God in the universe: everywhere present and nowhere visible. Art being only second to nature, its creator should exercise analogous methods, so that one feels in every atom, every aspect, a hidden, a limitless insusceptibility of injury from external things." Was I wrong to speak of religion as influencing a man who found these solemn accents to define his dream of art?

PAUL BOURGET

RODOLPHE MEETS EMMA BOVARY

From 'Madame Bovary'

[Emma, wife of the country doctor, Charles Bovary, has allowed herself to fall in love with a young notary's clerk, Léon Dupuis. Léon, however, not realizing that she returns his passion, has decided to go away to Paris in order to recover from it. He bids Emma farewell without a declaration.]

THE next day was a dreary one for Emma. Everything seemed to her enveloped in a black atmosphere floating confusedly over the exterior of things, and sorrow was engulfed within her soul with soft shrieks such as the winter wind makes in ruined castles. It was that reverie which we give to things that will not return, the lassitude that seizes you after everything is done; that pain, in fine, that the interruption of every wonted movement, the sudden cessation of any prolonged vibration, brings on.

As on the return from Vaubyessard, when the quadrilles were running in her head, she was full of a gloomy melancholy, of a numb despair. Léon reappeared, taller, handsomer, more charming, more vague. Though separated from her, he had not left her; he was there, and the walls of the house seemed to hold his shadow. She could not detach her eyes from the carpet where he had walked, from those empty chairs where he had sat. The river still flowed on, and slowly drove its ripples along the slippery banks. They had often walked there to the murmur of the waves over the moss-covered pebbles. How bright the sun had been! What happy afternoons they had seen alone in the shade at the end of the garden! He read aloud, bare-headed, sitting on a footstool of dry sticks; the fresh wind of the meadow set trembling the leaves of the book and the nasturtiums of the arbor. Ah! he was gone, the only charm of her life, the only possible hope of joy. Why had she not seized this happiness when it came to her? Why not have kept hold of it with both hands, with both knees, when it was about to flee from her? And she cursed herself for not having loved Léon. She thirsted for his lips. The wish took possession of her to run after and rejoin him, throw herself into his arms and say to him, "It is I; I am yours." But Emma recoiled beforehand at the difficulties of the enterprise, and her desires, increased by regret, became only the more acute.

Henceforth the memory of Léon was the center of her boredom; it burnt there more brightly than the fire travelers have left on the snow of a Russian steppe. She sprang towards him, she pressed against him, she stirred carefully the dying embers, sought all around her anything that could revive it; and the most distant reminiscences, like the most immediate occasions, what she experienced as well as what she imagined, her voluptuous desires that were unsatisfied, her projects of happiness that crackled in the wind like dead boughs, her sterile virtue, her lost hopes, the domestic *tête-à-tête* — she gathered it all up, took everything, and made it all serve as fuel for her melancholy.

The flames, however, subsided, either because the supply had exhausted itself, or because it had been piled up too much. Love, little by little, was quelled by absence; regret stifled beneath habit; and this incendiary light that had empurpled her pale sky was overspread and faded by degrees. In the supineness of her conscience she even took her repugnance towards her husband for aspiration towards her lover, the burning of hate for the warmth of tenderness; but as the tempest still raged, and as passion burnt itself down to the

very cinders, and no help came, no sun rose, there was night on all sides, and she was lost in the terrible cold that pierced her.

Then the evil days of Tostes began again. She thought herself now far more unhappy; for she had the experience of grief, with the certainty that it would not end.

A woman who had laid on herself such sacrifices could well allow herself certain whims. She bought a Gothic prie-Dieu, and in a month spent fourteen francs on lemons for polishing her nails; she wrote to Rouen for a blue cashmere gown; she chose one of Lheureux's finest scarfs, and wore it knotted round her waist over her dressing-gown; and, with closed blinds and a book in her hand, she lay stretched out on a couch in this garb.

She often changed her coiffure; she did her hair *à la Chinoise,* in flowing curls, in plaited coils; she parted it on one side and rolled it under like a man's.

She wanted to learn Italian; she bought dictionaries, a grammar, and a supply of white paper. She tried serious reading, history, and philosophy. Sometimes in the night Charles woke up with a start, thinking he was being called to a patient. "I'm coming," he stammered; and it was the noise of a match Emma had struck to relight the lamp. But her reading fared like her pieces of embroidery, all of which, only just begun, filled her cupboard; she took it up, left it, passed on to other books.

She had attacks in which she could easily have been driven to commit any folly. She maintained one day, in opposition to her husband, that she could drink off a large glass of brandy, and, as Charles was stupid enough to dare her to, she swallowed the brandy to the last drop.

In spite of her vapourish airs (as the housewives of Yonville called them), Emma, all the same, never seemed gay, and usually she had at the corners of her mouth that immobile contraction that puckers the faces of old maids, and those of men whose ambition has failed. She was pale all over, white as a sheet; the skin of her nose was drawn at the nostrils, her eyes looked at you vaguely. After discovering three gray hairs on her temples, she talked much of her old age.

She often fainted. One day she even spat blood, and, as Charles fussed round her showing his anxiety —

"Bah!" she answered, "what does it matter?"

Charles fled to his study and wept there, both his elbows on the table, sitting in an arm-chair at his bureau under the phrenological head.

Then he wrote to his mother to beg her to come, and they had many long consultations together on the subject of Emma.

What should they decide? What was to be done since she rejected all medical treatment?

"Do you know what your wife wants?" replied Madame Bovary senior. "She wants to be forced to occupy herself with some manual work. If she were obliged, like so many others, to earn her living, she wouldn't have these

vapours, that come to her from a lot of ideas she stuffs into her head, and from the idleness in which she lives."

"Yet she is always busy," said Charles.

"Ah! always busy at what? Reading novels, bad books, works against religion, and in which they mock at priests in speeches taken from Voltaire. But all that leads you far astray, my poor child. Any one who has no religion always ends by turning out badly."

So it was decided to stop Emma reading novels. The enterprise did not seem easy. The good lady undertook it. She was, when she passed through Rouen, to go herself to the lending-library and represent that Emma had discontinued her subscriptions. Would they not have a right to apply to the police if the librarian persisted all the same in his poisonous trade?

The farewells of mother and daughter-in-law were cold. During the three weeks that they had been together they had not exchanged half-a-dozen words apart from the inquiries and phrases when they met at table and in the evening before going to bed.

Madame Bovary left on a Wednesday, the market-day at Yonville.

The Place since morning had been blocked by a row of carts, which, on end and their shafts in the air, spread all along the line of houses from the church to the inn. On the other side there were canvas booths, where cotton checks, blankets, and woolen stockings were sold, together with harness for horses, and packets of blue ribbon, whose ends fluttered in the wind. The coarse hardware was spread out on the ground between pyramids of eggs and hampers of cheeses, from which sticky straw stuck out. Near the corn-machines clucking hens passed their necks through the bars of flat cages. The people, crowding in the same place and unwilling to move thence, sometimes threatened to smash the shop-front of the chemist. On Wednesdays his shop was never empty, and the people pushed in less to buy drugs than for consultations, so great was Homais' reputation, in the neighboring villages. His robust aplomb had fascinated the rustics. They considered him a greater doctor than all the doctors.

Emma was leaning out at the window; she was often there. The window in the provinces replaces the theater and the promenade, and she amused herself with watching the crowd of boors, when she saw a gentleman in a green velvet coat. He had on yellow gloves, although he wore heavy gaiters; he was coming towards the doctor's house, followed by a peasant walking with bent head and quite a thoughtful air.

"Can I see the doctor?" he asked Justin, who was talking on the doorsteps with Félicité, and taking him for a servant of the house. "Tell him that Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger of La Huchette is here."

It was not from territorial vanity that the new arrival added "of La Huchette" to his name, but to make himself the better known. La Huchette, in fact, was an estate near Yonville, where he had just bought the chateau

and two farms that he cultivated himself, without, however, troubling very much about them. He lived as a bachelor, and was supposed to have "at least fifteen thousand francs a year."

Charles came into the room. Monsieur Boulanger introduced his man, who wanted to be bled because he felt "a tingling all over."

"That'll purge me," he urged as an objection to all reasoning.

So Bovary ordered a bandage and a basin, and asked Justin to hold it. Then addressing the countryman, already pale —

"Don't be afraid, my lad."

"No, no, sir," said the other; "get on."

And with an air of bravado he held out his great arm. At the prick of the lancet the blood spurted out, splashing against the looking-glass.

"Hold the basin nearer," exclaimed Charles.

"Lor!" said the peasant, "one would swear it was a little fountain flowing. How red my blood is! That's a good sign, isn't it?"

"Sometimes," answered the doctor, "one feels nothing at first, and then syncope sets in, and more especially with people of strong constitution like this man."

At these words the rustic let go the lancet-case he was twisting between his fingers. A shudder of his shoulders made the chair-back creak. His hat fell off.

"I thought as much," said Bovary, pressing his finger on the vein.

The basin was beginning to tremble in Justin's hands; his knees shook, he turned pale.

"Emma! Emma!" called Charles.

With one bound she came down the staircase.

"Some vinegar," he cried. "O dear! two at once!"

And in his emotion he could hardly put on the compress.

"It is nothing," said Monsieur Boulanger quietly, taking Justin in his arms. He seated him on the table with his back resting against the wall.

Madame Bovary began taking off his cravat. The strings of his shirt had got into a knot, and she was for some minutes moving her light fingers about the young fellow's neck. Then she poured some vinegar on her cambric handkerchief; she moistened his temples with little dabs, and then blew upon them softly. The ploughman revived, but Justin's syncope still lasted, and his eyeballs disappeared in their pale cornea like blue flowers in milk.

"We must hide this from him," said Charles.

Madame Bovary took the basin to put it under the table. With the movement she made in bending down, her dress (it was a summer dress with four flounces, yellow, long in the waist and wide in the skirt) spread out around her on the flags of the room; and as Emma, stooping, staggered a little as she stretched out her arms, the stuff here and there gave with the inflections of her bust. Then she went to fetch a bottle of water, and she was melting some pieces of sugar when the chemist arrived. The servant had been to fetch him

in the tumult. Seeing his pupil with his eyes open he drew a long breath; then going round him he looked at him from head to foot.

"Fool!" he said, "really a little fool! A fool in four letters. A phlebotomy's a big affair, isn't it! And a fellow who isn't afraid of anything; a kind of squirrel, just as he is who climbs to vertiginous heights to shake down nuts. Oh, yes! you just talk to me, boast about myself! Here's a fine fitness for practising pharmacy later on; for under serious circumstances you may be called before the tribunals in order to enlighten the minds of the magistrates, and you would have to keep your head then, to reason, show yourself a man, or else pass for an imbecile."

Justin did not answer. The chemist went on —

"Who asked you to come? You are always pestering the doctor and madame. On Wednesday, moreover, your presence is indispensable to me. There are now twenty people in the shop. I left everything because of the interest I take in you. Come, get along! Sharp! Wait for me, and keep an eye on the jars!"

When Justin, who was rearranging his dress, had gone they talked for a little while about fainting-fits. Madame Bovary had never fainted.

"That is extraordinary for a lady," said Monsieur Boulanger; "but some people are very susceptible. Thus in a duel, I have seen a second lose consciousness at the mere sound of the loading of pistols."

"For my part," said the chemist, "the sight of other people's blood doesn't affect me at all, but the mere thought of my own flowing would make me faint if I reflected upon it too much."

Monsieur Boulanger, however, dismissed his servant, advising him to calm himself, since his fancy was over.

"It procured me the advantage of making your acquaintance," he added, and he looked at Emma as he said this. Then he put three francs on the corner of the table, bowed negligently, and went out.

He was soon on the other side of the river (this was his way back to La Huchette), and Emma saw him in the meadow, walking under the poplars, slackening his pace now and then as one who reflects.

"She is very pretty," he said to himself; "she is very pretty, this doctor's wife. Fine teeth, black eyes, a dainty foot, a figure like a Parisienne's. Where the devil does she come from? Wherever did this fat fellow pick her up?"

Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger was thirty-four; he was of brutal temperament and intelligent perspicacity, having, moreover, had much to do with women, and knowing them well. This one had seemed pretty to him; so he was thinking about her and her husband.

"I think he is very stupid. She is tired of him, no doubt. He has dirty nails, and hasn't shaved for three days. While he is trotting after his patients, she sits there botching socks. And she gets bored! She would like to live in town and dance polkas every evening. Poor little woman! She is gaping after love like a carp after water on a kitchen-table. With three words of gallantry she'd

adore one, I'm sure of it. She'd be tender, charming. Yes; but how get rid of her afterwards? "

Then the difficulties of love-making seen in the distance made him by contrast think of his mistress. She was an actress at Rouen, whom he kept; and when he had pondered over this image, with which, even in remembrance, he was satiated —

" Ah! Madame Bovary," he thought, " is much prettier, especially fresher. Virginie is decidedly beginning to grow fat. She is so finikin with her pleasures; and, besides she has a mania for prawns."

The fields were empty, and around him Rodolphe only heard the regular beating of the grass striking against his boots, with the cry of the grasshopper hidden at a distance among the oats. He again saw Emma in her room, dressed as he had seen her, and he undressed her.

" Oh, I will have her," he cried, striking a blow with his stick at a clod in front of him. And he at once began to consider the political part of the enterprise. He asked himself —

" Where shall we meet? By what means? We shall always be having the brat on our hands, and the servant, the neighbors, the husband, all sorts of worries. Pshaw! one would lose too much time over it! "

Then he resumed, " She really has eyes that pierce one's heart like a gimlet. And that pale complexion! I adore pale women! "

When he reached the top of the Argueil hills he had made up his mind. " It's only finding the opportunities. Well, I will call in now and then. I'll send them venison, poultry; I'll have myself bled, if need be. We shall become friends; I'll invite them to my place. By Jove! " added he, " there's the agricultural show coming on. She'll be there. I shall see her. We'll begin boldly, for that's the surest way."

A GUILTY PASSION

From ' Madame Bovary '

[Emma Bovary, after a brief episode under the spell of Rodolphe, has again met Léon, who has become her lover; Charles Bovary is still quite unsuspecting.]

OFTEN looking at her, it seemed to him that his soul, escaping towards her, spread like a wave about the outline of her head, and descended drawn down into the whiteness of her breast. He knelt on the ground before her, and with both elbows on her knees looked at her with a smile, his face upturned.

She bent over him, and murmured, as if choking with intoxication —

"Oh, do not move! do not speak! look at me! Something so sweet comes from your eyes that helps me so much!"

She called him "child." "Child, do you love me?"

And she did not listen for his answer in the haste of her lips that fastened to his mouth.

On the clock there was a bronze cupid, who smirked as he bent his arm beneath a golden garland. They had laughed at it many a time, but when they had to part everything seemed serious to them.

Motionless in front of each other, they kept repeating, "Till Thursday, till Thursday."

Suddenly she seized his head between her hands, kissed him hurriedly on the forehead, crying, "Adieu!" and rushed down the stairs.

She went to a hairdresser's in the Rue de la Comédie to have her hair arranged. Night fell; the gas was lighted in the shop. She heard the bell at the theater calling the mummers to the performance, and she saw, passing opposite, men with white faces and women in faded gowns going in at the stage-door.

It was hot in the room, small, and too low, where the stove was hissing in the midst of wigs and pomades. The smell of the tongs, together with the greasy hands that handled her head, soon stunned her, and she dozed a little in her wrapper. Often, as he did her hair, the man offered her tickets for a masked ball.

Then she went away. She went up the streets; reached the "Croix-Rouge," put on her overshoes, that she had hidden in the morning under the seat, and sank into her place among the impatient passengers. Some got out at the front of the hill. She remained alone in the carriage. At every turning all the lights of the town were seen more and more completely, making a great luminous vapor about the dim houses. Emma knelt on the cushions, and her eyes wandered over the dazzling light. She sobbed; called on Léon, sent him tender words and kisses lost in the wind.

On the hillside a poor devil wandered about with his stick in the midst of the diligences. A mass of rags covered his shoulders, and an old staved-in beaver, turned out like a basin, hid his face; but when he took it off he discovered in the place of eyelids empty and bloody orbits. The flesh hung in red shreds, and there flowed from it liquids that congealed into green scales down to the nose, whose black nostrils sniffed convulsively. To speak to you he threw back his head with an idiotic laugh; then his bluish eyeballs, rolling constantly, at the temples beat against the edge of the open wound. He sang a little song as he followed the carriages —

> Maids in the warmth of a summer day
> Dream of love, and of love alway.

And all the rest was about birds and sunshine and green leaves.

Sometimes he appeared suddenly behind Emma, bareheaded, and she drew back with a cry. Hivert made fun of him. He would advise him to get a booth at the Saint Romain fair, or else ask him, laughing, how his young woman was.

Often they had started when, with a sudden movement, his hat entered the diligence through the small window, while he clung with his other arm to the footboard, between the wheels splashing mud. His voice, feeble at first and quavering, grew sharp; it resounded in the night like the indistinct moan of a vague distress; and through the ringing of the bells, the murmur of the trees, and the rumbling of the empty vehicle, it had a far-off sound that disturbed Emma. It went to the bottom of her soul, like a whirlwind in an abyss, and carried her away into the distances of a boundless melancholy. But Hivert, noticing a weight behind, gave the blind man sharp cuts with his whip. The thong lashed his wounds, and he fell back into the mud with a yell. Then the passengers in the "Hirondelle" ended by falling asleep, some with open mouths, others with lowered chins, leaning against their neighbor's shoulder, or with their arm passed through the strap, oscillating regularly with the jolting of the carriage; and the reflection of the lantern swinging without, on the crupper of the wheeler, penetrating into the interior through the chocolate calico curtains, threw sanguineous shadows over all these motionless people. Emma, drunk with grief, shivered in her clothes, feeling her feet grow colder and colder, and death in her soul.

Charles at home was waiting for her; the "Hirondelle" was always late on Thursdays. Madame arrived at last, and scarcely kissed the child. The dinner was not ready. No matter! She excused the servant. This girl now seemed allowed to do just as she liked.

Often her husband, noting her pallor, asked if she were unwell.

"No," said Emma.

"But," he replied, "you seem so strange this evening."

"Oh, it's nothing! nothing!"

There were even days when she had no sooner come in than she went up to her room; and Justin, happening to be there, moved about noiselessly, quicker at helping her than the best of maids. He put the matches ready, the candlestick, a book, arranged her nightgown, turned back the bedclothes.

"Come!" said she, "that will do. Now you can go."

For he stood there, his hands hanging down and his eyes wide open, as if enmeshed in the innumerable threads of a sudden reverie.

The following day was frightful, and those that came after still more unbearable, because of her impatience to once again seize her happiness; an ardent lust, inflamed by the images of past experience, and that burst forth feebly on the seventh day beneath Léon's caresses. His ardors were hidden beneath outbursts of wonder and gratitude. Emma tasted this love in a discreet, absorbed fashion, maintained it by all the artifices of her tenderness, and trembled a little lest it should be lost later on.

She often said to him, with her sweet, melancholy voice —

"Ah! you too, you will leave me! You will marry! You will be like all the others."

He asked, "What others?"

"Why, like all men," she replied. Then added, repulsing him with a languid movement —

"You are all evil!"

One day, as they were talking philosophically of earthly disillusions, to experiment on his jealousy, or yielding, perhaps, to an over-strong need to pour out her heart, she told him that formerly, before him, she had loved some one. "Not like you," she went on quickly, protesting by the head of her child that "nothing had passed between them."

The young man believed her, but none the less questioned her to find out what *he* was.

"He was a ship's captain, my dear."

Was this not preventing any inquiry, and at the same time, assuming a higher ground through this pretended fascination exercised over a man who must have been of warlike nature and accustomed to receive homage?

The clerk then felt the lowliness of his position; he longed for epaulettes, crosses, titles. All that would please her — he gathered that from her spendthrift habits.

Emma nevertheless concealed many of these extravagant fancies, such as her wish to have a blue tilbury to drive into Rouen, drawn by an English horse and driven by a groom in top-boots. It was Justin who had inspired her with this whim, by begging her to take him into her service as *valet-de-chambre*, and if the privation of it did not lessen the pleasure of her arrival at each rendezvous, it certainly augmented the bitterness of the return.

Often, when they talked together of Paris, she ended by murmuring, "Ah! how happy we should be there!"

"Are we not happy?" gently answered the young man, passing his hands over her hair.

"Yes, that is true," she said. "I am mad. Kiss me!"

To her husband she was more charming than ever. She made him pistachio-creams and played him waltzes after dinner. So he thought himself the most fortunate of men, and Emma was without uneasiness, when, one evening, suddenly he said —

"It is Mademoiselle Lempereur, isn't it, who gives you lessons?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw her just now," Charles went on, "at Madame Liégeard's. I spoke to her about you, and she doesn't know you."

This was like a thunderclap. However, she replied quite naturally —

"Ah! no doubt she forgot my name."

"But perhaps," said the doctor, "there are several Demoiselles Lempereur at Douen who are music-mistresses."

"Possibly!" Then quickly — "But I have my receipts here. See!"

And she went to the writing-table, ransacked all the drawers, rummaged the papers, and at last lost her head so completely that Charles earnestly begged her not to take so much trouble about those wretched receipts.

"Oh, I will find them," she said.

And, in fact, on the following Friday, as Charles was putting on one of his boots in the dark cabinet where his clothes were kept, he felt a piece of paper between the leather and his sock. He took it out and read —

"Received, for three months' lessons and several pieces of music, the sum of sixty-three francs. — FELICIE LEMPEREUR, professor of music."

"How the devil did it get into my boots?"

"It must," she replied, "have fallen from the old box of bills that is on the edge of the shelf."

From that moment her existence was but one long tissue of lies, in which she enveloped her love as in veils to hide it. It was a want, a mania, a pleasure carried to such an extent that if she said she had the day before walked on the right side of a road, one might know she had taken the left.

THE DEATH OF EMMA

From 'Madame Bovary'

[Madame Bovary, by her reckless expenditures, has brought matters to such a pass that, unknown to her husband, a seizure has been put upon their effects. She tries in vain to raise money by appealing to Rodolphe, and then decides to commit suicide.]

SHE went out. The walls trembled, the ceiling was crushing her, and she passed back through the long alley, stumbling against the heaps of dead leaves scattered by the wind. At last she reached the ha-ha hedge in front of the gate; she broke her nails against the lock in her haste to open it. Then a hundred steps farther on, breathless, almost falling, she stopped. And now turning round, she once more saw the impassive château, with the park, the gardens, the three courts, and all the windows of the façade.

She remained lost in stupor, and having no more consciousness of herself than through the beating of her arteries, that she seemed to hear bursting forth like a deafening music filling all the fields. The earth beneath her feet was more yielding than the sea, and furrows seemed to her immense brown waves

breaking into foam. Everything in her head, of memories, ideas, went off at once like a thousand pieces of fireworks. She saw her father, Lheureux's closet, their room at home, another landscape. Madness was coming upon her; she grew afraid, and managed to recover herself, in a confused way, it is true, for she did not in the least remember the cause of the terrible condition she was in, that is to say, the question of money. She suffered only in her love, and felt her soul passing from her in this memory, as wounded men, dying, feel their life ebb from their bleeding wounds.

Night was falling, crows were flying about.

Suddenly it seemed to her that fiery spheres were exploding in the air like fulminating balls when they strike, and were whirling, whirling, to melt at last upon the snow between the branches of the trees. In the midst of each of them appeared the face of Rodolphe. They multiplied and drew near her, penetrating her. It all disappeared; she recognized the lights of the houses that shone through the fog.

Now her situation, like an abyss, rose up before her. She was panting as if her heart would burst. Then in an ecstasy of heroism, that made her almost joyous, she ran down the hill, crossed the cow-plank, the footpath, the alley, the market, and reached the chemist's shop. She was about to enter, but at the sound of the bell some one might come, and slipping in by the gate, holding her breath, feeling her way along the walls, she went as far as the door of the kitchen, where a candle stuck on the stove was burning. Justin in his shirt-sleeves was carrying out a dish.

"Ah! they are dining! I will wait."

He returned; she tapped at the window. He went out.

"The key! the one for upstairs where he keeps the——"

"What?"

And he looked at her, astonished at the pallor of her face, that stood out white against the black background of the night. She seemed to him extraordinarily beautiful and majestic as a phantom. Without understanding what she wanted, he had the presentiment of something terrible.

But she went on quickly in a low voice, in a sweet, melting voice, "I want it; give it to me."

As the partition wall was thin, they could hear the clatter of the forks on the plates in the dining-room.

She pretended that she wanted to kill the rats that kept her from sleeping.

"I must tell master."

"No, stay!" Then with an indifferent air, "Oh, it's not worth while; I'll tell him presently. Come, light me upstairs."

She entered the corridor into which the laboratory door opened. Against the wall was a key labeled *Capharnaüm*.

"Justin!" called the druggist impatiently.

"Let us go up."

And he followed her. The key turned in the lock, and she went straight to the third shelf, so well did her memory guide her, seized the blue jar, tore out the cork, plunged in her hand and withdrawing it full of a white powder, she began eating it.

"Stop!" he cried, rushing at her.

"Hush! some one will come."

He was in despair, was calling out.

"Say nothing, or all the blame will fall on your master."

Then she went home, suddenly calmed, and with something of the serenity of one that had performed a duty.

When Charles, distracted by the news of the distraint, returned home, Emma had just gone out. He cried aloud, wept, fainted, but she did not return. Where could she be? He sent Félicité to Homais, to Monsieur Tuvache, to Lheureux, to the "Lion d'Or," everywhere, and in the intervals of his agony he saw his reputation destroyed, their fortune lost, Berthe's future ruined. By what? — Not a word! He waited till six in the evening. At last, unable to bear it any longer, and fancying she had gone to Rouen, he set out along the highroad, walked a mile, met no one, again waited, and returned home. She had come back.

"What was the matter? Why? Explain to me."

She sat down at her writing-table and wrote a letter, which she sealed slowly, adding the date and the hour. Then she said in a solemn tone —

"You are to read it tomorrow; till then, I pray you, do not ask me a single question. No, not one!"

"But ——"

"Oh, leave me!"

She lay down full length on her bed. A bitter taste that she felt in her mouth awakened her. She saw Charles, and again closed her eyes.

She was studying herself curiously, to see if she were not suffering. But no! nothing as yet. She heard the ticking of the clock, the crackling of the fire, and Charles breathing as he stood upright by her bed.

"Ah! it is but a little thing, death!" she thought. "I shall fall asleep and all will be over."

She drank a mouthful of water and turned to the wall. The frightful taste of ink continued.

"I am thirsty; oh! so thirsty," she sighed.

"What is it?" said Charles, who was handing her a glass.

"It is nothing! Open the window; I am choking."

She was seized with a sickness so sudden that she had hardly time to draw out her handkerchief from under the pillow.

"Take it away," she said quickly; "throw it away."

He spoke to her; she did not answer. She lay motionless, afraid that the

slightest movement might make her vomit. But she felt an icy cold creeping from her feet to her heart.

"Ah! it is beginning," she murmured.

"What did you say?"

She turned her head from side to side with a gentle movement full of agony, while constantly opening her mouth as if something very heavy were weighing upon her tongue. At eight o'clock the vomiting began again.

Charles noticed that at the bottom of the basin there was a sort of white sediment sticking to the sides of the porcelain.

"This is extraordinary — very singular," he repeated.

But she said in a firm voice, "No, you are mistaken."

Then gently, and almost as caressing her, he passed his hand over her stomach. She uttered a sharp cry. He fell back terror-stricken.

Then she began to groan, faintly at first. Her shoulders were shaken by a strong shuddering, and she was growing paler than the sheets in which her clenched fingers buried themselves. Her unequal pulse was now almost imperceptible.

Drops of sweat oozed from her bluish face, that seemed as if rigid in the exhalations of a metallic vapor. Her teeth chattered, her dilated eyes looked vaguely about her, and to all questions she replied only with a shake of the head; she even smiled once or twice. Gradually, her moaning grew louder; a hollow shriek burst from her; she pretended she was better and that she would get up presently. But she was seized with convulsions and cried out: —

"Ah! my God! it is horrible!"

He threw himself on his knees by her bed.

"Tell me! what have you eaten? Answer, for heaven's sake!"

And he looked at her with a tenderness in his eyes such as she had never seen.

"Well, there — there!" she said in a faint voice. He flew to the writing-table, tore open the seal, and read aloud: "Accuse no one." He stopped, passed his hands across his eyes, and read it over again.

"What! help — help!"

He could only keep repeating the word: "Poisoned! poisoned!" Félicité ran to Homais, who proclaimed it in the market-place; Madame Lefrançois heard it at the "Lion d'Or"; some got up to go and tell their neighbors, and all night the village was on the alert.

Distraught, faltering, reeling, Charles wandered about the room. He knocked against the furniture, tore his hair, and the chemist had never believed that there could be so terrible a sight.

He went home to write to Monsieur Canivet and to Doctor Larivière. He lost his head, and made more than fifteen rough copies. Hippolyte went to Neufchâtel, and Justin so spurred Bovary's horse that he left it foundered and three parts dead by the hill at Bois-Guillaume.

Charles tried to look up his medical dictionary, but could not read it; the lines were dancing.

"Be calm," said the druggist; "we have only to administer a powerful antidote. What is the poison?"

Charles showed him the letter. It was arsenic.

"Very well," said Homais, "we must make an analysis."

For he knew that in cases of poisoning an analysis must be made; and the other, who did not understand, answered —

"Oh, do anything! save her!"

Then going back to her, he sank upon the carpet, and lay there with his head leaning against the edge of her bed, sobbing.

"Don't cry," she said to him. "Soon I shall not trouble you any more."

"Why was it? Who drove you to it?"

She replied. "It had to be, my dear!"

"Weren't you happy? Is it my fault? I did all I could!"

"Yes, that is true — you are good — you."

And she passed her hand slowly over his hair. The sweetness of this sensation deepened his sadness; he felt his whole being dissolving in despair at the thought that he must lose her, just when she was confessing more love for him than ever. And he could think of nothing; he did not know, he did not dare; the urgent need for some immediate resolution gave the finishing stroke to the turmoil of his mind.

So she had done, she thought, with all the treachery, and meanness, and numberless desires that had tortured her. She hated no one now; a twilight dimness was settling upon her thoughts, and, of all earthly noises, Emma heard none but the intermittent lamentations of this poor heart, sweet and indistinct like the echo of a symphony dying away.

"Bring me the child," she said, raising herself on her elbow.

"You are not worse, are you?" asked Charles.

"No, no!"

The child, serious, and still half-asleep, was carried in on the servant's arm in her long white nightgown, from which her bare feet peeped out. She looked wonderingly at the disordered room, and half-closed her eyes, dazzled by the candles burning on the table. They reminded her, no doubt, of the morning of New Year's Day and Mid-Lent, when thus awakened early by candlelight she came to her mother's bed to fetch her presents, for she began saying —

"But where is it, mamma?" And as everybody was silent, "But I can't see my little stocking."

Félicité held her over the bed while she still kept looking towards the mantelpiece.

"Has nurse taken it?" she asked.

And at this name, that carried her back to the memory of her adulteries and her calamities, Madame Bovary turned away her head as at the loathing of

another bitterer poison that rose to her mouth. But Berthe remained perched on the bed.

"Oh, how big your eyes are, mamma! How pale you are! how hot you are!"

Her mother looked at her.

"I am frightened!" cried the child, recoiling.

Emma took her hand to kiss it; the child struggled.

"That will do. Take her away," cried Charles, who was sobbing in the alcove.

Then the symptoms ceased for a moment; she seemed less agitated; and at every insignificant word, at every respiration a little more easy, he regained hope. At last, when Canivet came in, he threw himself into his arms.

"Ah! it is you, Thanks! You are good! But she is better. See! look at her."

His colleague was by no means of this opinion, and, as he said of himself, "never beating about the bush," he prescribed an emetic in order to empty the stomach completely.

She soon began vomiting blood. Her lips became drawn. Her limbs were convulsed, her whole body covered with brown spots, and her pulse slipped beneath the fingers like a stretched thread, like a harpstring nearly breaking.

After this she began to scream horribly. She cursed the poison, railed at it, and implored it to be quick, and thrust away with her stiffened arms everything that Charles, in more agony than herself, tried to make her drink. He stood up, his handkerchief to his lips, with a rattling sound in his throat, weeping, and choked by sobs that shook his whole body. Félicité was running hither and thither in the room. Homais, motionless, uttered great sighs; and Monsieur Canivet, always retaining his self-command, nevertheless began to feel uneasy.

"The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases——"

"The effect must cease," said Homais, "that is evident."

"Oh, save her!" cried Bovary.

And, without listening to the chemist, who was still venturing the hypothesis, "It is perhaps a salutary paroxysm," Canivet was about to administer some theriac, when they heard the cracking of a whip; all the windows rattled, and a post-chaise drawn by three horses abreast, up to their ears in mud, drove at a gallop round the corner of the market. It was Doctor Larivière.

The apparition of a god would not have caused more commotion. Bovary raised his hands; Canivet stopped short; and Homais pulled off his skull-cap long before the doctor had come in.

He belonged to that great school of surgery begotten of Bichat, to that generation, now extinct, of philosophical practitioners, who, loving their art with a fanatical love, exercised it with enthusiasm and wisdom. Every one in his hospital trembled when he was angry; and his students so revered him that they tried, as soon as they were themselves in practice, to imitate him as much

as possible. So that in all the towns about they were found wearing his long wadded merino overcoat and black frock-coat, whose buttoned cuffs slightly covered his brawny hands — very beautiful hands, and that never knew gloves, as though to be more ready to plunge into suffering. Disdainful of honors, of titles, and of academies, like one of the old Knight-Hospitallers, generous, fatherly to the poor, and practising virtue without believing in it, he would almost have passed for a saint if the keenness of his intellect had not caused him to be feared as a demon. His glance, more penetrating than his bistouries, looked straight into your soul, and dissected every lie athwart all assertions and all reticences. And thus he went along, full of that debonair majesty that is given by the consciousness of great talent, of fortune, and of forty years of a laborious and irreproachable life.

He frowned as soon as he had passed the door when he saw the cadaverous face of Emma stretched out on her back with her mouth open. Then, while apparently listening to Canivet, he rubbed his fingers up and down beneath his nostrils, and repeated —

"Good! good!"

But he made a slow gesture with his shoulders. Bovary watched him; they looked at one another; and this man, accustomed as he was to the sight of pain, could not keep back a tear that fell on his shirt-frill.

He tried to take Canivet into the next room. Charles followed him.

"She is very ill, isn't she? If we put on sinapisms? Anything! Oh, think of something, you who have saved so many!"

Charles caught him in both his arms, and gazed at him wildly, imploringly, half-fainting against his breast.

"Come, my poor fellow, courage! There is nothing more to be done."

And Doctor Larivière turned away.

"You are going?"

"I will come back."

He went out only to give an order to the coachman, with Monsieur Canivet, who did not care either to have Emma die under his hands.

The chemist rejoined them on the Place. He could not by temperament keep away from celebrities, so he begged Monsieur Larivière to do him the signal honor of accepting some breakfast.

He sent quickly to the "Lion d'Or" for some pigeons; to the butcher's for all the cutlets that were to be had; to Tuvache for cream; and to Lestiboudois for eggs; and the druggist himself aided in the preparations, while Madame Homais was saying as she pulled together the strings of her jacket. —

"You must excuse us, sir, for in this poor place, when one hasn't been told the night before ——"

"Wine glasses!" whispered Homais.

"If only we were in town, we could fall back upon stuffed trotters."

"Be quiet! Sit down, doctor!"

He thought fit, after the first few mouthfuls, to give some details as to the catastrophe.

"We first had a feeling of siccity in the pharynx, then intolerable pains at the epigastrium, super-purgation, coma."

"But how did she poison herself?"

"I don't know, doctor, and I don't even know where she can have procured the arsenious acid."

Justin, who was just bringing in a pile of plates, began to tremble.

"What's the matter?" said the chemist.

At this question the young man dropped the whole lot on the ground with a crash.

"Imbecile!" cried Homais, "awkward lout! blockhead! confounded ass!"

But suddenly controlling himself —

"I wished, doctor, to make an analysis, and *primo* I delicately introduced a tube —"

"You would have done better," said the physician, "to introduce your fingers into her throat."

His colleague was silent, having just before privately received a severe lecture about his emetic, so that this good Canivet, so arrogant and so verbose at the time of the club-foot, was today very modest. He smiled without ceasing in an approving manner.

Homais dilated in Amphitryonic pride, and the affecting thought of Bovary vaguely contributed to his pleasure by a kind of egotistic reflex upon himself. Then the presence of the doctor transported him. He displayed his erudition, cited pell-mell cantharides, upas, the manchineel, vipers.

"I have even read that various persons have found themselves under toxicological symptoms, and, as it were, thunderstricken by black-pudding that had been subjected to a too vehement fumigation. At least, this was stated in a very fine report drawn up by one of our pharmaceutical chiefs, one of our masters, the illustrious Cadet de Gassicourt!"

Madame Homais reappeared, carrying one of those shaky machines that are heated with spirits of wine; for Homais liked to make his coffee at table, having, moreover, torrefied it, pulverized it, and mixed it himself.

"*Saccharum*, doctor?" said he, offering the sugar.

Then he had all his children brought down, anxious to have the physician's opinion of their constitutions.

At last Monsieur Larivière was about to leave, when Madame Homais asked for a consultation about her husband. He was making his blood too thick by going to sleep every evening after dinner.

"Oh, it isn't his blood that's too thick," said the physician.

And, smiling a little at his unnoticed joke, the doctor opened the door. But the chemist's shop was full of people; he had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of Monsieur Tuvache, who feared his spouse would get inflammation of

the lungs, because she was in the habit of spitting on the ashes; then of Monsieur Binet, who sometimes experienced sudden attacks of great hunger; and of Madame Caron, who suffered from tinglings; of Lheureux, who had vertigo; of Lestiboudois, who had rheumatism; and of Madame Lefrançois, who had heartburn. At last the three horses started; and it was the general opinion that he had not shown himself at all obliging.

Public attention was distracted by the appearance of Monsieur Bournisien, who was going across the market with the holy oil.

Homais, as was due to his principles, compared priests to ravens attracted by the odor of death. The sight of an ecclesiastic was personally disagreeable to him, for the cassock made him think of the shroud, and he detested the one from some fear of the other.

Nevertheless, not shrinking from what he called his mission, he returned to Bovary's in company with Canivet, whom Monsieur Larivière, before leaving, had strongly urged to make this visit; and he would, but for his wife's objections, have taken his two sons with him, in order to accustom them to great occasions; that this might be a lesson, an example, a solemn picture, that should remain in their heads later on.

The room when they went in was full of mournful solemnity. On the work-table, covered over with a white cloth, there were five or six small balls of cotton in a silver dish, near a large crucifix between two lighted candles.

Emma, her chin sunken upon her breast, had her eyes inordinately wide open, and her poor hands wandered over the sheets with that hideous and soft movement of the dying, that seems as if they wanted already to cover themselves with the shroud. Pale as a statue and with eyes red as fire, Charles, not weeping, stood opposite her at the foot of the bed, while the priest, bending one knee, was muttering words in a low voice.

She turned her face slowly, and seemed filled with joy on seeing suddenly the violet stole, no doubt finding again, in the midst of a temporary lull in her pain, the lost voluptuousness of her first mystical transports, with the visions of eternal beatitude that were beginning.

The priest rose to take the crucifix; then she stretched forward her neck as one who is athirst, and glueing her lips to the body of the Man-God, she pressed upon it with all her expiring strength the fullest kiss of love that she had ever given. Then he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam,* dipped his right thumb in the oil, and began to give extreme unction. First, upon the eyes, that had so coveted all worldly pomp; then upon the nostrils, that had been greedy of the warm breeze and amorous odors; then upon the mouth, that had uttered lies, that had curled with pride and cried out in lewdness; then upon the hands that had delighted in sensual touches; and finally upon the soles of the feet, so swift of yore, when she was running to satisfy her desires, and that would now walk no more.

The curé wiped his fingers, threw the bit of cotton dipped in oil into the

fire, and came and sat down by the dying woman, to tell her that she must now blend her sufferings with those of Jesus Christ and abandon herself to the divine mercy.

Finishing his exhortations, he tried to place in her hand a blessed candle, symbol of the celestial glory with which she was soon to be surrounded. Emma, too weak, could not close her fingers, and the taper, but for Monsieur Bournisien, would have fallen to the ground.

However, she was not quite so pale, and her face had an expression of serenity as if the sacrament had cured her.

The priest did not fail to point this out; he even explained to Bovary that the Lord sometimes prolonged the life of persons when he thought it meet for their salvation; and Charles remembered the day when, so near death, she had received the communion. Perhaps there was no need to despair, he thought.

In fact, she looked around her slowly, as one awakening from a dream; then in a distinct voice she asked for her looking-glass, and remained some time bending over it, until the big tears fell from her eyes. Then she turned away her head with a sigh and fell back upon the pillows.

Her chest soon began panting rapidly; the whole of her tongue protruded from her mouth; her eyes, as they rolled, grew paler, like the two globes of a lamp that is going out, so that one might have thought her already dead but for the fearful laboring of her ribs, shaken by violent breathing, as if the soul were struggling to free itself. Félicité knelt down before the crucifix, and the druggist himself slightly bent his knees, while Monsieur Canivet looked out vaguely at the Place. Bournisien had again begun to pray, his face bowed against the edge of the bed, his long black cassock trailing behind him in the room. Charles was on the other side, on his knees, his arms outstretched towards Emma. He had taken her hands and pressed them, shuddering at every beat of her heart, as at the shaking of a falling ruin. As the death-rattle became stronger the priest prayed faster; his prayers mingled with the stifled sobs of Bovary, and sometimes all seemed lost in the muffled murmur of the Latin syllables that tolled like a passing bell.

Suddenly on the pavement was heard a loud noise of clogs and the clattering of a stick; and a voice rose — a raucous voice — that sang —

"Maids in the warmth of a summer day
Dream of love and of love alway."

Emma raised herself like a galvanized corpse, her hair undone, her eyes fixed, staring.

"Where the sickle blades have been,
Nannette, gathering ears of corn,
Passes bending down, my queen,
To the earth where they were born."

"The blind man!" she cried. And Emma began to laugh, an atrocious, frantic, despairing laugh, thinking she saw the hideous face of the poor wretch that stood out against the eternal night like a menace.

"The wind is strong this summer day,
Her petticoat has flown away."

She fell back upon the mattress in a convulsion. They all drew near. She was dead.

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THE BROTHERS DE GONCOURT

EDMOND AND JULES HUOT DE GONCOURT, French writers who became famous alike for the perfectness of their collaboration, the originality of their methods, and the finish of their style, were born, the first in Nancy in 1822, the other in Paris in 1830. Until the death of Jules in 1870 they wrote nothing for the public that did not bear both their names; and so entirely identical were their tastes and judgment that it is impossible to say of a single sentence they composed that it was the sole product of one or the other. "Charming writers," Victor Hugo called them; "in unison a powerful writer, two minds from which springs a single jet of talent." Born of a noble family of moderate wealth, they were educated as became their station in life. Both had an early leaning toward the arts; but Edmond, in deference to the wishes of his family, took a government appointment and held the office till the death of his mother, when he was twenty-six years of age. Their father had died while they were boys.

Drawn together by their common bereavement and the death-bed injunction of their parent that Edmond should be the careful guardian of his younger brother, whose health had always been delicate, the young men then began a companionship which was broken only by death. They set out to make themselves acquainted with southern Europe, and at the same time to escape the political turmoils of Paris; and extended their travels into Africa, which country they found so congenial that in the first ardor of their enthusiasm they determined to settle there. Business arrangements, however, soon recalled them to Paris, where ties of friendship and other agreeable associations bound them fast to their native soil. They took up their residence in the metropolis, where they lived until a short time before the death of Jules, when, to be free from the roar of the city, they purchased a house in one of the suburbs. Their intellectual development may be traced through their Journal and letters to intimate friends, published by the surviving brother. From these it appears that most of their leisure hours during their travels were taken up with painting and drawing. Jules had attempted some dramatic compositions while at college, and Edmond had been strongly drawn to literature by the conversation of an aunt, of whom he saw much before his mother's death. It was while engaged with their brushes in 1850 that it occurred to the brothers to take up writing as a regular vocation; and thus was begun their remarkable literary partnership.

Their first essay was a drama. It was rejected; whereupon, nothing daunted, they wrote a novel. It was entitled '18—,' and it is interesting to observe that here, at the very outset of their career, they seem to have had in mind the key-

note of the chord on which they ever afterwards played: the eighteenth century was the chief source of their inspiration, and it was their life's endeavor to explore it and reproduce it for their contemporaries with painstaking fidelity. The novel engaged their serious and earnest attention, and when it was given to the publisher they watched for its appearance with painful anxiety. Unfortunately it was announced for the very day on which occurred the *Coup d'État*. The book came out when Paris was in an uproar; and though Jules Janin, one of the most influential critics of the day, unexpectedly discussed it at great length in the Journal des Débats, its circulation in that first edition was not more than sixty copies, most of which were distributed gratuitously.

The blow was a hard one, but the brothers were not thus to be silenced, nor by the subsequent failure of other dramatic ventures and of an effort to found a newspaper. They had been little more than imitators. They now entered the field they soon made their own. The De Goncourts stood for the modern, what they could see and touch. In this way they became realists. What their own senses could not apprehend they at once rejected; all they saw they deemed worthy to be reproduced. They lived in a period of reconstruction after the devastation of the revolution. The refinement and elegance of the society of the later Bourbon monarchy, still within view, they yearned for and sought to restore. A series of monographs dealing with the art and the stage of these days, which appeared in 1851–2, won for them the first real recognition they enjoyed. These were followed by various critical essays on the same subjects, contributed to newspapers and periodicals, and a novel, 'La Lorette,' which had a large sale and marked the beginning of their success from a financial point of view. "This makes us realize," they wrote in their Journal, "that one can actually sell a book."

Their reputation as men of letters was established by the publication in 1854–5 of a 'History of Society during the Revolution' and the same 'During the Directory,' the aim of which, they said, was "to paint in vivid, simple colors the France of 1789 to 1800." This object they accomplished, so far as it concerned the society of which they themselves were descendants; but the reactionary spirit in them was too strong for an impartial view of the struggle, and their lack of true philosophic spirit and broad human sympathy led them to make a picture that, interesting as it is, is sadly distorted. Their vivid colors are lavished mainly on the outrages of the rioters and the sufferings of the aristocrats. But for wealth of detail, the result of tireless research, the history is of value as a record of the manners and customs of the fashionable set of the period. Of the same sort were their other semi-historical works: 'Intimate Portraits of the Eighteenth Century' (1857–8), separate sketches of about a hundred more or less well-known figures of the age; 'The Story of Marie Antoinette' and 'Woman in the Eighteenth Century' (1862), in which the gossip and anecdote of former generations are told again almost

as graphically as are those which the authors relate of their own circle in their memoirs. One of their most important contributions to literature was their 'Art in the Eighteenth Century,' monographs gathered and published in seventeen volumes, and representing a dozen years' labor. This was indeed a labor of love, and it was not in vain; for it was these appreciative studies more than anything else that turned public attention to the almost forgotten delicacy of the school of painters headed by Watteau, Fragonard, Latour, Boucher, Debricourt, and Greuze, whose influence has ever since been manifested on the side of sound taste and sanity in French art.

A volume entitled 'Ideas and Sensations,' and their Journal and letters, complete the list of the more important of their works outside the field of fiction. The Journal, published between 1887 and 1896, will always be valuable as an almost complete document of the literary history of France in their time, made up as it is of impressions of and from the most important writers of the day, with whom they were on terms of intimate friendship, including Flaubert, Gautier, Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Hugo, Saint-Victor, Michelet, Zola, and George Sand. In fiction the De Goncourts were less prolific, but it is to their novels mainly that they owe their reputation for individuality, and as true "path-breakers" in literature. They have been called the initiators of modern French realism. Their friend Flaubert perhaps better deserves the title. Their determination to see for themselves all that could be seen, the result of which gave real worth to their historical work, even where their prejudice robbed it of weight, was what put the stamp of character upon their novels. How much importance they attached to correct and comprehensive observation may be gathered from their remark, "The art of learning how to see demands the longest apprenticeship of all the arts." They took life as they found it, examined it on every side — rarely going far under the surface — and then sought to reproduce it on their pages as the artist would put it on canvas. Capable of terseness, of suggestiveness, quick to note and communicate the vital spark, they were yet rarely content with it alone. Every minute particle of the body it vivified, they insisted on adding to their picture. Nothing was to be taken for granted; as nothing was accepted by them at second hand, so nothing was left to the imagination of the reader until their comprehensive view was his. It was in this way that they were realists. They did not seek out and expose to public view the grossness and unpleasantness of life. Their own preference was for the beautiful, and in their own lives they indulged their refined tastes. But they looked squarely at the world about them, the ugly with the beautiful, the impure with the pure, and they did not hesitate to describe one almost as faithfully as the other.

Curiously, the discrimination against the masses and the bias that mar their history do not appear in their fiction. "They began writing history which was nothing but romance," says one of their critics, "and later wrote romance which in reality is history." Indeed, their novels are little more than sketches

of what occurred around them. 'Madame Gervaisais' (1869) is a character study of the aunt of strong literary predilections who influenced Edmond; 'Germinie Lacerteux' (1865) is the biography of their servant, at whose death, after long and faithful service, they discovered that she had led a life of singular duplicity; 'Sœur Philomène' (1861) is a terribly true glimpse of hospital life, and 'Manette Salomon' (1867), with its half-human monkey drawn from the life, is transferred without change from the Parisian studios under the Empire. 'Renée Mauperin' (1864) comes nearest to the model of an ordinary novel; but no one can read of the innocent tomboy girl struck down with fatal remorse at the consequences of her own natural action, on learning of her brother's dishonor, without feeling that this picture too was drawn from the life. Several of their stories were dramatized, but with scant success; and a play which they wrote, 'Henriette Maréchal,' and had produced at the Comédie Française through the influence of Princess Mathilde, their constant friend and patroness, was howled down — chiefly, however, for political reasons.

After the death of Jules de Goncourt, his brother wrote several books of the same character as those which they produced in union, the best known of which are 'La Fille Élisa' (1877), and 'Chérie' (1884), a study of a girl, said to have been inspired by the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. The best critics in France, notably Sainte-Beuve, have given the brothers Goncourt a very high place in literature and conceded their originality. English reviewers have been less ready to exalt them, mainly on account of the offensive part of their realism. They have objected also to their superficiality as historians, and to their sympathy with the sentimental admirers of such historical characters as Marie Antoinette; but they too have been ready to praise the brothers as leaders of a new fashion, and especially for their devotion to style. In this respect the Goncourts have few rivals in French literature. Flaubert himself was not more finical in the choice of words, or more unsparing of his time and energy in writing and re-writing until his exact meaning, no more or less, had been expressed. In a letter to Zola, Edmond de Goncourt said: — "My own idea is that my brother died of work, and above all from the desire to elaborate the artistic form, the chiseled phrase, the workmanship of style." He himself spent a long life at this fine artistry, and died at Paris in July 1896.

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'JOURNAL' OF THE GONCOURTS

THE GENESIS OF A BOOK

JULY 13 [1862]. The pain, the agony, the torture of a literary life is giving birth to ideas. Conceive, create: in those two words there lies for the man of letters a world of painful efforts and of anguish. From that nothingness, that rudimentary embryo which is the first idea of a book, to bring

out the *punctum saliens* [salient point], to draw one by one from your head the incidents of a fictitious story, the lines of the characters, the plot, the dénouement — the life of all this little world animated by yourself, sprung from your entrails, which makes up a novel. What labor! It's like a sheet of white paper which you might have in your head and on which your thought, not yet formed, has scribbled vague illegible writing. And then the gloomy lassitudes, and infinite despairs, and the shame at finding yourself impotent in your ambition to create. You twist and turn your brain: it sounds hollow. You feel yourself pass your hand over something dead which is your imagination. You say to yourself that you can't do anything; you won't do any more. It seems as though you are *emptied*.

Yet the idea is there, attractive and unattainable, like a beautiful wicked fairy hidden in a cloud. You whip your thought back along the scent; you induce insomnia in order that the fevers of the night may bring some happy find; you concentrate on a single object and stretch all the strings of your brain to the bursting point. Something appears to you for a moment, then vanishes, and you fall back more wracked than from an exhausting attack of nerves. . . . Oh! to find yourself fumbling like this, in the night of the imagination, around the soul of a book, and discover nothing, to wear away your hours groping for it, to go down into yourself and bring up nothing, to find yourself between the last book you brought into the world, the umbilical cord of which is cut, and which now means nothing more to you, and the book to which you cannot give flesh and blood — to be in travail over nothing: those are horrible days for the man of thought and imagination.

In such an anxious state we have been these last days. At length the first outlines, the vague charcoal sketch, of our novel of the young Bourgeoisie ('Renée Mauperin') appeared to us this evening.

It was while we were taking a walk behind the house, in the lane that seems suffocated between the high walls of the gardens. A breath of wind murmured through the crests of the tall poplars. The sunset lighted up the green pastures in the distance with an indefinable warm mist. To my left the chestnut ridge of the Vieille-Halle [Old Market] stood out in black, with the last leaves outlined against the pale gold of the evening, like the tracery of a moss-agate, and little flecks of light like stars in the shadows of the trees. It produced the same strange effect as the artist Laberge's landscape, "Evening," which is in the Louvre — outlining the black night of the trees, and silhouetting their ebony leaves against a sky full of an infinite light, of a dying magnificence.

Books have their cradles.

INTROSPECTION

April 9 [1864]. Today, while still at table after dinner, we began to chat, having spent several days in concentrated gloom; we found our ideas unfolding and rising to the lips of both of us simultaneously.

Our deep-seated injury is the insatiable ulcer of literary ambition — all the bitterness of this vain world of letters, where the paper that deals with you alone wounds you, and the one that talks about others drives you wild. And the void which this existence of ours, entirely devoted to literature, leaves in us — the *entr'acte* of our labors — we fill (ah, how incompletely!) with an unemotional and elderly pursuit — collection. It keeps us busy, without satisfying us.

Yet there is in our natures a certain tenderness, which remains mute and unsatisfied. What we need is two or three kindly middle-class households in good standing, where we may pour out and spread abroad all we do not express to a mistress — we who hardly impart anything to her except out of habit, we who are in reality not two, who are no company for one another; we who suffer at the same time from the same weaknesses, the same worries, the same moral ailments, we who make up, the two of us, only the one isolated splenetic neuropath.

And so we find the flavor of life stale, and a perpetual sickness in the boredom of existence. We are like men who have between themselves and suicide only the interval necessary for the accomplishment of a few bits of work.

But what have we to complain of? We have no sorrows, and a good income. Our worries are not yet so serious as to threaten our lives. We have won a literary reputation of a sort. Why feel so sad? Ah, why indeed? Because we have perceptions too fine to be happy, and a marvelous ability to poison our own happiness as soon as a sign of it appears in us.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S FAINT PRAISE

Monday, April 11 [1864]. At Magny's.

We talked of Pasquier. "A very small man who has been brought into contact with great events," said we.

"My heavens, you're very hard!" sighted Sainte-Beuve, with his ecclesiastical gesture of pacification. And then, behold! the defender, the champion of this man's reputation, set to work to make a mess of it, to fairly riddle it.

"I won't speak of him just as a man of letters. In Chateaubriand's society he was barely tolerated. . . . They've pointed out in Joubert's letters all the witticisms, under cover of which Joubert poured out his scorn for him. . . . And see here, you won't say more of him than Remusat did in my presence, at Mme. ——'s: 'Pasquier knows nothing about anything.'" And after having enumerated all the things he knew nothing about, he ended up by saying,

"All he could do was to be Minister of those Affairs." And then came academic praises — the venerable priest — all that Dufaure has told about him — "Well, it's only the truth. Two hours before his death, he had Voltaire's 'Contes Philosophiques' read to him. And, of course, he had spent his life quoting lines from 'La Pucelle' [Voltaire's scandalous mock-epic] — always wrong. It's quite true."

"Ah!" said I to Sainte-Beuve, "if I die before you, God preserve me from having you to mourn over me!"

That is Sainte-Beuve's greatest and perhaps his most malignant quality — he rips you up the back while defending you. Ah, he's a terrible poisoner of praises!

THE FIRST NIGHT OF THEIR PLAY 'HENRIETTE MARÉCHAL'

December 5 [1865]. A successful night. We sent cards to the critics, and visited Roqueplan, finding him at lunch. He was all in red, shod with a kind of big embroidered moccasins, and looked half like an executioner, half like an Ojibway. He talked of the "hygiene" of literary men, and said that in our profession "one must fight against nervous exhaustion, that he had just eaten two beefsteaks, and that he had a method of massaging his stomach, inducing it —" And as we complimented him on his good health and his resistance to old age, he sighed: "Oh, everybody has his malady —"

At last we reached the dinner-hour, and sat down to table at Bignon's, where we ate and drank a thirty-franc meal exactly like men who could look forward to a hundred performances. We were absolutely serene, convinced that even if the public should not find our play perfect, it was so remarkably well presented that the actors must bring it off successfully. We asked for *L'Entr'acte,* and read and re-read the names of our actors. Then we smoked cigars, elbowing this Paris of ours where our name is already passed from mouth to mouth and which is going to be filled with our fame tomorrow — snuffing up, as it were, the first wave of a great excitement about us. The theater! And us at the theater! And we thought of the little scrappy parts, which we had noticed on the boudoir tables of cheap actresses, and which used to flutter our hearts.

We arrived at the *Français.* Our reception seemed excited and animated enough. As victors, we climbed the staircase which we had so often gone up in such a different frame of mind. We had even promised ourselves during the day, that if we saw enthusiasm going too far near the end of the play, we should slip out quickly so as not to be dragged in triumph upon the stage.

The corridors were full. A wave of emotional talkativeness ran through everyone. We caught on the fly rumors of uproar and disturbance. "The queue has broken through the barriers." Guichard, still clad in his Roman costume, entered the foyer rather put out; he had been hooted in 'Horace and

Lydia.' Bit by bit we began to breathe an atmosphere of storm. Got, whom we ran across, said of the audience with a singular smile: "They aren't in a loving mood!"

We got to the hole in the curtain, trying to see out into the auditorium, and could only make out, through a kind of dazzle, a crowd, brilliantly illuminated. Suddenly we heard music. The rise of the curtain, the three knocks — these solemn rites which we had been waiting for with throbbing hearts, had totally escaped our notice. Then with astonishment we heard a hiss, two hisses, three hisses, a tempest of cries to which a hurricane of bravos made answer.

We were in a corner of the wings, among the actors, with our backs against a prop, and it seemed to us that the players as they passed threw looks of pity at us. And the hissing kept up, and with it the applause.

The curtain fell, and we went out without our cloaks and with our ears burning. The second act began. The hisses recommenced furiously, mingled with imitations of animal cries and mimickings of the actors' intonation. Everything was hissed, even to a short silence on the part of Mme. Plessy. And the battle continued between the actors, supported by part of the orchestra and almost the whole of the boxes, whose occupants applauded, and the pit and all the gallery, who tried by shouts, interruptions, cries of wrath, and Billingsgate jokes, to have the curtain lowered.

"Ah, it's a bit rough!" said Got to us, two or three times. All this while we remained with our backs to the prop, receiving the broadsides of hisses full in the face, pale, nervous, but standing upright, not budging, and by our stubborn presence forcing the actors to go on to the end.

The pistol-shot was fired. The curtain fell amid an uproar like a riot. I saw Mme. Plessy coming off the stage, raging like a lioness, and roaring insults at the public which had insulted her. And behind the back-drop, we could hear, for a quarter of an hour, the crowd drowning with its ferocious howls all Got's attempts to utter our name.

We went out through tumultuous groups which filled the galleries of the *Théâtre Français*, and took supper at the *Maison d'Or* with Count d'Osmoy, Bouilhet, and Flaubert. We made a very good showing, in spite of a nervous attack which made us feel like vomiting every time we raised anything to our lips. Flaubert couldn't help saying he found us superb; and we came home at 5 A.M., worn out with the most infinite weariness we have ever experienced in our lives.

HOMER AND GOD

Monday, October 22 [1866]. Dinner at Magny's. All at once today the conversation rose to the chances of the planets being inhabited. Like a half-inflated balloon, the discussion groped for the infinite, and from the infinite was led naturally to God. Formulas seeking to define him poured in. Against us, plastic and Latin, who can conceive of God, if he exists, only as an old

man of human appearance, a good God with a great beard in the style of Michelangelo — against us Taine, Renan, and Berthelot set up their Hegelian conception of God existing in a vague uncertain diffusion where worlds would be nothing but globules, atoms.

And Renan, his imagination fired, and seeking to give a colorful sketch of a living entity, after profound meditation and at the end of a long silence, which promised a delivery of genius — Renan, with the most serious and religious air in the world, astounded the gaping table by comparing his God to — guess to what! — to an oyster and its vegetative existence. . . . Oh! an oyster on a very grand scale.

At this comparison, the table burst out in a tremendous shout of laughter, whereupon, after a moment of stupefaction at what he had been led to say, Renan amiably joined in the general mirth.

I do not know if it was this Homeric laughter which made us think of Homer, but at any rate Homer came under discussion. Thereupon, from all these destroyers of faith, these demolishers of God, broke forth a disgusting exhibition of religiosity. All the critics cried out with one voice that there was a period, a country, a work, at the dawn of humanity, in which everything was on a divine scale, above all discussion and even all examination. And away they went into raptures over Homeric epithets.

"Long-tailed birds!" cried Taine with enthusiasm.

"The unharvestable sea — the sea where no grapes grow! Isn't that beautiful?" said Sainte-Beuve, deepening the tone of his little voice.

"As a matter of fact, you know, there is another interpretation for that," put in Renan. "There is a German society which has found a different meaning for it."

"And that is — ?" asked Sainte-Beuve.

"I can't remember what it is," said Renan, "but it is admirable."

"Well, what do you think about it down there," Taine called down to us, "you who have written that antiquity was made to be the bread of professors?"

I did not wish to reply, for fear that the scene of a recent dinner might be repeated, but being annoyed by both factions, I affirmed in my gentlest voice that I found much more pleasure in Victor Hugo than in Homer, trying in this way to avert the thunders of Saint-Victor with the name of Hugo.

At this blasphemy Saint-Victor, positively beside himself with rage, took to howling in his metallic voice, and with insane cries, that it was too much, that it was impossible to listen, that we were insulting the religion of all intelligent people.

I replied that it was indeed singular, that at a table where a discussion of everything in the world was permitted, I had no right to give my opinion of Homer.

Saint-Victor shouted and lost his temper, whereupon I began to fly into a

greater passion than he, with all that nervous revulsion which I am beginning to feel for this man — talented indeed, but without an opinion of his own, and always humbly serving accepted beliefs, whose voice drops and whose anger takes on a whining tone when he encounters a person who shows his teeth.

Sainte-Beuve, much moved by the quarrel, had me brought to him, and tried to calm me, walking with his hand on my arm. He did his best to patch up everything by proposing, on the one hand, to found a club of Homerites, while, on the other hand, he sought to smooth me down. . . . All died out little by little, and at his departure Saint-Victor held out his hand to me. I could have wished that he had not done so.

It is a friendship which is beginning to irk us, one in which our literary sympathies and the memory of favors received are sadly opposed to the wounds made in our affection by his thick-headedness and intolerance, both as man and as writer.

THE SUICIDE

From 'Sister Philomène'

THE next morning the whole hospital knew that Barnier, having scratched his hand on the previous day while dissecting a body in a state of purulent infection, was dying in terrible agonies.

When at four o'clock Malivoire, quitting for a few moments the bedside of his friend, came to replace him in the service, the Sister went up to him. She followed from bed to bed, dogging his steps, without however accosting him, without speaking, watching him intently with her eyes fixed on his. As he was leaving the ward: —

"Well?" she asked, in the brief tone with which women stop the doctor on his last visit at the threshold of the room.

"No hope," said Malivoire, with a gesture of despair; "there is nothing to be done. It began at his right ankle, went up the leg and thigh, and has attacked all the articulations. Such agonies, poor fellow! It will be a mercy when it's over."

"Will he be dead before night?" asked the Sister calmly.

"Oh no! He will live through the night. It is the same case as that of Raguideau three years ago; and Raguideau lasted forty-eight hours."

That evening, at ten o'clock, Sister Philomène might be seen entering the church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

The lamps were being lowered, the lighted tapers were being put out one by one with a long-handled extinguisher. The priest had just left the vestry.

The Sister inquired where he lived, and was told that his house was a couple of steps from the church, in the Rue de la Banque.

The priest was just going into the house when she entered behind, pushing open the door he was closing.

"Come in, Sister," he said, unfurling his wet umbrella and placing it on the tiled floor in the ante-room. And he turned toward her. She was on her knees. "What are you doing, Sister?" he said, astonished at her attitude. "Get up, my child. This is not a fit place. Come, get up!"

"You will save him, will you not?" and Philomène caught hold of the priest's hands as he stretched them out to help her to rise. "Why do you object to my remaining on my knees?"

"Come, come, my child, do not be so excited. It is God alone, remember, who can save. I can but pray."

"Ah! you can only pray," she said in a disappointed tone. "Yes, that is true."

And her eyes sank to the ground. After a moment's pause the priest went on: —

"Come, Sister, sit down there. You are calmer now, are you not? Tell me, what is it you want?"

"He is dying," said Philomène, rising as she spoke. "He will probably not live through the night"; and she began to cry. "It is for a young man of twenty-seven years of age; he has never performed any of his religious duties, never been near a church, never prayed to God since his first communion. He will refuse to listen to anything. He no longer knows a prayer even. He will listen neither to priest nor any one. And I tell you it is all over with him — he is dying. Then I remembered your Confraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires, since it is devoted to those who do not believe. Come, you must save him!"

"My daughter —"

"And perhaps he is dying at this very moment. Oh! promise me you will do all at once, all that is in the Confraternity book; the prayers — everything, in short. You will have him prayed for at once, won't you?"

"But, my poor child, it is Friday today, and the Confraternity only meets on Thursday."

"Thursday only — why? It will be too late Thursday. He will never live till Thursday. Come, you must save him; you have saved many another."

Sister Philomène looked at the priest with wide-opened eyes, in which through her tears rose a glance of revolt, impatience, and command. For one instant in that room there was no longer a Sister standing before a priest, but a woman face to face with an old man.

The priest resumed: —

"All I can do at present for that young man, my dear daughter, is to apply to his benefit all the prayers and good works that are being carried on by the Confraternity, and I will offer them up to the Blessed and Immaculate Heart

of Mary to obtain his conversion. I will pray for him tomorrow at mass, and again on Saturday and Sunday."

"Oh, I am so thankful," said Philomène, who felt tears rise gently to her eyes as the priest spoke to her. "Now I am full of hope; he will be converted, he will have pity on himself. Give me your blessing for him."

"But Sister, I only bless from the altar, in the pulpit, or in the confessional. There only am I the minister of God. Here, my Sister, here I am but a weak man, miserable sinner."

"That does not signify; you are always God's minister, and you cannot, you would not, refuse me; he is at the point of death."

She fell on her knees as she spoke. The priest blessed her, and added: —

"It is nearly eleven o'clock, Sister; you have nearly three miles to get home, all Paris to cross at this late hour."

"Oh, I am not afraid," replied Philomène with a smile; "God knows why I am in the street. Moreover, I will tell my beads on the way. The Blessed Virgin will be with me." . . .

The same evening, Barnier, rousing himself from a silence that had lasted the whole day, said to Malivoire, "You will write to my mother. You will tell her that this often happens in our profession."

"But you are not yet as bad as all that, my dear fellow," replied Malivoire, bending over the bed. "I am sure I shall save you."

"No, I chose my man too well for that. How well I took you in, my poor Malivoire!" and he smiled almost. "You understand, I could not kill myself. I did not wish to be the death of my old mother. But an accident — that settles everything. You will take all my books, do you hear? and my case of instruments also. I wish you to have all. You wonder why I have killed myself, don't you? Come nearer. It is on account of that woman. I never loved but her in all my life. They did not give her enough chloroform; I told them so. Ah! if you had heard her scream when she awoke — before it was over! That scream still re-echoes in my ears! However," he continued, after a nervous spasm, "if I had to begin again, I would choose some other way of dying, some way in which I should not suffer so much. Then, you know, she died, and I fancied I had killed her. She is ever before me, . . . covered with blood. . . . And then I took to drinking. I drank because I love her still. . . . That's all!"

Barnier relapsed into silence. After a long pause, he again spoke, and said to Malivoire: —

"You will tell my mother to take care of the little lad."

After another pause, the following words escaped him: —

"The Sister would have said a prayer."

Shortly after, he asked: —

"What o'clock is it?"

"Eleven."

"Time is not up yet; . . .I have still some hours to live. . . . I shall last till tomorrow."

A little later he again inquired the time, and crossing his hands on his breast, in a faint voice he called Malivoire and tried to speak to him. But Malivoire could not catch the words he muttered.

Then the death-rattle began, and lasted till morn. . . .

A candle lighted up the room.

It burnt slowly, it lighted up the four white walls on which the coarse ochre paint of the door and of the two cupboards cut a sharp contrast. . . .

On the iron bedstead with its dimity curtains, a sheet lay thrown over a motionless body, molding the form as wet linen might do, indicating with the inflexibility of an immutable line the rigidity, from the tip of the toes to the sharp outline of the face, of what it covered.

Near a white wooden table Malivoire, seated in a large wicker arm-chair, watched and dozed, half slumbering and yet not quite asleep.

In the silence of the room nothing could be heard but the ticking of the dead man's watch.

From behind the door something seemed gently to move and advance, the key turned in the lock, and Sister Philomène stood beside the bed. Without looking at Malivoire, without seeing him, she knelt down and prayed in the attitude of a kneeling marble statue; and the folds of her gown were as motionless as the sheet that covered the dead man.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she rose, walked away without once looking round, and disappeared.

The next day, awaking at the hollow sound of the coffin knocking against the narrow stairs, Malivoire vaguely recalled the night's apparition, and wondered if he had dreamed it; and going mechanically up to the table by the bedside, he sought for the lock of hair he had cut off for Barnier's mother: the lock of hair had vanished.

THE AWAKENING

From 'Renée Mauperin'

A LITTLE stage had been erected at the end of the Mauperins' drawing-room. The footlights were hidden behind a screen of foliage and flowering shrubs. Renée, with the help of her drawing-master, had painted the curtain, which represented a view on the banks of the Seine. On either side of the stage hung a bill, on which were these words, written by hand: —

LA BRICHE THEATER

THIS EVENING

'THE CAPRICE,'

To conclude with

'HARLEQUIN, A BIGAMIST.'

And then followed the names of the actors.

On all the chairs in the house, which had been seized and arranged in rows before the stage, women in low gowns were squeezed together, mixing their skirts, their lace, the sparkle of their diamonds, and the whiteness of their shoulders. The folding doors of the drawing-room had been taken down, and showed, in the little drawing-room which led to the dining-room, a crowd of men in white neckties, standing on tiptoe.

The curtain rose upon 'The Caprice.' Renée played with much spirit the part of Madame de Léry. Henry, as the husband, revealed one of those real theatrical talents which are often found in cold young men and in grave men of the world. Naomi herself — carried away by Henry's acting, carefully prompted by Denoisel from behind the scenes, a little intoxicated by her audience — played her little part of a neglected wife very tolerably. This was a great relief to Madame Bourjot. Seated in the front row, she had followed her daughter with anxiety. Her pride dreaded a failure. The curtain fell, the applause burst out, and all the company were called for. Her daughter had not been ridiculous; she was happy in this great success, and she composedly gave herself up to the speeches, opinions, congratulations, which, as in all representations of private theatricals, followed the applause and continued in murmurs. Amidst all that she thus vaguely heard, one sentence, pronounced close by her, reached her ears clear and distinct above the buzz of general conversation: — "Yes, it is his sister, I know; but I think that for the part he is not sufficiently in love with her, and really too much in love with his wife: did you notice it?" And the speaker, feeling that she was being overheard by Madame Bourjot, leaned over and whispered in her neighbor's ear. Madame Bourjot became serious.

After a pause the curtain went up again, and Henry Mauperin appeared as Pierrot or Harlequin, not in the traditional sack of white calico and black cap, but as an Italian harlequin, with a white three-cornered hat, and dressed entirely in white satin from head to foot. A shiver of interest ran through the women, proving that the costume and the man were both charming; and the folly began.

It was the mad story of Pierrot, married to one woman and wishing to marry another; a farce intermingled with passion, which had been unearthed by a playwright, with the help of a poet, from a collection of old comic plays. Renée this time acted the part of the neglected woman, who in various dis-

guises interfered between her husband and his gallant adventures, and Naomi that of the woman he loved. Henry, in his scenes of love with the latter, carried all before him. He played with youth, with brilliancy, with excitement. In the scene in which he avows his love, his voice was full of the passionate cry of a declaration which overflows and swamps everything. True, he had to act with the prettiest Columbine in the world: Naomi looked delicious that evening in her bridal costume of Louis XVI, copied exactly from the 'Bride's Minuet,' a print by Debucourt, which Barousse had lent for the purpose.

A sort of enchantment filled the whole room, and reached Madame Bourjot; a sort of sympathetic complicity with the actors seemed to encourage the pretty couple to love one another. The piece went on. Now and again Henry's eyes seemed to look for those of Madame Bourjot, over the footlights. Meanwhile, Renée appeared disguised as the village bailiff; it only remained to sign the contract; Pierrot, taking the hand of the woman he loved, began to tell her of all the happiness he was going to have with her.

The woman who sat next to Madame Bourjot felt her lean somewhat on her shoulder. Henry finished his speech, the piece disentangled itself and came to an end. All at once Madame Bourjot's neighbor saw something glide down her arm; it was Madame Bourjot, who had just fainted.

"Oh, do pray go indoors," said Madame Bourjot to the people who were standing around her. She had been carried into the garden. "It is past now; it is really nothing; it was only the heat." She was quite pale, but she smiled. "I only want a little air. Let M. Henry only stay with me."

The audience retired. Scarcely had the sound of feet died away, when — "You love her!" said Madame Bourjot, seizing Henry's arm as though she were taking him prisoner with her feverish hands: "you love her!"

"Madame — "said Henry.

"Hold your tongue! you lie!" And she threw his arm from her. Henry bowed. — "I know all. I have seen all. But look at me!" and with her eyes she closely scanned his face. Henry stood before her, his head bent. — "At least speak to me! You can speak, at any rate! Ah, I see it — you can only act in her company!"

"I have nothing to say to you, Laura," said Henry in his softest and clearest voice. Madame Bourjot started at this name of Laura as though he had touched her. "I have struggled for a year, madame," began Henry; "I have no excuse to make. But my heart is fast. We knew each other as children. The charm has grown day by day. I am very unhappy, madame, at having to acknowledge the truth to you. I love your daughter, that is true."

"But have you ever spoken to her? I blush for her when there are people there! Have you ever looked at her? Do you think her pretty? What possesses you men? Come! I am better-looking than she is! You men are fools. And be-

sides, my friend, I have spoiled you. Go to her and ask her to caress your pride, to tickle your vanity, to flatter and to serve your ambitions — for you are ambitious: I know you! Ah, M. Mauperin, one can only find that once in a lifetime! And it is only women of my age, old women like me — do you hear me? — who love the future of the people whom they love! You were not my lover, you were my grandchild! " And at his word, her voice sounded as though it came from the bottom of her heart. Then immediately changing her tone — " But don't be foolish! I tell you you don't really love my daughter; it is not true: she is rich! "

" O madame! "

" Good gracious! there are lots of people. They have been pointed out to me. It pays sometimes to begin with the mother and finish with the dower. And a million, you know, will gild a good many pills."

" Speak lower, I implore — for your own sake: some one has just opened a window."

" Calmness is very fine, M. Mauperin, very fine, very fine," repeated Madame Bourjot. And her low, hissing voice seemed to stifle her.

Clouds were scudding across the sky, and passed over the moon looking like huge bats' wings. Madame Bourjot gazed fixedly into the darkness, straight in front of her. Her elbows resting on her knees, her weight thrown on to her heels, she was beating with the points of her satin shoes the gravel of the path. After a few minutes she sat upright, stretched out her arms two or three times wildly and as though but half awake; then, hastily and jerkily, she pushed her hand down between her gown and her waistband, pressing her hand against the ribbon as though she would break it. Then she rose and began to walk. Henry followed her.

" I intend, sir, that we shall never see each other again," she said to him, without turning round.

As they passed near the basin, she handed him her handkerchief: —

" Wet that for me."

Henry put one knee on the margin and gave her back the lace, which he had moistened. She laid it on her forehead and on her eyes. " Now let us go in," she said; " give me your arm."

" Oh, dear madame, what courage! " said Madame Mauperin, going to meet Madame Bourjot as she entered; " but it is unwise of you. Let me order your carriage."

" On no account," answered Madame Bourjot hastily: " I thank you. I promised that I would sing for you, I think. I am going to sing."

And Madame Bourjot advanced to the piano, graceful and valiant, with the heroic smile on her face wherewith the actors of society hide from the public the tears that they shed within themselves, and the wounds which are only known to their own hearts.

EDMOND SCHÉRER

EDMOND SCHÉRER was born at Paris, in 1815. His family was of Swiss descent, and held the Protestant faith. He early manifested an ardent love of reading, from which his school tasks suffered somewhat. Moreover, his father sent him to England to stay with the Rev. Thomas Loader of Monmouth. This earnest clergyman had a salutary influence upon the young man; he inspired him with the love of duty and of work, he made a Christian of him. When Edmond Schérer, after an absence of two years, was about to leave England, he determined to become a shepherd of souls; and besides, he now understood the language admirably, and had made a study of English literature.

He then entered upon a course in the Faculty of Theology at Strasbourg, where celebrated professors were among the instructors, notably Édouard Reuss. When his theological studies were over, he retired for several years, and published his first writings.

Owing to the reputation thus achieved, he was elected in 1845 professor in the School of Liberal Theology at Geneva. The instruction he gave at that time won him small renown. But one of the fundamental doctrines of the School of Liberal Theology was faith in the full inspiration of the Bible. He soon declared himself unable to accept it, and spoke of resigning his chair.

In his remarkable article, 'The Crisis of the Faith,' he protested against the abuse of authority in religious things, and affirmed the duty of personal examination, of unrestricted investigation, of religion founded on criticism. Thenceforward, according to Sainte-Beuve, he was "an indefatigable intelligence, ever advancing in ceaseless evolution."

Having resigned his professorship in 1850, he became, with Colani, the head of the new French school of liberal Protestantism, and took a most active part in editing the Review of Theology and Christian Philosophy of Strasbourg. His articles and his studies gave rise to violent discussions. Certainly he recognized that "if there is anything certain in the world, it is that the destiny of the Bible is closely linked with the destiny of holiness upon the earth." But he whom he called with full conviction a great Christian — a Goethe or a Hegel in intellectual power and literary talent, but carrying the Evangel in his heart — was "he who will let fall like a worn-out garment all that is temporary in the faith of past ages, all that criticism has victoriously assailed, all that divides the churches, but who shall know at the same time how to speak to men's consciences, how to revive the love of the truth, how to find

the word of the future, while disengaging all that is identical, eternal in the Christianity of all ages."

Suddenly in 1860, a volume that he published under the title 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism' — containing vigorous studies of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Le Père Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan — revealed in the theologian a very searching critic. Sainte-Beuve hailed the book with many encomiums, and placed the author in "the front rank of French writers."

The contradictions perceptible between different parts of this work clearly show that Edmond Schérer continually sought his way; and that he tended towards that philosophical rather than theological conception, which makes of Christianity the perfect and definitive *religion*, but not the absolute and complete truth. Christianity appeared to him the result of a long elaboration of the human conscience, destined to prepare further elaborations; in a word, one of the phases of universal transformation. The theory of the evolution of the human mind became his new religion.

But if he ceased to be an orthodox believer, Edmond Schérer was always a man of noble moral faith, a true Christian; and he was so throughout his work of literary criticism. When the newspaper Le Temps was established in 1861, he did a share of the editing; he wrote for it political articles, and above all studies in literature. They showed the talent of a writer, the force of a thinker; and the prodigious extent of knowledge manifested in the care he took to attack all subjects, to reduce them to two or three essential points, to discuss them exhaustively, to give a concise opinion in regard to ideas and a firm judgment in regard to literary qualities — and that with reference to works that chance brought to his notice. However, his high ideals of art, frankness, and rectitude were still more perceptible in his work. Sainte-Beuve considers him a true judge, who neither gropes nor hesitates, having in his own mind the means of taking the exact measure of any other mind.

His literary criticism forms a collection of several volumes, bearing the title 'Studies in Contemporary Literature.' His other principal works are 'Criticism and Belief' (1850), 'Letters to my Pastor' (1853), 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism' (1860), 'Miscellanies of Religious History' (1864); and a considerable number of articles for the newspapers and magazines.

Edmond Schérer died in 1889. He had taken for rule the maxim of Emerson: "Express clearly today what thou thinkest today; tomorrow thou shalt say what thou thinkest tomorrow." To this rule he was ever faithful. He was grandly sincere.

VICTOR CHARBONNEL

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From a review of the Goncourts' 'Woman in the Eighteenth Century'

I COULD have wished this book of the brothers Goncourt a little different: not abler, more instructive, better supported with facts, for no man ever had a firmer grasp on his eighteenth century than these authors; not juster in its appreciations, because, captivated as they were by the graces of that corrupt century, their judgment of it was none the less rigorous. I could only have wished that they had not proceeded so exclusively by means of description and enumeration; and that in the many pictures that pass before our eyes, the characteristic feature, the association, the anecdote, had not taken the form of simple allusions, had not so often been indicated by a simple reference to some book I had not under my hand, to some engraving I have no time to look up among the cartoons of the Imperial Library. In a word, I should have liked more narratives and more citations. With this reservation, I willingly recognize that the volume of the brothers Goncourt is one of those works that most fully enable us to understand the century of which it treats; which at least make us enter most fully into its innermost life, its intellectual character. An epoch is not wholly known when its literature is known; it does not even suffice us to read the memoirs of those who lived in it: there are, besides, endless details of manners, customs, dress; a thousand observations upon the different classes of society and their condition; a thousand nothings, unnoticed as the very air we breathe, yet having their value and making their contribution to the complete effect. Now the brothers Goncourt, with praiseworthy zeal and discretion, have brought all this together. They have done for the eighteenth century what learned pedants with fewer resources but with no more ability have done for past civilizations: they have reconstructed it by means of the monuments.

This volume on the woman of the eighteenth century is to be followed by three others, dealing with man, the State, and Paris at the same epoch. To say truth, however, the woman is already the man, she is already the State itself, she is the whole century. The most striking characteristic of the period under consideration is, that it personifies itself in its women. This the brothers Goncourt have recognized. "The soul of this time," say they in their somewhat exuberant style, "the center of the world, the point whence everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, the image after which all things are modeled, is woman. Woman in the eighteenth century is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal and inevitable cause, the origin of events, the source of things. Nothing escapes her, and she holds everything in her hand: the king and France, the will of the sovereign and the power of opinion. She rules at court, she is mistress at the fireside. The revolutions of alliances and systems, peace, war, letters, arts, the

fashions of the eighteenth century as well as its destinies — all these she carries in her robe, she bends them to her caprice or her passions. She causes degradations and promotions. No catastrophes, no scandals, no great strokes, that cannot be traced to her, in this century that she fills up with prodigies, marvels, and adventures, in this history into which she works the surprises of a novel." The book of the brothers Goncourt furnishes proof of these assertions on every page. It sets forth on a small scale, but in a complete way, that epoch of which they have so truly said that it is the French century *par excellence,* and that all our roots are found in it. This volume puts a finger on its meanness, its greatness, its vices and its virtues. It is the vices that are the most conspicuous. The corruption of the eighteenth century has become proverbial. To tell the truth, this corruption is the result of a historical situation. What is meant by the France of the eighteenth century is a particular class of society, the polite and brilliant world. The theme of history has always gone on enlarging. In old times there was no history save that of conquerors and lawgivers. Later we have that of the courts and of the nobility. After the French Revolution, it is the nations and their destinies who occupy the first plane. In the eighteenth century the middle class has already raised and enriched itself, the distinction of ranks is leveled; there is more than one plebeian name among those that adorn the salons: nevertheless, society is still essentially aristocratic; it is chiefly composed of people who have nothing to do in the world save to enjoy their hereditary privileges. The misfortune of the French nobility has always been thus to constitute a dignity without functions. It formed not so much an organic part of the State as a class of society. Confined within the limits of a narrow caste, it had reduced life to a matter of elegant and agreeable relations.

Hence the French salon, and all those graces of conversation, all those refinements of mind and manners, that make up its inimitable character. Hence at the same time, something artificial and unwholesome. Life does not easily forgo a serious aim. It offers this eternal contradiction: that, tending to happiness, it nevertheless cannot adopt that as its special object without in that very act destroying the conditions of it.

These men, these women, who seemed to exist only for those things that appear most enviable — grace and honor, love and intelligence — these people had exhausted in themselves the sources of intelligence and love. This consummate epicurism defeated its own object. These virtues, limited to the virtues of good-fellowship, were manifestly insufficient to uphold society. This activity, in which duty, effort, sacrifice, had no place, consumed itself. Extinguish the soul, the conscience, as useless lights, and lo, all is utter darkness; the intellect was to have taken the place of everything; and the intellect has succeeded only in blighting everything, and in blighting itself before all. Only one demand was made of human destiny — pleasure; and it was ennui that responded.

That incurable evil of ennui — the eighteenth century betrays it everywhere. That was its essential element, I had almost said its principle. This explains its agitations, its antipathies, its furtive sadnesses, the boldness of its vices. It floats about, finding no object worth its constancy. It undertakes everything, always to fall back into a profounder disenchantment. Each fruit it gnaws can only leave a more bitter taste of ashes. It shakes itself in the vain effort to realize that it is alive. It is sorrowful, sorrowful as death, and has not even the dignity of melancholy. It finds all things spectacular; it watches itself live, and that experiment has ceased to interest it. Lassitude, spiritual barrenness, prostration of all the vital forces — this is all that came of it. Then a well-known phenomenon makes its appearance. Man never pauses: he goes on digging, he scoops out the very void; no longer believing anything, he yet seeks an unknown good that escapes him. Dissipation, even, pursues a fleeting dream. It demands of the senses what they can never yield. Irritated by its miscalculations, it invents subtleties. It seasons libertinism with every kind of infamy. It becomes savage. It takes pleasure in bringing suffering upon the creatures it annihilates. It enjoys the remorse, the shame, of its victims. Its vanity is occupied with compromising women, with breaking their hearts, with corrupting them if it can. Thus gallantry is converted into a cynicism of immorality. Men make a boast of cruelty and of calculation in their cruelty. Good style advertises villainy. But even this is not enough. Insatiable appetites will demand of crime a certain savor that vice has lost for them. "There is," as the brothers Goncourt truly say — "there is an inexorable logic that compels the evil passions of humanity to go to the end of themselves, and to burst in a final and absolute horror. This logic assigned to the voluptuous immorality of the eighteenth century its monstrous coronation. The habit of cruelty had become too strong to remain in the head and not reach the senses. Man had played too long with the suffering heart of woman not to feel tempted to make her suffer more surely and more visibly. Why, after exhausting tortures for her soul, should he not try them upon her body? Why not seek grossly in her blood the delights her tears had given? The doctrine sprang up, it took shape: the whole century went over to it without knowing it; it was, in its last analysis, nothing more than the materialization of their appetites: and was it not inevitable that this last word should be said, that the erethism of ferocity should establish itself as a principle, as a revelation; and that at the end of this polished and courtly decadence, after all these approaches to the supreme torture of woman, M. de Sade, with the blood of the guillotines, should set up the Terror in Love?"

This then is the eighteenth century: a century brilliant rather than delicate, pleasure-loving without passion, whose void forever goes on emptying itself, whose blunted vices seek a stimulus in crime, whose frivolity becomes in the end almost tragical; a century of impotence and of decline, a society that is sinking and putrefying.

Let us not forget, however, that judgments made wholly from one point of view are like general ideas: they can never do more than furnish incomplete notions. Things can always be considered on two sides, the unfavorable and the favorable. The eighteenth century is like everything else: it has its right side as well as its wrong. I am sorry for those who see in it only matter for admiration: its feet slipped in the mire. I am sorry for those who do not speak of it without crossing themselves: the eighteenth century had its noble aspects, nay, its grand aspects.

And in the first place, the eighteenth century is charming. Opinions may differ as to the worth of the elegance, but that its elegance was perfect cannot be denied. The inadequacy of the *comme il faut,* and of what is called good society, may be deplored; but there is no gainsaying that the epoch in question was the grand model of this good society. France became in those days its universal school, as it were its native country. It makes of fine manners a new ethics, composed of horror for what is common, the desire to find means of pleasing, the art of attention, of delicacy in beauty, of the refinements of language, of a conversation that does not commit itself to anything, of a discussion that never degenerates into a dispute, of a lightness that is in reality only moderation and grace. The good-breeding of the eighteenth century does not destroy egoism, but it dissimulates it. Nor does it in the least make up for the lost virtues, but it vouchsafes an image of them. It gives a rule for souls. It acquires the dignity of an institution. It is the religion of an epoch that has no other.

This is not all. One feels a breath of art passing over this century. If it does not create, still it adorns. If it does not seek the beautiful, it finds the charming. Its character is not grand, but it has a character.

It has set a seal upon all that it has produced: buildings, furniture, pictures. When, two or three years ago, an exhibition brought together the works of the principal painters of the French school in the eighteenth century, the canvases of Greuze, of Boucher, of Watteau, of Fragonard, of Chardin, great was the astonishment to find so much frankness under all that affectation, originality in that mannerism, vitality in that conventional school of art. We should never lose sight of one thing: the epoch under consideration had what was lacking in some other epochs — in the Empire, for example — an art and a literature. That is not enough to make a great century, but it can aid a century to make a figure in history.

But observe what still better characterizes French society before the Revolution. That society is animated with intellectual curiosity. It has the taste for letters, and in letters the taste for new things, for adventures. It devours voyages, history, philosophy. It is concerned about the Chinese and the Hindus; it desires to know what Rome was, and what England is; it studies popular institutions and the faculties of the human understanding. The ladies have great quartos on their dressing-tables (that is the accepted size.) Nothing

discourages them. They read Raynal's 'Philosophic History,' Hume's 'Stuarts' [History of England], Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws.' But it is with the sciences that they are most smitten. It is there that their trouble of mind is best diverted. Fontenelle discourses to them on the worlds, and Galiani on political economy. The new arts, the progress of industry, excite their enthusiasm. They wish to see all, to know all. They follow courses, they frequent laboratories, they assist at experiments, they discuss systems, they read memoirs. Run after these charming young women — they go to the Jardin des Plantes to see a theriac put together; to the Abbé Mical to hear an automaton speak; to Rouelle to witness the volatilization of the diamond; to Réveillon, there to salute Pilâtre de Rozier, before an ascension. This morning they have paid a visit to the great cactus that only blossoms once in fifty years, this afternoon they will attend experiments upon inflammable air or upon electricity. Nothing even in medicine or anatomy is without attraction for their unfettered curiosity: the Countess de Voisenon prescribes for her friends; the Countess de Coigny is only eighteen, and she dissects!

This tendency to hyper-enthusiasm is a sign of mobility; and mobility is one of the distinguishing features of the eighteenth century. It has had a result that has not been fully noted. The eighteenth century had its crisis; or if you will, its conversion. A day came when it turned against itself. The change was perhaps not very profound, but it was very marked. From having the man of nature constantly preached to them, they wished to resemble him somewhat. The men gave up the French coat and ceased to carry the sword. The women laid down their hoops, they covered their bosoms, they substituted caps for towering head-dresses, low-heeled for high-heeled shoes, linen for brocade. Simplicity was pushed to pastoralism. Their dreams took the form of idyls. They had cottages, they played at keeping dairies, they made butter. But the true name of this new cult, whose prophet was Jean-Jacques, is sensibility. They talked now only of attraction, affinity, sympathy. It is the epoch of groups in bisque, symbols: hearts on fire, altars, doves. There are chains made of hair, bracelets with portraits. Madame de Blot wears upon her neck a miniature of the church where her brother is buried. Formerly beauty was piquant, now it aspires to be "touching." Its triumph is to "leave an emotion." The feelings should be *expansive*. Every woman is ambitious to love like Julie. Every mother will raise her son like Émile. And since it is the Genevese philosopher who has revealed to the world the gospel of sensibility, upon him most of all will that gift be lavished with which he seems all at once to have endowed French society. His handwriting is kissed: things that belonged to him are converted into relics. "There is not a truly sympathetic woman living," exclaims the most virtuous of the beauties of those days, "who would not need an extraordinary virtue to keep her from consecrating her life to Rousseau, could she be certain of being passionately loved by him!"

All this has the semblance of passion, but little depth. It would seem, in

truth, that the eighteenth century was too frivolous ever to be truly moved. And nevertheless it has been moved, it has had a passion, perhaps the most noble of all — that of humanity. Pity, in the times that precede it, appears almost as foreign to polite society as the feeling for nature. Who, in the seventeenth century, was agitated if some poor devil of a villager was crushed by the taxes, if a Protestant was condemned to his Majesty's galleys? Who troubled himself about the treatment of the insane, about the régime of prisons, the barbarities of the rack and the wheel? The eighteenth century, on the contrary, is seized with an immense compassion for all sufferings. It is kindled with generous ideas; it desires tolerance, justice, equality. Its heroes are useful men, agriculturists, benefactors of the people. It embraces all the nations in its reforms. It rises to the conception of human solidarity. It makes itself a golden age where the philosopher's theories mingle with the reveries of the mere dreamer. Every one is caught by the glorious chimera. The author of 'La Pucelle' has his hours of philanthropy. Turgot finds support in the salons. Madame de Genlis speaks like Madame Roland or Madame de Staël. Utopia, a Utopia at once rational as geometry and blind as enthusiasm — the whole of the French Revolution is there already.

The eighteenth century has received the name of the philosophical century, and with good reason if an independent spirit of inquiry is the distinguishing feature of philosophy. It rejected everything in the nature of convention and tradition. It declared an implacable war on what is called prejudice. It desired truths that stand on their own legs. It sought in man, in the mere nature of things, the foundation of the true and the good. The doctrines of this epoch are not exalted, but they have that species of vigor that the absence of partiality gives. The problem of problems, for this century, is how to live; and to the solution of that problem it brings only natural methods. The men of those times, to use the expression of the brothers Goncourt, "keep themselves at the height of their own heart, without aid, by their own strength. Emancipated from all dogma and system of belief, they draw their lights from the recesses of their own hearts, and their powers from the same source." There are some who "afford in this superficial century the grand spectacle of a conscience at equilibrium in the void, a spectacle forgotten of humanity since the Antonines." The Countess de Boufflers, with whom M. Sainte-Beuve has lately made us acquainted, had maxims framed and hung in her chamber; among them might be read such words as the following: "In conduct, simplicity and sense. In methods, justice and generosity. In adversity, courage and self-respect. Sacrifice all for peace of mind. When an important duty is to be fulfilled, consider perils and death only as drawbacks, not as obstacles." See what thoughts made up the daily meditations of a woman of the world. Adversity was supported with cheerful courage. Old age was accepted without pride or effort, without surprise or consternation. One detached oneself little by little, composed oneself, conformed to the changed condition, extinguished oneself, dis-

creetly, quite simply, with decorum, and so to speak with spirit. Let us take care when we speak of the eighteenth century — let us take care not to forget the trials of the emigration and the prisons of the Terror!

I have spoken of the greatness and the debasement of the epoch that the brothers Goncourt set themselves to interpret. If there is some contradiction between the two halves of the picture, I am not far from thinking that this very contradiction might well be a proof of correctness. Human judgments are true only on the condition of perpetually putting the yes by the side of the no. The truth is, one can say of the eighteenth century what our authors somewhere say of the Duchess of Mirepoix: in default of esteem it inspires sympathy. The French century above all others, it has our defects and our qualities. Endowed with more intelligence than firmness, argumentative rather than philosophic, didactic rather than moral, it has given lessons rather than examples to the world, examples rather than models. It was not entirely fixed, either in good or in evil. However low it fell, it was far from making an utter failure. Carried to extremes, it showed its strength most of all in extremity. It is an assemblage of contradictions where all happens without precedent, and it is safest to take nothing in it too literally. It will ever be a bad sign in France, when this century is underrated and when it is overrated; but it would be above all a sinister day if we should ever adopt its frivolity and corruption, and leave unappropriated its noble instincts and its capacity for enthusiasm.

Translated for this series by Lucy C. Bull

ERNEST RENAN

IN the Preface to his 'Recollections of Infancy and Youth,' Ernest Renan himself recalled the legend of that town of Ys, long ago engulfed by the sea in punishment of its crimes, the sound of whose bells one hears on calm days, rising from the depths of the abyss, where they continue always to call together for prayer a people who have not yet finished paying the debt of their repentance. And he adds: "It often seems to me that I have at the bottom of my heart a town of Ys, that still resounds with bells continuing to call to sacred rites the faithful who no longer hear." Such was "the state of his soul" when, nearing the sixties, having almost completed his life-work, he tried to represent himself by this poetic comparison; where he found again, mingled with memories of his devout infancy, all the melancholy that weeps in the heart of the people and soil of Brittany. But he characterized at the same time, perhaps without knowing it, the nature of his own talent; and he gave us the reason of his great reputation as a writer. We also, during forty years, have heard sounding in his work the far-off bells of the town of Ys; we have heard the thrill of their voice vibrating even in the unthanked works of the philologist and the expositor: and he himself, do what he might, has never been able to make himself wholly unfaithful to his first beginnings. The vase has kept its perfume; and if the originality of Ernest Renan is anywhere, it is there, in the strange and often displeasing but sometimes exquisite combination, developing itself in him, of the sincerest emotionalism with the narrow rationalism of the scholar and the philologist.

He was born in 1823 at Tréguier, in the Department of the Côtes du Nord, under the shadow of an old cathedral full of mystery and incense; and he was educated for the priesthood. His family being humble, did his mother's ambition go beyond a vague hope of some day seeing him the celebrant at the high altar of their native town? But from the depths of his province, his successes in scholarship attracted the attention of the Abbé Dupanloup, the same who afterwards became the blustering bishop of Orléans, but who was then only the converter of M. de Talleyrand and the superior or director of the Little Seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, a "free institution of secondary instruction," where the best families of the Faubourg Saint-Germain sent their children to be educated.

From St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, where rhetoric completed the course, Ernest Renan passed to the Seminary of Issy, which stands somewhat in the relation of a preparatory school to the great seminary of St. Sulpice; and it was there that he began to experience his first doubts as to the justifiability of

the vocation to which until then he had believed himself called. In his 'Recollections of Youth,' which he wrote thirty years later, he undertook to explain the nature of that crisis; and one would suppose, to hear him speak, that neither the desire of the world — that avidity of living which is so characteristic of the twentieth year — nor philosophy even, nor the sudden revelation of science, played the least part in it. It would seem that his reasons for doubting were purely philological; and that textual criticism alone swept away the faith of his childhood. We shall not contradict this. But the publication of his 'Correspondence' has revealed to us since then another influence that affected the formation of his character — the most powerful perhaps of all: it was that of his sister Henriette. This girl, poor and highly cultivated, who conducted far from her family, in Poland or Russia, the education of a great lady's children, was gnawed by resentment; and in her triple rôle of woman, hired teacher, and native of Brittany, suffered cruelly from being unable to satisfy or even to relieve it by giving it expression. It was through her brother that she found her opportunity. As soon as the first doubts began to show themselves in the seminarist, it was his sister who encouraged them; or rather she communicated to him her own boldness of spirit: and putting her savings to the service of her passion, it was she who supplied Ernest Renan with the means of quitting St. Sulpice, and of thus resuming the life of a layman. We are able today to affirm that Henriette Renan was the chief worker of her brother's unbelief; and only later did exegesis or philology furnish Renan with the reasons he needed for establishing the convictions his sister had breathed into him.

It is right to add that both were utterly sincere, and that for Ernest Renan the sacrifice was painful. He was born to be a priest, as he himself has said; and his life was to be, if one may use the expression, that of a priest of science. With that suppleness of mind which was one day to characterize him, and procure him the means of being more at ease in the midst of contradictions than are many believers in the fortress of their dogmatism, he would have found without doubt the art of reconciling his studious tastes with the practice and observances of a dead faith. But with a care for his dignity which did him honor, he did not desire this. He preferred — in this country of France, where the conduct of the priest who renounces the altar is so eagerly laid to the lightest [*les plus "joyeux"*], that is to say, to the lowest motives — he found it more loyal and noble to brave the anger of some, the pleasantries of others, the distrust of all. He resumed his studies; he took his university degrees; and in 1847 he made his début as "philologue" and as "Hebraïst," by a brilliant performance, submitting to the Institute of France the paper which became, a few years later, his 'General and Comparative History of the Semitic Languages.'

We have from him, written about the same time, an important book which appeared later — indeed, in 1890: this is 'The Future of Science,' of which

it can truthfully be said that the "future of science" is in his work that "thought of youth realized by ripe age," that a great poet has set before the ambitions of young men as the ideal of a noble life. The whole of Renan is in his 'Future of Science'; he was to draw, all his life, upon his vast *Purana,* as he liked to call it himself: nevertheless, he did not force himself to conform during forty years to all the convictions held at the beginning of his career. But he did not abjure them; and in the future as in the present, when it is desired to form a just opinion of the type of mind, the personal method, and even the work of Ernest Renan, it is in this vast book that they must be sought.

Let us go on to consider his first great works given to the public: his thesis for the doctorate, upon 'Averroës and Averroïsm' (1852); his 'General History of the Semitic Languages' (1855); his 'Studies of Religious History' (1857); his translation of the Book of Job (1858); his book on the 'Origin of Language' (1858); his 'Essays, Moral and Critical' (1859). Their charm of style is incomparable; and never have subjects so severe been treated with more precision, ease, and lucidity. This is saying too little: for the real truth is that there is something Platonic in this first manner of Renan, were it only the art with which he envelops his most abstract ideas in the most ingenious metaphors, or the most captivating and poetic images. With him, as with the author of the 'Cratylus' and the 'Gorgias,' comparisons, in spite of the proverb, are often reasons, explanations, solutions. Equally notable in these first writings is a keen perception of the analogies between natural history and philology; which enables him to bind together by insensible transitions, and nuances contrived with infinite art, that which is most "human" in us — that is, language — with that which is most instinctive, which is the imprint we receive from surrounding nature. There is a good example of it in the development of the celebrated formula, "The desert is monotheistic"; and who does not see that on this basis it would indeed be possible to establish an entire new science, to be called "the Geography of the Religions"? As to the scientific or technical value of these works, it is attested by the fact that in 1856 the Academy of Inscriptions elected the young author to succeed Thierry, the brilliant historian of the 'Conquest of England by the Normans.' Renan was appointed librarian of the National Library in the department of manuscripts. The imperial government charged him with a mission to Phœnicia. But what is more interesting is that from this time forth he knew what he wished to do; he approached his whole life work on all sides at once: and already good judges, like Sainte-Beuve in his 'New Mondays,' or like Edmond Schérer in his 'Studies of Religious History,' saw its first lineaments outlined.

The attempt was novel and the undertaking bold. Convinced that all the great races of men which have appeared in turn or together upon the world's stage have left us in the remains of their language, and still more conclusively in the monuments of their literature, the surest witnesses to their highest aspirations, Renan proposed to rediscover these aspirations; he saw in phi-

lology, to use his own expression, "the science of the productions of the human soul." Therefore, just as under the superfluous matter with which the hand of an ignorant copyist has covered a precious palimpsest, palæography endeavors to find again the authentic text of Vergil or Homer, and as soon as it begins to decipher it, calls to its aid, to further its efforts to fix it permanently, all the resources of grammar, criticism, and history — so Renan, brushing away the dust with which time has covered the archives of humanity, proposed to re-establish their true meaning, altered or disfigured by superstition. From all these archives, he chose the religious archives as the most significant, to make them the object of a more profound study: the Vedas of the Hindus, the Zend-Avesta of the Persians, the Pentateuch of the Hebrews, the Koran of the Arabs; and in truth, since there is no religion which is not at the same time a system of the world, an expression of the relations that man believes that he sustains with the nature which surrounds him, and a solution of the enigma of destiny, what surer means could be imagined of penetrating more deeply into what is innermost in the mind of the races? And believing that he saw at last in this formula a way of reconciling the sincerity, the ardor of his idealism with the complete independence of his thought, Renan proposed to disengage "religion," in so far as necessary or innate in humanity, from the midst of the "religions" which have been until now in history, at least from his point of view, only its multiple expression, changeable and superstitious.

Undoubtedly there is no need of showing in how many points this idea differs from the thought of Voltaire or of Condorcet; but in how many points also it approaches their thought! It comes so near it, that like the philosophy of the eighteenth century itself, it ends in the constitution of a "natural religion." But while the natural religion of Voltaire is a creation of pure reason, a deduction of common-sense, opposed to all the doctrines that the positive religions teach, on the other hand it is from the fundamental history of the positive religions, studied scientifically and impartially, that the "natural religion" of Renan is derived.

Meanwhile the moment of the struggle approached. "When a man writes upon the rulers of Nineveh or upon the Pharaohs of Egypt," said D. F. Strauss, the German scholar, "he can take only an historical interest! But Christianity is such a living thing, and the problem of its origin involves such consequences for the most immediate present, that critics who would bring only a purely historical interest to these questions are to be pitied for their imbecility." Ernest Renan was not, he could not be, of the number of these critics. But above all, having set forth as he had done the question of the relation between the "religions" and "religion," he could not leave Christianity out of his inquest. One expected him to deal with the question of the origins of Christianity. He must come to it. None of his works were of interest except as they led to that. To hesitate or to withdraw — that would have been

to fail not only in courage, but in intellectual probity. He understood it himself; and in 1863 he published his 'Life of Jesus.' No book of the nineteenth century produced a louder echo, in France, in Europe, in the world. No book has stirred up more ardent or more violent polemics. To understand the reasons for this, it is necessary to develop Renan's method and join to the 'Life of Jesus' the six volumes which followed it — 'The Apostles' (1866), 'St. Paul' (1869), 'Antichrist' (1873), 'The Gospels' (1877), 'The Christian Church' (1879), and 'Marcus Aurelius' (1881).

There is still some uncertainty or embarrassment in the 'Life of Jesus': the embarrassment or constraint of a man who does not know exactly how far he can push audacity, and who fears to go too far, lest he alienate from himself the very public he would like to reach. This is why Renan attempts to restore all that he takes away from the "divinity" of Jesus to his "humanity," of which he traces an image exceeding in every way the proportions of humanity itself. Neither man nor God, his Jesus sometimes resembles those Christs of the Italian decadence — so admirable but so insignificant; of a beauty so perfect, or rather so commonplace; so well clothed, so well combed — seen in the pictures of Guido or of Domenichino; and sometimes one would say a giant, a "somber giant" (it is his very expression), and not the greatest among us, but a force of nature necessarily incommensurable with our mediocrity. But beginning with 'The Apostles,' and especially with 'St. Paul,' the method acquires precision or character; and it is absolutely clear that its first principle is to reduce the history that till then had always been called "holy" or "sacred" to the level of other histories, of all histories; and it must be said, it was what no one since Spinoza, in his famous treatise 'Theology and Politics,' had dared to attempt. D. F. Strauss and Christian Baur themselves had appeared to believe that if the Old and the New Testament are like other books — or, to go directly to the bottom of their thought, are books like the 'Ramayana,' for example, or like the 'Zend-Avesta' — nevertheless Biblical criticism does not forgo its own principles, its own rules, its own methods; and it would seem from reading them that "exegesis" is something other and more than an application of philology. It is this distinction that Renan strives to efface. There is for him only one method, only one philology, as there is only one physics; and whatever may be the content of the Pentateuch or of the Gospels, it can be determined or interpreted by no other means than that used for the content of the Iliad or Odyssey. Until his work, one had taken for granted the entire authenticity of the form, according to the accepted importance of the subject: it is the contrary that ought to be done — the conditions of the form should determine the value of the substance.

Taine liked to say that what he most admired in the works of Renan was "that you could not see how it was done"; and he was right, if he meant only the style or the "phrase," which gives the impression of being born spontaneously, without effort and without art, under the pen of Renan. But he was

in error if he meant the plan or arrangement of his books: it is, on the contrary, perfectly plain how that "is done." Having collected all the texts that taken together constitute the New Testament — not neglecting to add to them the "apocryphal" — Renan discussed them all as a philologist, and dated and classified them chronologically. He thus obtained a series of documents spread over a period of about a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, from Jesus to Marcus Aurelius. He then set himself to determine, according to chronological order, what might be called the logical relations between them; and — to take an example — very much as if, not knowing the authentic dates of Pascal's 'Thoughts' or of the 'Genius of Christianity,' of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' or of Wesley's sermons, we should nevertheless see without difficulty that these works could not answer to one and the same moment in the evolution of Christian thought. But the determination of that moment, in its turn, is not fixed by itself, nor above all by the sole consideration of that moment itself. Pascal and Bunyan are men who have lived, like all men, at a given time in history; who are related to other men by all their personal traits, who are contemporaries of Louis XIV or Charles II, witnesses of the apogee of French greatness or of the corruption of England under the Stuarts; the latter a bourgeois, the former an artisan — whence it follows that we cannot understand them unless we begin by replacing them in their setting. It was this also that Renan did; and thus the general history of the Roman Empire — which is found to coincide with the history of the world — enters, so to speak, into the intervals of these documents, which it binds together, which it illumines with its light, which it sometimes overflows by the intensity of its interest. The propagation of the Christian idea becomes the soul or the active principle — the principle of the movement of a history of which its triumph is the limit.

No means more simple nor more powerful in its simplicity. It is the theory of *existing causes* — that theory with which the names of Lyell and Darwin are associated — transferred from the order of natural history to that of high erudition. The active causes which, without our suspecting it, deform, reform, and transform the physical universe under our eyes, are the same that formerly produced all that our fathers interpreted as gigantic and marvelous in the archives of the past. The drop of water wears away the stone; polyps have constructed islands — perhaps continents; and accumulated dust has become Himalayas and Alleghanies. In the same way, at no epoch in the short history of humanity have other forces been at work than those that are working still; and the present contains all that is essential to the explanation of the past. Hence, in Renan's writings, in his 'History of the Origins of Christianity,' those perpetual allusions to the present. He is of his time; and he never forgets it when he speaks of Marcus Aurelius or Nero, because man is always man, and the obscurity of the past could not be cleared away better than by the light of the present. Nothing creates itself nor is lost: he takes literally and in its

entirety an axiom that is perhaps true only of the physical universe, and applies it rigorously to history.

In the meantime, and while he worked at his 'Origins of Christianity,' important changes were brought about in the world, in France, and in the condition of Ernest Renan himself. A political revolution had not only reinstated him in that chair of Hebrew at the College of France, of which he had formerly been dispossessed for having begun his teaching with a lesson on 'The Part of the Semitic People in the History of Civilization'; but it had also made of him, without any effort of his own to obtain the honor, the theoretical or ideal head of what went by the name of anti-clericalism at that time among us. Boldnesses that a little while before would have been pronounced reckless or sacrilegious, were hardly more than boldnesses: and it was easy to see this even in England: for example, where the distinguished author of the book on the 'Origin of Species,' who formerly had thought necessary to take many precautions, not only dispensed with them, but may be said to have blushed for them, in his book on 'The Descent of Man.' The reputation of Ernest Renan increased, by the concurrence and combination of these circumstances. It was fostered all the more because, alone of all those who had maintained with him the struggle of free thought — the Taines, the Littrés, the Vacherots, the Schérers — he retracted nothing, he did not withdraw; he gave proof in his 'Antichrist' or in his 'Marcus Aurelius' of the same independence of mind as in his 'Life of Jesus.' His popularity was equal to his reputation. He became at last what is called a master of minds; criticism itself was appeased; and since a "literary sovereignty" is always necessary to us in France, in the decline of the old Hugo it was he whom our youth admired, followed, applauded.

This could not be too deeply regretted. The popularity that hitherto he had not sought, whose advances he had even disdained in other days, pleased him; he breathed its incense with delight. Unhappily he wished to make himself worthy of it; and it was then that he wrote his 'Caliban' (1878), his 'Fountain of Youth' (1880), his 'Priest of Némi' (1885), his 'Abbess of Jouarre' (1886). The worst *facetiæ* of Voltaire are scarcely more trivial. But he did not stop there. He taught that "as a man makes the beauty of that which he loves, so each one of us makes the sanctity of what he believes"; that "talent, genius, virtue even, are nothing by the side of beauty"; that among several means "of securing one's salvation," morphine or alcohol is no worse nor less certain than others; that a little crapulence and dissipation are not unbecoming to youth; and that, after all, no one can say whether our duty in this world is not to "amuse ourselves."

I hold in my hand a precious and curious copy of 'The Abbess of Jouarre,' bearing on the cover these few words of Renan: "*À M. B—— en souvenir de notre conversation d'hier*" [To Mr. B—— in memory of our conversation of yesterday]. I had been having a long talk with him about my in-

tention of speaking of 'The Abbess of Jouarre'; and doubtless fearing that I had not unraveled his exact thought, he had turned down the leaves of the volume, and underlined those places in the dialogue by which he desired to be judged. One of these places is the following: "O God of simple souls, why have I abandoned thee?" Did the great master of irony mock at me on that day? Several times since, I have asked myself this question; and without letting my vanity enter otherwise into the matter, it is indeed what I should have supposed, if afterwards we had not seen him quit this rôle and devote the last years of his life to composing his 'History of the People of Israel.' It is well known that he was not to see its completion; and the last volume was published after his death in 1892.

The author of 'The Origins of Christianity' is easily found there; and if the genius is not always the same, it is always the same method; only the structure is somewhat more summary and naked. Then too, some parts of it are — it must be said frankly — arid, unpleasant, tedious. The style no longer has the same ease, nor in the ease the same firmness. It is unequal, negligent, loaded with the terms of exact scholarship, science, and politics. But in default of a brilliant book, we still have here the idea of a brilliant book; and I know not if the history of Israel is explained by the struggle, often secular, of the Prophets against the Kings, of the religious ideal of the first against the political ideal of the second; but what cannot be doubted is, that this same idea throws a bright light on that history, which is all that is of interest here.

Of the other works of Renan, the most remarkable is his 'Discourse on the State of the Fine Arts in the Fourteenth Century': where he dealt with the conditions, the history, and the decline, of Gothic architecture, with no less ability than precision and brilliancy of style. The analysis that he gave of the philosophy of Duns Scotus is still a masterpiece of lucidity. The same may be said of his articles on William de Nogaret and Pierre du Boys — two of those jurists who have so greatly contributed to the formation of our monarchical unity; on Bertrand de Got, who was Pope in Avignon under the name of Clement V; on Christine de Stommeln. The diversity of these works also explains that variety of learning which constitutes one of the charms of the style of Renan, full of learned allusions, scarcely more than indicated.

Renan's great merit as a writer is to have annexed in some sort, to the domain of general literature, an entire vast province that before his time was not included in it. Just as Buffon, and before Buffon, Montesquieu, put into general circulation, the latter "universal jurisprudence" and the former "natural history," so Renan introduced exegesis and philology. But he made the mistake of shutting himself up in his domain; referring everything to it, as it were involuntarily; and of finally reaching a point where he no longer saw anything save at the angle and from the point of view of exegesis and philology. "Is he a good philologist?" is what he would willingly have inquired concerning any man, in order to regulate his opinion of him; and it

may be said that in all things he thought only of how exegesis could profit by them. This initial error explains the paradoxes of Renan in style and art.

From it have resulted other consequences as well; more serious and more lamentable. Of all the forms indeed that the concupiscence of the intellect — *libido sciendi,* as it is called in the Church — can put on, I believe that there is none more presumptuous than philological pride. Let us recall the measureless vanity of the scholars of the Renaissance, of a Poggio or of a Philelphus, when philology was yet taking only its first steps. In like manner, early introduced into the sanctuary of Oriental studies and of German exegesis, Renan drank in that sort of pride that the consciousness of knowing rare and singular things inspires. This pride in turn engendered that confidence in himself, which, beneath an appearance of dilettantism, remained to his last day the essential characteristic of Renan.

To this too is traceable the great defect in the very style of Renan, which is an aristocratic style if ever there was one — I mean a style that illuminates, that instructs, that pleases, that gives to the spirit or to the intellect all the satisfaction, let us even say all the delights, that can be expected of a great writer; but which does not move us, does not go to the heart, does not reach the spot where resolutions take shape: an egoistic style, if I may so say, of which the chief result is to create admiration of the writer's erudition, knowledge, and virtuosity. It has been possible to reproach some of Renan's contemporaries — the author of the 'Barbaric Poems,' for example, or the author of 'Salammbô' — with a lack of feeling. But how much more was not Renan lacking in it; and what can we say, what could we find in his work that he loved? This is why the reading of it is at once instructive and blighting.

Happily for him and for us, as we said at the beginning, the Breton in him lived on under the philologist, and the bells of the town of Ys kept on sounding in his heart. Whatever diligence he showed in reducing the religious problem to the terms of a strictly philological problem, he was unable to make a complete success of it. Nor did he succeed in separating religion from the religions; that is to say, in isolating the metaphysical or moral idea of the lessons that form the basis of its authority, from the observances that are its ritual envelope, from the symbols that are the very life of it, from the great hopes that are the poetry of it, and from the love that is the soul of it. And something of all this passed into his style. He could not help yielding, abandoning himself to the attraction of that which he tried to describe or to explain. So much so, that by a final irony which would perhaps have "amused" him, what is best in his work, the freshest, the truly exquisite, is what he put there, not at all unconsciously, but better still, in order to combat it; and his most beautiful pages are beautiful only because they are inspired, penetrated, impregnated, with the sense of the grandeur and value of all that he worked forty years to destroy.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE — Renan's 'Recollections of Childhood and Youth,' which appeared in 1883, is one of the most charming volumes of autobiography produced in the nineteenth century, and has won him numerous admirers among those for whom his religious writings have now less attraction than formerly.

His 'Correspondence' with his sister was published in 1896, and that with Berthelot in 1898.

BROTHER AND SISTER

From 'My Sister Henriette.' Copyright 1895, by Roberts Brothers

THE memory of men is but an imperceptible trace of the furrow which each of us leaves upon the bosom of infinity. And yet it is no vain thing. The consciousness of humanity is the highest reflective image that we know of the total consciousness of the universe. The esteem of a single individual is a part of the absolute Justice. Therefore, although noble lives need no other memory than that of God, there has in all ages been an effort to make their image permanent. I should be the more guilty did I fail to render this duty to my sister Henriette, since I alone knew the treasures of that elect soul. Her timidity, her reserve, her fixed opinion that a woman should live in retirement, cast over her rare qualities a veil which very few were permitted to lift. But those who belonged to the select few to whom she showed herself as she really was, would blame me if I did not strive to bring together all which may complete their memories. . . .

My sister's strong liking for domestic life was the result of an infancy spent in surroundings thus full of poetry and sweet melancholy. A few old nuns, driven from their convent by the Revolution and turned schoolmistresses, taught her to read and to recite the Psalms in Latin. She learned by heart all the music of the Church; bringing her mind to bear later upon those antique words, which she compared with French and Italian, she contrived to pick up a good deal of Latin, although she never studied it regularly. Her education, nevertheless, would necessarily have remained very incomplete, had it not been for a happy chance which gave her a teacher superior to any hitherto possessed by the country. The noble families of Tréguier had returned from exile completely ruined. A young girl belonging to one of those families, whose education was acquired in England, undertook to give lessons. She was a person distinguished alike for her taste and her manners; she made a deep impression upon my sister, and left behind a memory which never died.

The misfortunes by which my sister was early surrounded increased that tendency to concentration which was inborn with her. Our paternal grandfather belonged to a sort of clan of sailors and peasants which peoples the

entire province of Goëlo. He made a small fortune by his boat, and settled at Tréguier. Our father served in the fleet of the Republic. After the naval disasters of that time, he commanded ships on his own account, and was by degrees drawn into a considerable business. This was a great mistake. Utterly unskilled in such matters, simple and incapable of calculation, continually held back by that timidity which makes the sailor a complete child in practical affairs, he saw the little fortune which he had inherited gradually disappear in an abyss whose depth he could not fathom. The events of 1815 brought about commercial crises which were fatal to him. His weak and sentimental nature could not resist these trials; he gradually lost his interest in life. My sister hour by hour beheld the ravages which anxiety and misfortune made in that sweet and gentle soul, lost in an order of occupations for which it was not fitted. Amid these hard experiences she gained a precocious maturity. From the age of twelve she was a serious personage, burdened with cares, overwhelmed with grave thoughts and somber forebodings.

On his return from one of his long voyages on our cold, sad seas, my father had a final gleam of joy: I was born in February 1823. The arrival of this little brother was a great comfort to my sister. She clung to me with all the strength of a timid, tender heart, to which love is a necessity. I can still recall the petty tyrannies which I exercised over her, and against which she never rebelled. When she came forth bedecked to go to gatherings of girls of her age, I hung upon her skirts and implored her to return; then she would turn back, take off her holiday dress, and stay with me. One day, in jest, she threatened me that if I were not good she would die; she even feigned to be dead, reclining in an arm-chair. The horror which my dear one's silent motionlessness caused me is possibly the strongest impression which I ever received, fate not having permitted me to receive her last sigh. Beside myself with grief, I rushed at her, and gave her arm a terrible bite. She uttered a cry which still rings in my ears. To the reproaches lavished upon me, I made but one reply: "Then why did you die? will you die again?" . . .

From this time on, our condition was one of poverty. . . . My sister was seventeen. Her faith was still strong; and the thought of embracing a religious life had more than once strongly occupied her mind. On winter nights she took me to church under her cloak: it was a great pleasure for me to tramp over the snow, thus warmly sheltered from head to foot. If it had not been for me, she would undoubtedly have adopted a vocation which, considering her education, her pious tastes, her lack of fortune, and the customs of the country, seemed to be exactly suited to her. Her wishes turned especially towards the convent of St. Anne, at Lannion, where the care of sick people was combined with the education of young girls. Alas! perhaps, had she followed out this purpose, it would have been better for her own peace of mind. Yet she was too good a daughter and too affectionate a sister to prefer her own peace to her duty, even when religious prejudices in which she still shared

upheld her. Thenceforth she regarded herself as responsible for my future. On one occasion, I being clumsy and awkward in my movements, she saw that I was timidly trying to disguise a hole in a worn-out garment. She wept: the sight of that poor child destined to suffering, with other instinctive feelings, wrung her heart. She resolved to accept the struggle of life, and single-handed took up the task of filling the yawning gulf which our father's ill fortune had dug at our feet. . . .

I left St. Sulpice seminary in 1845. Thanks to the liberal and earnest spirit which ruled over that institution, I had carried my philologic studies very far; my religious opinions were greatly shaken thereby. Here again Henriette was my support. She had outstripped me in this path; her Catholic beliefs had wholly disappeared: but she had always refrained from exerting any influence over me upon this subject. When I told her of the doubts which tormented me, and which made it my duty to abandon a career for which absolute faith was requisite, she was enchanted, and offered to smooth the difficult passage. I entered upon life, scarce twenty-three years of age, old in thought, but as great a novice, as ignorant of the world, as any one could possibly be. I knew literally no one; I lacked the most ordinary advantages of a youth of fifteen. I was not even Bachelor of Arts. It was agreed that I should search the boarding-schools of Paris for some position which would square me, as the slang phase is — that is, would give me board and lodging without salary, at the same time leaving me abundant time for independent study. Twelve hundred francs, which she gave me, enabled me to wait; and to supplement all the deficiencies which such a position might entail. Those twelve hundred francs were the corner-stone of my life. I never exhausted them; but they gave me the requisite tranquillity of mind to think at my ease, and made it unnecessary for me to overburden myself with tasks which would have crushed me. Her exquisite letters were my consolation and my support at this turning-point in my life.

While I struggled with difficulties increased by my entire lack of experience of the world, her health suffered serious inroads in consequence of the severity of the winters in Poland. She developed a chronic affection of the larynx, which in 1850 became so serious that it was thought necessary for her to return. Moreover, her task was accomplished: our father's debts were paid; the small properties which he had left to us were now free from incumbrance, in the hands of our mother; my brother had won by his labor a position which promised to make him rich. We decided to unite our fortunes. In September 1850 I joined her in Berlin. Those ten years of exile had utterly transformed her. The wrinkles of old age were prematurely printed on her brow; of the charm which she still possessed when she took leave of me in the parlor of the St. Nicholas seminary, nothing now remained but the delicious expression of her ineffable goodness.

Then began for us those delightful years, the mere memory of which brings

tears to my eyes. We took a small apartment in a garden near Val-de-Grâce. Our solitude was absolute. She had no friends, and made little effort to acquire any. Our windows looked out upon the garden of the Carmelites in the Rue d'Enfer. The life of those recluses, during the long hours which I spent at the library, in some sort regulated her existence and afforded her only source of amusement. Her respect for my work was extreme. I have seen her in the evening sit for hours beside me, scarcely breathing for fear of interrupting me; yet she could not bear to have me out of her sight, and the door between our two bedrooms was always open. Her love was so discreet and so secure that the secret communion of our thoughts was enough for her. She, naturally so exacting, so jealous in her affections, was content with a few minutes out of the day, provided she was sure that she alone was loved. By her rigid economy, she provided for me, with singularly limited resources, a home where nothing was ever lacking, nay, which had its austere charm. Our thoughts were so perfectly in accord that we hardly needed to impart them each to the other. Our general opinions as to the world and God were identical. There was no shade of distinction, however delicate, in the theories which I resolved at that period, that she did not understand. Upon many points of modern history, which she had studied at the fountainhead, she outstripped me. The general purpose of my career, the plan of unwavering sincerity which I formed, was so thoroughly the combined product of our two consciences, that had I been tempted to depart from it, she would have stood beside me, like another self, to recall me to my duty.

Her share in the direction of my ideas was thus a very large one. She was a matchless secretary to me; she copied all my works, and grasped them so fully that I could depend upon her as upon a living index of my own thought. I am infinitely indebted to her in the matter of literary style. She read the proofs of everything I wrote; and her acute criticism, with infinite keenness, discovered errors which I had not observed. She had acquired an excellent mode of writing, wholly taken from antique sources; and so pure, so precise, that I think no one since the days of Port Royal ever set up an ideal of diction more perfectly correct. This made her very severe: she accepted very few modern writers; and when she saw the essays which I wrote before our reunion, and which I had not been able to send her in Poland, she was only half satisfied with them. She agreed with their tendency; and in any event she thought that in this order of intimate and individual thought, expressed with moderation, every one should give utterance with entire freedom to that which is in him. But the form struck her as careless and abrupt; she discovered exaggerated touches, a hard tone, a disrespectful way of treating language. She convinced me that one may say anything and everything in the simple, correct style of good authors; and that new expressions or violent images always proceed either from improper affectation or from ignorance of our genuine riches. Hence a great change in my mode of writing dates from my reunion

with her. I acquired the habit of composing with a view to her remarks, risking many touches to see what effect they would produce on her, and determined to sacrifice them if she asked me to do so. This mental process, when she ceased to live, became to me like the painful feeling of one from whom a limb has been amputated, who continually acts with a view to the lost limb. She was an organ of my intellectual life, and a portion of my own being truly entered the tomb with her.

In all moral matters we had come to see with the same eyes, and to feel with the same heart. She was so thoroughly familiar with my order of thought that she almost always knew beforehand what I was about to say, the idea dawning upon her and upon me at the same moment. But in one sense she was greatly my superior. In spiritual things I was still seeking material for interesting essays or artistic studies; with her nothing marred the purity of her intimate communion with the good. Her religion of the true could not endure the least discordant note. One thing that wounded her in my writings was a touch of irony which possessed me, and which I mingled with the best things. I had never suffered; and I found a certain philosophy in the discreet smile provoked by human weakness or vanity. This trick wounded her, and I gradually gave it up for her sake. I now know how right she was. The good should be simply good; any touch of mockery implies a remnant of vanity and of personal challenge which ends by being in bad taste. . . .

Her capacity for work was extraordinary. I have seen her, for days at a time, devote herself unceasingly to the task which she had taken up. She took part in editing educational journals, especially the one in charge of her friend, Mademoiselle Ulliac-Tremadeure. She never signed her name; and it was impossible, with her great modesty, that she could ever win in this line more than the esteem of a select few. Moreover, the detestable taste which in France presides over the composition of works meant for the education of women, left her no room to hope either for great satisfaction, or great success. It was particularly to oblige her friend, who was old and infirm, that she undertook this labor. The writings wherein she may be found entire are her letters. She wrote them to perfection. Her notes of travel were also excellent. I trusted to her to tell the unscientific part of our journey to the East. Alas! all knowledge of this side of my enterprise, which I left to her, perished with her. What I found on this head in her papers is very good. We hope to be able to publish it, completing it by her letters. We shall then publish a story which she wrote of the great maritime expeditions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. She made very extensive researches for this task; and she brought to bear on it a critical judgment very rare in works intended for children. She did nothing by halves: the rectitude of her judgment was shown in everything by an exquisite taste for solidity and truth.

She had not what is called wit, if by that word we understand something airy and sly, as is the French fashion. She never made a mock of anybody.

Malice was odious to her: she regarded it as a species of cruelty. I remember that at a *pardon* (pilgrimage) in Lower Brittany, to which we went in boats, our bark was preceded by another containing certain poor ladies, who, wishing to make themselves beautiful for the festival, had hit upon pitiful arrangements of their attire, which was in very bad taste. The people in whose company we were, laughed at them, and the poor ladies observed this. My sister burst into tears: it seemed to her barbarous to jest at well-meaning persons who had for a time forgotten their misfortunes in order to be cheerful; and who had perhaps submitted to great privations out of deference to the world. In her eyes, a ridiculous person was to be pitied; she at once loved him and took his part against those who scoffed at him.

Hence her aversion to the world, and the poor show which she made in ordinary conversation — almost always a tissue of malice and frivolity. She was prematurely old; and she generally added still more to her age by her dress and manners. She was a worshiper of misfortune; she hailed, almost cultivated, every excuse for tears. Sorrow became to her a familiar and agreeable feeling. Ordinary people did not in general understand her, and considered her somewhat stiff and embarrassed. Nothing which was not completely good could please her. Everything about her was true and profound; she could not dishonor herself. The lower classes, peasants, on the contrary, regarded her as exquisitely kind; and those who knew how to take her on the right side soon learned to recognize the depth of her nature and her real distinction.

She sometimes betrayed delightful feminine touches; she became a young girl again; she clung to life almost with a smile, and the veil between her and the world seemed to fall. These fleeting moments of delicious weakness, transient gleams of a vanished dawn, were full of melancholy sweetness. In this she was superior to persons who profess, in their gloomy abstraction, the detachment preached by the mystics. She loved life; she found a relish in it; she could smile at an ornament, at a feminine trifle, as we might smile at a flower. She did not say to Nature that frenzied "*Abrenuntio*" [I renounce thee] of Christian ascetism. Virtue to her was no stern rigor, no studied effort: it was the natural instinct of a beautiful soul aiming at goodness by a spontaneous exertion, serving God without fear or tremor. . . .

We know not the relations of great souls with the infinite; but if, as everything leads us to believe, consciousness be but a transitory communion with the universe — a communion which leads us more or less directly into the bosom of God — is it not for souls like hers that immortality is intended? If man have the power to carve out, after a Divine model which he does not select, a great moral personality, made up in equal parts of himself and of the ideal, it is surely this that lives with full reality. It is not matter that exists, since a unit is not that; it is not the atom which exists, since that is unconscious. It is the soul which exists, when it has truly made its mark in the eternal

history of the true and the good. Who ever fulfilled this high destiny better than did my dear one? Removed just as she attained to the full maturity of her nature, she could never have been more perfect. She had reached the pinnacle of virtuous life; her views in regard to the universe would not have been carried further; her measure of devotion and tenderness was running over.

Ah! but she might have been — without a doubt she might have been happier. I was dreaming of all sorts of small, sweet rewards for her; I had imagined a thousand foolish fancies to please her taste. I saw her old, respected like a mother, proud of me, resting at last in a peace without alloy. I longed to have her good and noble heart, which never ceased to bleed with tenderness, know a sort of calm — I may say a selfish moment — at last. God willed her to know here none but hard and rough roads. She died almost unrewarded. The hour for reaping what she had sown, for sitting down and looking back upon past sorrows and fatigues, never struck for her.

To tell the truth, she never thought of reward. That interested view, which often spoils the sacrifices inspired by positive religions, leading us to think that virtue is practised only for the usury to be derived from it, never entered into her great soul. When she lost her religious faith, her faith in duty was not lessened; because that faith was the echo of her inner nobility. Virtue with her was not the fruit of a theory, but the result of an absolute disposition of nature. She did good for its own sake, and not for her own salvation. She loved the beautiful and the true, without any of that calculation which seems to say to God, " Were it not for thy hell or thy paradise, I should not love thee."

But God does not let his saints see corruption. O heart wherein perpetually burned so sweet a flame of love — brain, seat of such pure thought — fair eyes, beaming with kindness — slender delicate hand, which I have so often pressed — I shudder with horror when I think that you are naught but dust. But all here below is but symbol and image. The truly eternal part of each of us is his relation to the infinite. It is in the recollection of God that man is immortal. It is there that our Henriette lives, forever radiant, forever stainless — lives a thousand times more truly than when she struggled with her frail organs to create her spiritual person, and when, cast into the midst of a world incapable of understanding her, she obstinately sought after perfection. May her memory remain with us as a precious argument for those eternal truths which every virtuous life helps to demonstrate. For myself, I have never doubted the reality of the moral order; but I now see plainly that the entire logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown if such lives were only trickery and delusion.

TO THE PURE SOUL OF MY SISTER HENRIETTE

Who died at Byblos, September 24, 1861. Dedication to the 'Life of Jesus.'
Copyright 1895, by Roberts Brothers

FROM the bosom of God, in which thou reposest, dost thou recall those long days at Ghazir when, alone with thee, I wrote these pages, inspired by the places we had visited together? Silent at my side, thou didst read each sheet, and and copy it as soon as written; while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were spread out at our feet. When the overpowering light had given place to the innumerable host of stars, thy delicate and subtle questions, thy cautious doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts. Thou saidst to me one day that this book would be dear to thee, because it had been written with thy aid, and because also it was after thine own heart. If at times thou didst fear for it the narrow judgment of frivolous men, thou wast ever persuaded that truly religious souls would in the end take delight in it. In the midst of these sweet meditations, Death struck us both with his wing; the sleep of fever overtook us at the same hour: I awoke alone! Thou sleepest now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblos, and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O good genius — to me whom thou lovedst — those truths which conquer death, deprive it of fear, and make it almost beloved.

THE SHARE OF THE SEMITIC PEOPLE IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

[From the Inaugural Address on assuming the Chair of Semitic Languages, in 'Studies of Religious History and Criticism.' Copyright 1864, by F. W. Christern.]

Gentlemen:

I AM proud to ascend this chair — the most ancient in the College of France — made illustrious in the sixteenth century by eminent men, and in our own generation occupied by a scholar of the merit of M. Quatremère. In creating the College of France as an asylum for liberal science, King Francis I laid down as the constitutional law of this grand foundation, the complete independence of criticism; the disinterested search for truth; impartial discussion, that knows no rules save those of good taste and sincerity.

Precisely this, gentlemen, is the spirit which I would fain bring to the instruction here. I know the difficulties that are inseparable from the chair which I have the honor to occupy. It is the privilege and the peril of Semitic studies, that they touch on the most important problems in the history of mankind. The free mind knows no limit; but the human race at large is far from having reached that stage of serene contemplation in which it has no need of beholding God in this or that particular order of facts, for the very reason that it sees him in everything. Liberty, gentlemen, had it been well understood, would have allowed these opposite claims to exist side by side. I hope that by your favor, this course will prove that they can. As I shall bring to my instructions no dogmatism; as I shall confine myself always to appeals to your reason, to the statement of what I think most probable, leaving you full liberty of judgment, who can complain? Those only who believe they have a monopoly of the truth; but these must renounce the claim to be the masters of the world. In our day Galileo would not go down on his knees to retract what he knew to be the truth. . . .

So much granted, if we ask what the Semitic peoples have contributed to this organic and living whole which is called civilization, we shall find in the first place that in polity we owe them nothing at all. Political life is perhaps the most peculiar and native characteristic of the Indo-European nations. These nations are the only ones that have known liberty, that have reconciled the State with the independence of the individual. To be sure, they are far from having always equally well adjusted these two opposite necessities. But among them are never found those great unitary despotisms, crushing all individuality, reducing man to the condition of a kind of abstract nameless function, as is the case in Egypt, China, and the Mussulman and Tartar despotisms. Examine successively the small municipal republics of Greece and of Italy, the Germanic feudalisms, the grand centralized organizations of which Rome gave the first model, whose ideal reappeared in the French Revolution — you find always a vigorous moral element, a powerful idea of the public good, sacrifice for a general object. In Sparta individuality was little protected; the petty democracies of Athens and of Italy in the Middle Ages were almost as ferocious as the most cruel tyrant; the Roman Empire became (in part, however, through the influence of the East) an intolerable despotism; feudalism in Germany resulted in regular brigandage; royalty in France under Louis XIV almost reached the excesses of the dynasties of the Sassanidæ or the Mongols; the French Revolution, while establishing with incomparable energy the principle of unity in the State, often strongly compromised liberty. But swift reactions have always saved these nations from the consequences of their errors. Not so in the East. The East, especially the Semitic East, has known no medium between the utter anarchy of the nomadic Arabs, and bloody unmitigated despotism. The idea of the commonweal, of the public welfare, is totally wanting among these nations. Liberty, true and

entire — such liberty as the Anglo-Saxon peoples have realized — and grand state organizations such as the Roman Empire and France have created, were equally unknown to them. The ancient Hebrews, the Arabs, have been or are at times the freest of men; but on condition of having the next day a chief who cuts off heads at his own good pleasure. And when this happens, no one complains of violated right: David seizes the scepter by means of an energetic *condottiérie,* which does not hinder his being a very religious man, a king after God's own heart; Solomon ascends the throne and maintains himself there by measures such as sultans in all ages have used, but this does not prevent his being called the wisest of kings. When the prophets storm against royalty, it is not in the name of a political right; it is in the name of theocracy. Theocracy, anarchy, despotism — such, gentlemen, is a summary of the Semitic polity; happily it is not ours. The political principle *drawn from the Holy Scriptures* (very badly drawn, it is true) by Bossuet, is a detestable principle. In polity, as in poetry, religion, philosophy, the duty of the Indo-European nations is to seek after nice combinations; the harmony of opposite things; the complexity so totally unknown among the Semitic nations, whose organization has always been of a disheartening and fatal simplicity.

In art and poetry, what do we owe them? In art, nothing. These tribes have but little of the artist; our art comes entirely from Greece. In poetry, nevertheless, without being their tributaries, we have with them more than one bond of union. The Psalms have become in some respects one of our sources of poetry. Hebrew poetry has taken a place with us beside Greek poetry, not as having furnished a distinct order of poetry, but as constituting a poetic ideal — a sort of Olympus where in consequence of an accepted prestige everything is suffused with a halo of light. Milton, Lamartine, Lamennais, would not exist, or at least would not exist as they are, but for the Psalms. Here again, however, all the shades of expression, all the delicacy, all the depth is our work. The thing essentially poetic is the destiny of man: his melancholy moods, his restless search after causes, his just complaint to heaven. There was no necessity of going to strangers to learn this. The eternal school here is each man's soul.

In science and philosophy we are exclusively Greek. The investigation of causes, knowledge for knowledge's own sake, is a thing of which there is no trace previous to Greece — a thing that we have learned from her alone. Babylon possessed a science; but it had not that pre-eminently scientific principle, the absolute fixedness of natural law. Egypt had some knowledge of geometry, but it did not originate the 'Elements' of Euclid. As for the old Semitic spirit, it is by its nature anti-philosophic, anti-scientific. In Job, the investigation of causes is represented as almost an impiety. In Ecclesiastes, science is declared to be a vanity. The author, prematurely surfeited, boasts of having studied everything under the sun, and of having found nothing but vanity. Aristotle, who was almost his contemporary, and who might have said

with more reason that he had exhausted the universe, never speaks of his weariness. The wisdom of the Semitic nations never got beyond parables and proverbs. We often hear of Arabian science and philosophy; and it is true that during one or two centuries in the Middle Ages, the Arabs were our masters, but only, however, until the discovery of the Greek originals. As soon as authentic Greece emerges, this Arabian science and philosophy — these miserable translations — become useless; and it is not without reason that all the philologists of the Renaissance undertake a veritable crusade against them. Moreover, on close examination, we find that this Arabian science had nothing of the Arab in it. Its foundation is purely Greek: among those who originated it, there is not one real Semite; they were Spaniards and Persians writing in Arabic. The Jews of the Middle Ages acted also as simple interpreters of philosophy. The Jewish philosophy of the epoch is unmodified Arabic. One page of Roger Bacon contains more of the true scientific spirit than does all that second-hand science, worthy of respect certainly as a link of tradition, but destitute of all noble originality.

If we examine the question with reference to moral and social ideas, we shall find that the Semitic ethics are occasionally very lofty and very pure. The code attributed to Moses contains elevated ideas of right. The prophets are at times very eloquent tribunes. The moralists, Jesus son of Sirak, and Hillel, reach a surprising grandeur. Let us not forget, finally, that the ethics of the Gospel were first preached in a Semitic tongue. On the other hand, the Semitic nature is in general hard, narrow, egotistical. This race possesses noble passions, complete self-devotions, matchless characters. But there is rarely that delicacy of moral sense which seems to be the especial endowment of the Germanic and Celtic races. Tender, profound, melancholy sentiments, those dreams of the infinite in which all the faculties of the soul blend, that grand revelation of duty which alone gives a solid basis to our faith and our hopes — are the work of our race and our climate. Here then the task is divided. The moral education of humanity is not the exclusive merit of any race. The reason is quite simple: morals are not taught any more than poetry; fine aphorisms do not make the honest man; each one finds goodness in the loftiness of his nature, in the immediate revelation of his heart.

In industrial pursuits, inventions, external civilization, we owe certainly much to the Semitic peoples. Our race, gentlemen, did not set out with a taste for comfort and for business. It was a moral, brave, warlike race, jealous of liberty and honor, loving nature, capable of sacrifice, preferring many things to life. Trade, the arts of industry, were practised for the first time on a grand scale by the Semitic tribes; or at least by those speaking a Semitic language — the Phœnicians. In the Middle Ages, also, the Arabs and the Jews were our instructors in commercial affairs. All European luxury, from ancient times till the seventeenth century, came from the East. I say luxury, and not art: the distance from one to the other is infinite. Greece, which in

point of art was immensely superior to the rest of mankind, was not a country of luxury: there the magnificence of the Great King's palace was spoken of with disdain; and were it permitted to us to see the house of Pericles, we should probably find it hardly habitable. I do not insist on this point, for it would be necessary to consider whether the Asiatic luxury — that of Babylon, for instance — is really due to the Semites; I doubt it, for my part. But one gift they have incontestably made us: a gift of the highest order, and one which ought to place the Phœnicians, in the history of progress, almost by the side of the Hebrews and the Arabs, their brothers — writing. You know that the characters we use at this day are, through a thousand transformations, those that the Semites used first to express the sounds of their language. The Greek and Latin alphabets, from which all our European alphabets are derived, are nothing else than the Phœnician alphabet. Phonetics, that bright device for expressing each articulate sound by a sign, and for reducing the articulate sound to a small number (twenty-two), is a Semitic invention. But for them, we should perhaps be still dragging along painfully with hieroglyphics. In one sense we may say that the Phœnicians, whose whole literature has so unfortunately disappeared, have thus laid down the essential condition of all vigorous and precise exercise of thought.

But I am eager, gentlemen, to come to the prime service which the Semitic race has rendered to the world — its peculiar work, its providential mission, if I may so express myself. We owe to the Semitic race neither political life, art, poetry, philosophy, nor science. What then do we owe to them? We owe to them religion. The whole world — if we except India, China, Japan, and tribes altogether savage — has adopted the Semitic religions. The civilized world comprises only Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans. The Indo-European race in particular, excepting the Brahmanic family and the feeble relics of the Parsees, has gone over completely to the Semitic faiths. What has been the cause of this strange phenomenon? How happens it that the nations who hold the supremacy of the world have renounced their own creed to adopt that of the people they have conquered?

The primitive worship of the Indo-European race, gentlemen, was charming and profound, like the imagination of the nations themselves. It was like an echo of nature, a sort of naturalistic hymn, in which the idea of one sole cause appears but occasionally and uncertainly. It was a child's religion, full of artlessness and poetry, but destined to crumble at the first demand of thought. Persia first effected its reform (that which is associated with the name of Zoroaster) under influences and at an epoch unknown to us. Greece, in the time of Pisistratus, was already dissatisfied with her religion, and was turning towards the East. In the Roman period, the old pagan worship had become utterly insufficient. It no longer addressed the imagination; it spoke feebly to the moral sense. The old myths on the forces of nature had become changed into fables; not infrequently amusing and ingenious, but destitute

of all religious value. It is precisely at this epoch that the civilized world finds itself face to face with the Jewish faith. Based upon the clear and simple dogma of the Divine unity; discarding naturalism and pantheism by the marvelously terse phrase, "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth"; possessing a law, a book, the depository of grand moral precepts and of an elevated religious poetry — Judaism had an incontestable superiority; and it might have been foreseen then that some day the world would become Jewish — that is to say, would forsake the old mythology for Monotheism. An extraordinary movement which took place at this epoch in the heart of Judaism itself decided the victory. By the side of its grand and incomparable qualities, Judaism contained the principle of a narrow formalism, of an exclusive and scornful fanaticism; this was the Pharisaic spirit which became later the Talmudic spirit. Had Judaism been merely Phariseeism it would have had no future. But this race had within itself a truly remarkable religious activity. Like all the noble races, moreover, it combined contrary elements: it knew how to react on itself, and to develop at need qualities the very opposite of its defects.

In the midst of the enormous ferment in which the Jewish nation was plunged under the last Asmoneans, there took place in Galilee the most wonderful moral event which history has ever recorded. A matchless man — so grand, that although here all must be judged from a purely scientific point of view, I would not gainsay those who, struck with the exceptional character of his work, call him God — effected a reform in Judaism; a reform so radical, so thorough, that it was in all respects a complete creation. Having reached a higher religious plane than ever man reached before, having attained the point of regarding himself in his relation to God as a son to his father, devoted to his work with a forgetfulness of all else and a self-renunciation never so sublimely practised before, the victim at last of his idea and deified by death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity — the religion of the soul, stripped of everything sacerdotal, of creed, of external ceremonies, accessible to every race, superior to all castes, in a word absolute: "Woman, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father; but when the true worshipers shall worship him in spirit and in truth." The vital center was established to which humanity must for centuries refer its hopes, its consolations, its motives for well-doing. The most copious source of virtue that the sympathetic touch of a sublime conscience ever caused to well up in the heart of man was opened. The lofty thought of Jesus, hardly comprehended by his disciples, suffered many lapses. Christianity, notwithstanding, prevailed from the very first; and prevailed supremely over other existing religions. These religions, which pretended to no absolute value, which had no strong organizations, and which represented no moral idea, offered but feeble resistance. Some attempts which were made to reform them in accordance with the new needs of humanity, and to introduce

into them an earnest moral element — the effort of Julian, for instance — failed completely. The Empire, which clearly saw its principle threatened by the birth of a new power, the Church, resisted at first energetically. It ended by adopting the faith it had opposed . . .

But after this incomparable victory the religious fecundity of the Semitic race was not exhausted. Christianity, absorbed by Greek and Latin civilization, had become a Western institution. The East, its cradle, was precisely the land in which it encountered the most formidable obstacles. Arabia in particular, in the seventh century, could not make up its mind to become Christian. Hesitating between Judaism and Christianity, native superstitions and the remembrance of the old patriarchal faith, recoiling from the mythologic elements which the Indo-European race had introduced into the heart of Christianity, Arabia wished to return to the religion of Abraham; she founded Islamism. Islamism, in its turn, appeared immensely superior amidst the debased religions of Asia. With one breath it overturned Parsism, which had been vigorous enough under the Sassanidæ to triumph over Christianity, and reduce it to the condition of an insignificant sect. India in its turn saw, but without being converted, the Divine unity proclaimed victoriously in the midst of its obsolete pantheon. Islamism, in a word, won over to monotheism almost all the heathen whom Christianity had not yet converted. It is finishing its mission in our days by the conquest of Africa, which is becoming at this time almost wholly Mussulman. With a few exceptions, of secondary importance, the world has been thus conquered entire by the monotheistic apostleship of the Semites.

Do we mean to say that the Indo-European nations, in adopting the Semitic dogma, have completely given up their own individuality? No indeed. In adopting the Semitic religion, we have modified it profoundly. Christianity, as popularly understood, is in reality our work. Primitive Christianity, consisting essentially of the apocalyptic belief in a Kingdom of God, which was about to come; Christianity as it existed in the mind of a St. James, of a Papias — was very different from our Christianity, incumbered with metaphysics by the Greek Fathers and with scholasticism by the Middle Ages, and by the progress of modern times reduced to a teaching of morality and charity. The victory of Christianity was secured only when it broke completely its Jewish shell, when it became again what it had been in the lofty purpose of its founder — a creation released from the narrow trammels of the Semitic mind. This is so true that the Jews and Mussulmans feel only aversion to this religion, the sister of their own, but which in the hands of another race has clothed itself with an exquisite poetry, with a delicious attire of romantic legends. Refined, sensitive, imaginative souls, such as the author of the 'Imitation,' the mystics of the Middle Ages, and the saints in general, professed a religion which had indeed sprung from the Semitic genius, but had been transformed from its very foundation by the genius of modern nations,

especially of the Celts and Germans. That depth of sentimentalism, that species of religious languor of a Francis d'Assisi, of a Fra Angelico, were the precise opposite of the Semitic genius, which is essentially hard and dry.

As regards the future, gentlemen, I see in it more and more the triumph of the Indo-European genius. Since the sixteenth century an immense event, until then undecided, has been coming out with striking vigor. It is the definitive victory of Europe, the accomplishment of this old Semitic proverb: "Let God increase Japhet, and let him dwell in the tents of Shem, and let Canaan (Cham?) be his servant."

Till that time the Semitic spirit had been master on its soil. The Mussulman East defeated the West; had better arms and a better political system; sent it riches, knowledge, civilization. Henceforward the parts are changed. European genius rises with peerless grandeur; Islamism, on the contrary, is slowly decomposing — in our days it is falling with a crash. At the present time, the essential condition of a diffused civilization is the destruction of the peculiarly Semitic element, the destruction of the theocratic power of Islamism; consequently the destruction of Islamism itself: for Islamism can exist only as an official religion; as soon as it shall be reduced to the state of a free personal religion, it will perish. Islamism is not merely a State religion, as Catholicism was in France under Louis XIV, as it still is in Spain: it is religion excluding the State; it is an organization the type of which, in Europe, the Pontifical States alone exhibited. There is the endless strife; the strife which will cease only when the last son of Ishmael shall have died of misery, or shall have been driven by terror into the depths of the desert. Islam completely negatives Europe; Islam is fanaticism, such as Spain under Philip II and Italy under Pius V have scarcely known; Islam is contempt for science, suppression of civil society; it is the appalling simplicity of the Semitic spirit cramping the human intellect, closing it against every delicate thought, every fine feeling, every rational inquiry, to confront it with an eternal repetition: — *God is God.*

The future, gentlemen, belongs then to Europe, and to Europe alone. Europe will conquer the world; and spread through it her religion, which is law, liberty, respect for man — the belief that there is something Divine in the heart of humanity. In all departments, progress for the Indo-European people will consist in departing farther and farther from the Semitic spirit. Our religion will become less and less Jewish; more and more will it reject all political organizations as connected with the affairs of the soul. It will become the religion of the heart, the innermost poetry of every soul. In ethics we shall cultivate a refinement unknown to the austere natures of the Old Alliance; we shall become more and more Christian. In polity we shall reconcile two things which the Semitic nations have always ignored — liberty and a strong state organization. From poetry we shall demand expression for that instinct of the infinite which is at once our joy and our torment — at all events our

greatness. From philosophy, instead of the *absolute* of the scholastics, we shall demand delicate studies on the general system of the universe. In everything we shall seek after fine distinctions — subtlety instead of dogmatism, the relative in place of the absolute. There is the future, as I anticipate it, if the future is to belong to progress. Shall we attain a clearer view of the destiny of man and his relations with the infinite? Shall we know more surely the law of the origin of beings, the nature of conscience, what is life and personality? Without lapsing into credulity, and still persisting in its path of positive philosophy, will the world recover its joy, its ardor, its hope, its deeper thoughts? Will existence become again worth the possessing, and will the man who believes in duty find in duty his reward? This science to which we consecrate our life — will it render back to us what we sacrifice to it? I know not. But this is certain, that in seeking out truth by scientific methods we shall have done our duty. If truth be cheerless, we shall at least have the consolation of having honestly discovered it: we may say that we deserved to find it more consoling — still, we will bear this witness in our hearts, that we have been thoroughly sincere.

To tell the truth, I cannot dwell on such thoughts. History demonstrates that there is in human nature a transcendent instinct that urges it towards a nobler aim. The development of man is inexplicable on the hypothesis that man is only a being with an already finished destiny, virtue only a refined egotism, religion but a chimera. Let us work on, then, gentlemen. Whatever the author of Ecclesiastes may say in a moment of discouragement, science is not "the meanest occupation that God has given to the sons of men." It is the best. If all be vanity, he who has consecrated his life to truth will be no more duped than others. If all the good and true be real — and we are sure that they are — their seeker and lover will have unquestionably breathed the finest spirit.

We shall not meet again, gentlemen. At my next lecture, I shall plunge into Hebraic philology, where the greater number of you will not follow me. But I pray those who are young, and to whom I may be allowed to offer a word of counsel, to favor me with their attention. The impulse which is in you, and which has shown itself more than once during this lecture in a manner so honorable to me, is praiseworthy in its principle and of good promise; but do not let it degenerate into frivolous activity. Direct your attention to solid studies; believe that the liberal thing *par excellence* is cultivation of mind, nobleness of heart, independence of judgment. Prepare for our country generations ripe for all that makes the glory and the ornament of life. Beware of rash enthusiasms; and remember that liberty is won only by earnestness, respect for ourselves and others, devotion to the commonweal, and to the special work that each of us in this world is called upon to establish or to continue.

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE

FEW writers of recent times have exercised, not only in France but outside of France, a greater influence than Taine; and at first this seems strange, when one considers superficially the nature of his works. Even though he wrote an excellent 'History of English Literature,' and showed rare powers of mind in his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' there are many histories of the French Revolution, some of which are based on better information or are no less eloquent than his; there are some less tedious to read: and what can we say of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Dryden, or of Shelley, that would be new enough, after so much that others have said, to modify ever so little the thought of a whole generation? But let us look a little closer and more attentively: we ought to join to the 'History of English Literature' and the 'Origins of Contemporary France' a book like 'The Philosophy of Art,' or 'On the Intelligence'; in these works it is necessary to grasp, in the midst of the diversity of subjects, the points in common. And one then sees how true it is that over and above being a treatise on the matter in hand — a history of the French Revolution or an analysis of the power of comprehension — all these works are applications, examples, or "illustrations," of a method conceived as universal or universally applicable, having for its object the separation of the principles of critical judgment from the variations of individual opinion. It is this that makes the greatness of Taine's work, and it is this that explains his far-reaching influence. It is this, no less, that is meant by those who profess to see in him not a "critic," nor a "historian," but a "philosopher." And finally, it is from this point of view, at once very general and very particular, that he must be seen to be appreciated at his true worth.

Taine's life was uneventful. Born at Vouziers, in the Ardennes mountains, in 1828, he entered the École Normale of Paris in 1848; a provincial professor, obliged to send in his resignation on account of his independent spirit and freedom of thought; professor of esthetics and the history of art at the École des Beaux-Arts; indifferent to outside affairs and superior to most of the vanities that beset mankind — Taine is of that small number of writers who live solely in order to think, and who, according to Flaubert's phrase, have seen in their surroundings, in history, or even in the universe itself, only "what could contribute to the personal perfection of their intelligence." It is, moreover, entirely unnecessary, in tracing a faithful portrait of him, to linger over useless details, or to republish trivial anecdotes concerning him which contain nothing characteristic, and would not help us to know him better.

We should go directly to the point, and keep in view solely that which, together with his literary gift, was of unique interest in him — I mean the evolution of his thought.

Apparently there was something disconcerting in it, and it is, curiously enough, a fact that in his last years he counted among his adversaries some of his most ardent admirers of former times, and on the other hand among his supporters those very ones against whom his works were employed somewhat like a machine of war. Nay more, in his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' when, after showing at the outset — and according to his own expression — that the abuses of the old order of things had made the France of 1789 uninhabitable, he had next assailed with still more violence the religion of the Revolution and the Napoleonic idolatry, it may be said that he would have turned against him the entire thinking world of France, if two things had not protected him: the brilliance of his talent and his evident sincerity. It was not he, however, who had changed! No more was it his adversaries nor his admirers, nor even the trend of ideas or the spirit of the times. But in going to the bottom of his first principles he had himself seen unexpected results developing from them, and in contact with the better-known reality, these principles in their turn shifting and modifying themselves, but not undergoing a fundamental change. What resemblance is there between the acorn and the oak, between a grain and a stalk of wheat, between the caterpillar and the chrysalis? And yet one proceeds from the other. And can we say that they are not the same?

His first ambition, summed up in a phrase become almost proverbial — "Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar" — had been to communicate to the sciences called moral and political that absolute certainty which, like all the scholars and philosophers of his generation, he was accustomed to attribute to the physical or natural sciences; and in fact, this is what he tried to do in his essay on 'La Fontaine and his Fables' (1855), in his 'Essay on Livy' (1856), in his 'Historical and Critical Essays' (1856–58), and above all in his 'History of English Literature' (1863). Starting with the principle that "Moral things, like physical things, have appendages and conditions," he proposed to determine them and to show (the examples are his own) that between a box hedge at Versailles, a decree of Colbert, and a tragedy of Racine, there are relations that enable us to recognize in them so many manifestations, not involuntary but yet unconscious, of the same general state of mind. Today nothing seems simpler, or rather more commonplace. Scarcely less so appears the analysis that he has given of the elements or factors of that state of mind: the Race, the Environment, the Moment. We all admit that between 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'Tartuffe' there is an initial and fundamental difference; which means that Shakespeare was an Englishman who wrote for English people, and Molière a Frenchman who wrote for French people. We are equally able to conceive without the

least difficulty that the court of Louis XIV did not in all points resemble that of Elizabeth, and that consequently the pleasures of an Essex and a Leicester were differently ordered from those of a Guiche and a Lauzun. And finally, we have no difficulty in understanding that to all these differences must be added still another; namely, that of the *moment,* or of the change that takes place from one century or from one generation to another in the general civilization of the world. It is not possible to reason before and after Descartes in the same way; and the discoveries or inventions of Newton have fundamentally modified the very substance of the human intellect. If it has happened that some dilettanti have doubted this, still it is precisely what Taine has demonstrated with an abundance of illustrations, a wealth of knowledge — literary, historical, philosophical, scientific — with an incomparable vigor and brilliancy of style. If he has "invented" nothing, in the somewhat rough sense in which this word is used elsewhere, and if the theory of environments, for example, goes back at least to Hippocrates, he has set the seal of talent on inventions that had not yet received it; he has popularized them, made them familiar even to those who do not understand them; and so mingled them with the current of ideas that they have become anonymous, and today we must make an effort of history and of justice if we would restore to him what may be called their literary paternity.

How is it then that in their time they stirred up so much opposition, and from so many sides? For while the worth of the writer was recognized, there was about 1860 an almost universal protest against the philosopher. One reproached him with his pantheism, another with his materialism, a third with his fatalism. The French Academy, intimidated by the public outcry, dared not crown the 'History of English Literature.' The saying was now applied to Taine which is employed in France against all innovators; namely, that "whatever was true in his doctrine was not new, and whatever was found to be new in it was false." And finally, for nothing more than having wished to give literary criticism a basis less fragile and above all less fluctuating than individual impression, or because he tried, as we have said, to determine the conditions of objective critical judgment, Taine was classed in the camp of "dangerous spirits" and "free-thinkers." A little more and he would have been accused of bringing on the destruction of society. What then had he said other or more than what we have just said, and how had it been understood?

The truth is that in all times, threatened interests are apt to deceive themselves in their choice of defensive weapons — and fortunately! for after all, what would become of us if all conquerors were as able to keep as to capture? — but they are rarely deceived as to the bearing of the attacks that are directed against them. And in truth I do not think that at this epoch Taine had yet pronounced the enlightening word, nor had he yet perceived all the consequences of his doctrine — and we shall soon see why: but his adversaries

had perfectly understood that thenceforth his design was to "solder the moral sciences to the natural sciences," or, to use a better word, to identify them; and if his attitude in the presence of the "products of the human intellect" was not that of a materialist, they did not err in taking it for that of a naturalist. Let the naturalist study the tiger or the sheep, he is equally unbiased and feels the same kind of interest in either case; and the first step in his science is to forget that man is the tiger's lamb. Nor does he change his habit of mind, still less his method, when instead of the rose or the violet it is belladonna or digitalis that he studies. The author of the 'History of English Literature' proceeded in like manner. He excluded from his research every consideration of an esthetic or moral order, retaining only what he saw in it that was natural or physical. He delivered, properly speaking, no judgment upon 'Othello,' nor upon 'Hamlet,' and still less upon Shakespeare; he expressed no personal opinion whatever, nor indeed any opinion at all. In fact, it is not an opinion to believe that two and two make four, and that a ruminant and a carnivorous animal have not the same kind of teeth. He analyzed only; he resolved combinations of forces into their elements. He classified feelings and ideas, as a series of ethers or alcohols is classified. Before a canvas of Rembrandt or a sculpture of Donatello he made an abstraction of art emotion or moral sentiment. His intellect alone was occupied with it. And what was the result of this method, if it did not, as in natural history, reduce to the same level all the "products of the human intellect"? This is the meaning of the phrase, "Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar." Just as sugar and vitriol contain nothing irreducible by chemical analysis, so neither vice nor virtue contains anything inaccessible to ideological analysis. This Taine's adversaries thoroughly understood; and if we would find the reasons for their exasperation against him, we need only consider what was the scope of the affirmation.

In fact, since for at least six thousand years the destiny of the human species has differed profoundly from that of all the other animal species, what principle would serve as a basis for applying to the study of mankind the same processes that are applied in that of the animal creation? Here is a very simple question to which no one has yet given a satisfactory answer: "The mistake of all moralists," Spinoza had said in his 'Ethics,' "is to consider man in nature as an empire within an empire"; and such is the opinion of Taine, as well as of all those who confound the history of nature and that of humanity. But they have never proved that they had the right to confound them; and when they have shown, what is not difficult to understand, that we form a part of nature, they forget, on the other hand, that we are excepted from nature by all the characteristics that constitute the normal definition of humanity. To be a man is precisely not to be a brute; and better still, that which we call nature in the animal is imperfection, vice, or crime in the man.

This is the first point: now for the second. Suppose we should succeed in

reducing ourselves completely to what is absolutely animal in us; suppose our industries to be only a prolongation of the industry of the bee or of the ant, and our very languages a continuation of the beast's cry or the bird's song: our arts and our literatures would always be human things, uniquely, purely, human, and consequently things not to be reasoned about independently and outside of the emotion that they offer to our sensibility; since that emotion is not merely their object, but also their excuse for being and their historical origin. There is no "natural" architecture or painting: these are the invention of man — human in their principle, human in their development, human in their object. Let us put it still more strongly: If some day humanity should disappear altogether, the material of science would exist exactly as before. The worlds would continue to roll through space, and the external geometry, impossible to be conceived by us, would continue no less to obey its own laws. But what would become of art? and if there is no doubt that the very notion of it would be blotted out with humanity, what is that method which, the better to study its "dependences and conditions," begins by abstracting it, isolating it, and as it were severing it from the most evident, the straitest, and strictest of those dependences?

This is just what Taine, who was a sincere and loyal spirit, could scarcely fail sooner or later to perceive. He had just been appointed Professor of Esthetics and of the History of Art at the École des Beaux-Arts; and to rise to the height of his task, by completing his art education, Taine, who formerly had been fed only on Greek and Latin, had begun by visiting the museums of Italy. This was a revelation to him, proof of which may be found in the pages, themselves so full of color, of his 'Journey to Italy' (1866). But above all, his very method had in this way been utterly transformed. He perceived the impossibility of being ideological in painting, and consequently of treating in the same manner a geological crust and a masterpiece of art. Behold an impossibility. A poor writer — a writer who writes badly, incorrectly, tediously, pretentiously, with no feeling either for art or for the genius of his language — can say things true, things useful, things profound; and we know examples of such writers. But one does not think in colors; and what sort of a painter is it who can neither draw nor paint, and what can we say is left of such a painter? Natural history and physiology have no hold here, but talent is indispensable. A critical judgment, then, can be delivered only by expressing certain preferences; and the history of art is essentially qualitative. Taine knew this, or rather he succumbed to it; and from year to year, in the four works which have since been united under the common title of 'The Philosophy of Art,' he was observed to relinquish the naturalist's impartiality which he had affected till then, and re-establish against himself the reality of that esthetic criterion that he had so energetically denied.

In this regard, the 'Philosophy of Art,' which is not the best-known portion of his work, is not the least interesting, nor the least characteristic. In it he

is far from abandoning his theory of the Race, the Environment, the Moment; on the contrary, his theories of Greek architecture and Dutch painting ought to be reckoned among the number of his most admirable generalizations. Nor did he relinquish the aid of natural history; on the contrary, he has nowhere more skilfully drawn support from Cuvier, from Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, from Darwin. It was still upon the basis of natural history, upon the principles of the permanence of characteristics and of the convergence of effects, that he tried to found his classifications. But for all that, when he reached his conclusion, truth was too strong for him; and the supreme criterion by which he thought that the value of a work should be judged, was what he himself called the "degree of beneficence of its character." So much had not been asked of him: and here it may be observed that none of those French philosophers whom he had so ridiculed had said more nor as much; neither Théodore Jouffroy, nor Victor Cousin himself in his famous book — 'Of the True, of the Beautiful, of the Good.' They had simply arrived at analogous conclusions by wholly different roads. Have I any need to show that the beneficence of the characteristic is a human criterion if ever there was one — purely human — I should say almost sociological? But it is perhaps more important to note that there was no contradiction in the evolution of Taine's thought. He had simply and consistently recognized that art, being made for man and by man, cannot be studied as we study natural objects; which are not at all our work, and concerning which the Christian, the spiritualist, in fact everybody, can very well say or believe that they were made for us — but not the naturalist.

Nevertheless, while the thought of Taine was thus developing, certain of his disciples adhered closely to his 'Critical and Historical Essays,' and drew from them the theory of literary naturalism. This is not the place to set it forth, still less to discuss it. But the important thing to note is, that the disciples were right in believing that they were applying the principle of the master; and on his side the master was no more in error than they, when he protested that those were not his principles. He had gone beyond them, but he had surely taught them; and this was precisely where the whole misunderstanding arose. His followers had stopped half-way from the summit that their master toiled to reach. They stayed where they were, while he continued his journey. One last step remained for him to take; and this he accomplished by devoting his last years to the 'Origins of Contemporary France' (1875–1894), and particularly in writing his 'Old Régime' and the first volume of his 'Revolution.'

It is commonly said, apropos of this, that the events of 1870, and above all those of 1871, were a kind of crisis for Taine — depriving him of his former lucidity of impressions, and taking away at the same time his liberty of judgment. This may be: but on the one hand, nothing is less certain; and on the other, in spite of all that can be said, there is no more opposition or

contradiction between the author of the 'Origins of Contemporary France' and that of the 'Philosophy of Art,' than between the author of the 'Philosophy of Art' and that of the 'History of English Literature.' We are ready to accuse a writer of contradicting himself when we fail to perceive the reason for the progress of his ideas; and to reproach him for defective logic, it suffices us that his own has a wider scope than ours. In fact, the 'Origins of Contemporary France' is clearly the work of the same systematic and vigorous mind as the 'Critical and Historical Essays.' But just as in passing from the history of ideas to the history of works, Taine had recognized the necessity of an esthetic criterion, so also he was obliged to recognize, in passing from the history of works to the history of deeds, the necessity of a moral criterion. There lay all the difference: and yet again, to make sure that there is no contradiction, we have only to recall what the principal object of his inquiry was; namely, "On what grounds can a critical judgment be formed?" and to extract this certainty from the variations and caprices of individual opinions.

In attempting history Taine was compelled to see that men cannot be treated like abstractions, and that the moral sciences are decidedly not natural sciences. He was obliged to admit to himself that the verities here were constituted after another order, and could not be reached by the same means. In his endeavor to explain, in some of the most beautiful pages he ever wrote, the genesis, the slow and successive formation, the laborious formation, of the ideas of conscience and of honor, he was unable to find either a "physical basis" or an "animal origin" for them. He became equally aware that there were no beautiful crimes nor beautiful monsters, as he had believed in the days of his youth; and he felt that to affect, in the presence of the massacres of September or of the Reign of Terror, the serene indifference of the chemist in his laboratory, was not to serve the cause of science, but to betray that of humanity. "This volume, like those that have preceded it," he wrote in 1884, in the 'Preface' to the third volume of his 'Revolution,' "is written only *for the lovers of moral zoölogy, for the naturalists of the intellect. . . .* and not for the public, which has taken its stand and made up its mind concerning the Revolution." Why did he not simply say that the more closely he studied human acts, the better he saw their distinguishing and original character; that without abandoning any of his former principles, he had simply adapted their first rigidity to the exigencies of the successive problems that he had studied; and that after cruelly ridiculing at the outset the subordination of all questions to the moral question, he had himself gone over to that side? If this was an avowal that cost him little, perhaps, it is nevertheless the philosophical significance of his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' and it is the last limit of the evolution of his thought.

It is moreover in this way that the unity of his system and the extent of his influence are explicable. In literature first, then in art, and finally in history, he wished to set a foundation for certainty; and — let us reiterate it — "sep-

arate the reality of things from the fluctuations of individual opinion." If everyone agrees in placing Shakespeare above Addison, 'Coriolanus' or 'Julius Cæsar' above 'Cato,' and everyone prefers the methods of government of Henry IV to those of Robespierre, there are reasons for it which are not merely sentimental, but positive; and out of the midst of school or party controversy, Taine desired to draw the evidence for them and establish an incontestable formula. And in truth, he himself yielded more than once to the attraction of the subject he chose at first only as material for experiments. So it sometimes happens that a naturalist lingers in admiration over an animal he meant only to dissect. Taine forgot his theories at times in the presence of Raphael and Michelangelo, of Rembrandt or of Rubens — even forgot that he was a theorist. But his 'History of English Literature' is not, properly speaking, a history of English literature, nor his 'Origins of Contemporary France' a history of the Revolution: they are only a demonstration of the objectivity of the critical judgment by means of the history of the Revolution or of English Literature.

To feel convinced of this, it is enough to read those of his works that I have not yet dealt with: his 'Essay on Livy,' his 'Journey to the Pyrenees,' his 'Thomas Graindorge,' his 'Notes on England,' or his 'Note-Books of Travel.' Not only does he never lose sight in them of his principal object, but in all that he sees or in all that is told him, he notes or retains only what is in accordance with his critical preoccupations. A landscape to him is not a landscape, but a milieu; and a characteristic custom is not a characteristic custom for him, but a commentary on the race. In the museums of Italy as in the streets of London, he sees only "permanences of qualities" or "convergences of effects." If it happens that he becomes interested in the spectacle of things, he repents of it and recovers himself. Facts are for him only materials; and they have value in his eyes only in so far as they enter into the construction of his edifice. And doubtless this is why not only do the English not admit the truth of his 'Notes on England,' but the French are still farther from granting the truth of those that he set down in his 'Note-Books of Travel.'

On the other hand, here is the very reason for the range and depth of his influence, if in all that we have just said of him we need change only a few words in order to say it of an Auguste Comte, of a Hegel, or of a Spinoza. These are great names, I am well aware! But when I consider what were, before Taine's time, those ideas that he has marked with the seal of his literary genius, so hard at times, but so vigorous; when I recall in what a nebulous state, so to speak, they floated in the mind; and when I see to what a degree they now form the substance of contemporary thought — I feel it cannot be contested, that Taine recreated our methods; and though there are other merits in the history of thought, there are none greater. Therein lay his honor, and there rests his claim to glory. *He renewed the methods of criticism.* It is this that the future will not forget. One may discuss the value of his opinions,

literary, esthetic, historical; one can refuse to take him for guide — combat him, refute him perhaps; and one may prefer to his manner of writing, so powerful and so telling, often charged with too many colors, and generally too emphatic, the manner of such-and-such of his contemporaries — the treacherous charm of Sainte-Beuve, the fleeting grace of Renan: but no one more than he is certain of having "made an epoch"; and to grasp the full meaning of this phrase, it suffices to reckon, in the history of the literatures, how many there are to whom it can be applied!

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE — Taine died in 1893. His 'Correspondence,' which covered a period of nearly fifty years, was published between 1903 and 1907. His other works of importance, chronologically arranged, are: 'Essay on the Fables of La Fontaine' (1853, re-edited 1860); 'Essay on Livy' (1856); 'The Classical Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century in France' (1857); 'Essays in Criticism and History' (1858); 'History of English Literature' (1864–1869); 'New Essays in Criticism and History' (1865); 'Philosophy of Art in Holland' (1865); 'Philosophy of Art in Italy' (1866); 'On the Ideal in Art' (1867); 'Philosophy of Art in Greece' (1869); 'On Intelligence' (1870); 'Origins of Contemporary France' (1875–1894); 'Last Essays in Criticism and History' (1894).

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ENGLISH MIND

From 'Notes on England'

THE interior of an English head may not unaptly be likened to one of Murray's Handbooks, which contains many facts and few ideas; a quantity of useful and precise information, short statistical abridgments, numerous figures, correct and detailed maps, brief and dry historical notices, moral and profitable counsels in the guise of a preface — no view of the subject as a whole, none of the literary graces — a simple collection of well-authenticated documents, a convenient memorandum for personal guidance during a journey. A Frenchman requires that everything and every piece of writing should be cast in a pleasing form; an Englishman is satisfied if the substance be useful. A Frenchman loves ideas in and for themselves; an Englishman employs them as instruments of mnemonics or of prevision. . . .

The impression produced is the same if we consider in turn the journals, the reviews, and the oratory of the two nations. The special correspondent of an English journal is a sort of photographer who forwards proofs taken on the spot; these are published untouched. Sometimes indeed there are discrepancies

between the arguments in the leading articles and the statements in the letter. The latter are always extremely lengthy and detailed: a Frenchman would abridge and lighten them; they leave on him a feeling of weariness: the whole is a jumble; it is a badly hewn and unwieldy block. The editor of a French journal is bound to help his correspondent, to select from his materials what is essential, to pick out from the heap the three or four notable anecdotes, and to sum up the whole in a clear idea, embodied in a telling phrase. Nor is the difference less perceptible if their great quarterlies and our reviews are contrasted. An article in ours, even an article on science or political economy, must possess an exordium, a peroration, a plan; every one in the Revue des Deux Mondes commences with an exposition of general ideas. With them, facts, figures, and technical details predominate: their articles are exceedingly heavy, excepting in the hands of a Macaulay; they are excellent quarries filled with solid but unshapen stones, requiring additional workmanship in order to fit them for general use. Moreover, in Parliament and public meetings, English eloquence is hampered by documents, while French eloquence evaporates in theories.

English education tends to produce this result. . . . Recently, however, new discoveries and Continental methods of education have gained entrance: still, even at this day, the system of education is better fitted for strengthening than for expanding the mind; graduates leave the universities as they leave a course of gymnastics, bringing away with them no conception whatever of man or the world. Besides, there is one ready-made, and very acceptable, which a young man has no difficulty in adopting. In France no fixed limit bounds his thoughts: the Constitution, ten times altered, has no authority; the religion is that of the Middle Ages; the old forms are in discredit, the new are merely chalked out. From the age of sixteen he is assailed by doubt; he oscillates: if he has any brains, his most pressing need is to construct for himself a body of convictions, or at least of opinions. In England the mold is prepared; the religion is almost rational, and the Constitution excellent; awakening intelligence there finds the broad lines of future beliefs already traced. The necessity for erecting a complete habitation is not felt; the utmost that appears wanting relates to the enlargement of a Gothic window, the cleansing of a cellar, the repair of a staircase. English intellect, being less unsettled, less excited, is less active, because it has not scepticism for a spur.

Through all channels, open from infancy to the close of life, exact information flows into an English head as into a reservoir. But the proximity of these waters does not yet suffice to explain their abundance: there is a slope which invites them, an innate disposition peculiar to the race — to wit, the liking for facts, the love of experiment, the instinct for induction, the longing for certitude. Whoever has studied their literature and their philosophy, from Shakespeare and Bacon to the present day, knows that this inclination is hereditary, and appertains to the very character of their minds; that it is bound up with

their manner of comprehending truth. According to them the tree must be judged by its fruit, and speculation proved by practice; they do not value a truth unless it evokes useful applications. Beyond practical truths lie only vain chimeras. Such is man's condition: a restricted sphere, capable of enlargement, but always walled in; a sphere within which knowledge must be acquired, not for its own sake, but in order to act — science itself being valuable only to the office which verifies it and for the purpose which it serves.

That being granted, it appears to me that the ordinary furnishing of an English head becomes discernible. As well as I can judge, an educated Englishman possesses a stock of facts three or four times in excess of that possessed by a Frenchman of corresponding position — at least in all that relates to language, geography, political and economical truths, and the personal impressions gained in foreign parts by contact with men and living objects. On the other hand, it frequently happens that the Englishman turns his big trunk to less account than the Frenchman does his little bag. This is perceptible in many books and reviews; the English writer, though very well informed, being limited in his range. Nothing is rarer among them than free and full play of the soaring and expanding intellect. Determined to be prudent, they drag their car along the ground over the beaten track; with two or three exceptions, not one now makes readers think. More than once, when in England, after having conversed with a man, I was surprised at his store of knowledge, alike varied and sound, and also to find him so deficient in ideas. At this moment I can recall five or six who were so largely endowed as to be entitled to take general views. They paused, however, half-way, arriving at no definite conclusion. They did not even experience a desire to co-ordinate their knowledge in a sort of system: they possessed only partial and isolated ideas; they did not feel either the inclination or the power to connect them together under a philosophical conception. Their language bears the best witness to this, it being extremely difficult to translate somewhat lofty abstractions into English. Compared with French, and above all with German, it is what Latin is to Greek. . . . Their library of words is wanting in an entire row of compartments — namely, the upper ones; they have no ideas wherewith to fill them.

TYPICAL ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN

From 'Notes on England'

AT bottom the essential thing in a country is man. Since my arrival I have made a collection of types, and I class them with those I had collected last year. . . . Arranged in groups, the following are those which have struck me most: —

First, the robust individual, largely and solidly built, the fine colossus, at times six feet high and broad in proportion. This is very common among soldiers, notably among the Life Guards, a select body of men. Their countenance is fresh and blooming, their flesh magnificent; it might be supposed they had been chosen for an exhibition of human products, like picked prize beets and cauliflowers. They have a fund of good-humor, sometimes of good-nature, generally of awkwardness. . . . In point of mass they are monuments; but there may be too much of a good thing, and movement is so essential to matter! Other monuments, rather less tall, but even fresher and more varnished, are the servants of a great house. They wear white cravats with large faultless bows, scarlet or canary-colored knee-breeches; they are magnificent in shape and amplitude — their calves especially are enormous. . . . The coachmen are prodigiously broad-shouldered and well developed: how many yards of cloth must be required to clothe such figures? These are the favorites of creation, the best fed, the most easy-going, all chosen and picked in order to act as specimens of the nation's physique. . . .

There is the same athletic and full-fleshed type among the gentlemen; I know four or five specimens among my acquaintances. Sometimes the excess of feeding adds a variety. This was true of a certain gentleman in my railway carriage on the Derby day: large ruddy features, with flabby and pendent cheeks, large red whiskers, blue eyes without expression, an enormous trunk in a short light jacket, noisy respiration; his blood gave a tinge of pink to his hands, his neck, his temple, and even underneath his hair: when he compressed his eyelids, his physiognomy was as disquieting and heavy as that seen in the portraits of Henry VIII; when in repose, in presence of this mass of flesh, one thought of a beast for the butcher, and quietly computed twenty stone of meat. Toward fifty, owing to the effect of the same diet seasoned with port wine, the figure and the face are spoiled, the teeth protrude, the physiognomy is distorted, and they turn to horrible and tragical caricature.

The last variety is seen among the common people, where spirits take the place of port, among other places in the low streets which border the Thames: several apoplectic and swollen faces, whereof the scarlet hue turns almost to black; worn-out, blood-shot eyes like raw lobsters; the brute brutalized. Lessen the quantity of blood and fat, while retaining the same bone and structure, and increasing the countrified look; large and wild beard and mustache, tangled hair, rolling eyes, truculent muzzle, big knotted hands — this is the primitive Teuton issuing from his woods: after the portly animal, after the overfed animal, comes the fierce animal, the English bull.

All this is rare enough; these are the extremes of type. Much more common is the laboring animal: the great bony body, full of protuberances and projections, not well set up, ungainly, clumsy, slightly automatic, but of strong build, and as capable of resistance as of effort. It is not less common among gentlemen, clergymen, the liberal professions, than among the people. . . .

Place in this powerful frame of bones and muscles the lucid, calm, active intelligence developed by special education, or by complete education, and you will have the fine variety of the same type: the serious, capable man, worthy of commending, in whom during the hour of need one may and one ought to place confidence, who will accomplish difficult tasks. In spick-and-span new clothes, in too light a dress, the disparity between the habit and its wearer is not far from being grotesque. But fancy him on the bridge of a vessel, in battle — or simply in a counting-house at the head of twenty clerks, on the bench and pronouncing decisions, governing fortunes or lives — he will be beautiful, morally beautiful. This body can contain the soul without succumbing.

Many of the women have the same power of growth and structure, more frequently indeed than in France; out of every ten young girls one is admirable, and upon five or six a naturalist painter would look with pleasure. On horseback especially, and in full gallop, they are amazons; not only by their skill and the firmness of their seat, but on account of their figure and their health. In their presence one thinks of the natural form of life, Grecian and gymnastic. Yesterday one of them in a drawing-room, tall, with well-developed bust and shoulders, blooming cheeks, active, and without too much expression, seemed to me to be made to live in the avenues of a park, or in the great hall of a castle, like her sister the antique statue, in the free air of the mountains, or under the portico of a temple upon the seashore; neither the one nor the other could breathe in our small Parisian dwellings. The mauve silk of the dress follows the form from the neck to the hips, descends and spreads forth like a lustrous wave: in order to depict her as a goddess it would require the palette of Rubens, his rosy red spread over a tint of milk, his large masses of flesh fixed by one dash of the brush; only here the contour is more severe, and the head is nobler. Yet, even when the physiognomy and the form are commonplace the whole satisfies the mind: a solid bony structure, and upon it healthy flesh, constitute what is essential in a living creature.

There are two probable causes: the one, which is of a special character — the hereditary conformation of the race; the other, which is the custom of open-air living and bodily exercise. A review spoke recently about the rude, unfeeling health which slightly startles delicate foreign ladies, and attributes it to riding on horseback and the long walks which English ladies take in the country. To these advantages are joined several inconveniences: the fair complexion is easily and quickly spoilt; in the case of many young ladies, the nose reddens early; they have too many children, and this deteriorates them. You marry a blonde, slender woman with a clear complexion: ten years afterwards you will perhaps have at your side a housekeeper, a nurse, a sitting hen. I have in my mind two or three of these matrons, broad, stiff, and destitute of ideas; red face, eyes the color of blue china, huge white teeth — forming the tricolor flag. In other cases the type becomes exaggerated: one sees extraordi-

nary asparagus-sticks planted in spreading dresses. Moreover, two out of every three have their feet shod with stout masculine boots; and as to the long projecting teeth, it is impossible to train oneself to endure them. Is this a cause, or an effect, of the carnivorous diet? The too ornate and badly adjusted dress completes these disparities. It consists of violet or dark-crimson silks, of grass-green flowered gowns, blue sashes, jewelry — the whole employed sometimes to caparison gigantic jades who recall discharged heavy-cavalry horses, sometimes vast well-hooped butts which burst in spite of their hoops. Of this cast was a lady I saw in Hyde Park one day, on horseback, followed by her groom. She was fifty-five, had several chins, the rest in proportion, an imperious and haughty mien; the whole shook at the slightest trot, and it was hard not to laugh.

POLITE EDUCATION

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

THE Duc de Lauzun finds it difficult to obtain a good tutor for his son; for this reason, the latter writes, "he conferred the duty on one of my late mother's lackeys who could read and write tolerably well, and to whom the title of valet-de-chambre was given to insure greater consideration. They gave me the most fashionable teachers besides; but M. Roch (which was my mentor's name) was not qualified to arrange their lessons, nor to qualify me to benefit by them. I was, moreover, like all the children of my age and of my station, dressed in the handsomest clothes to go out, and naked and dying with hunger in the house": and not through unkindness, but through household oversight, dissipation, and disorder; attention being given to things elsewhere. One might easily count the fathers who, like the Marshal de Belle-Isle, brought up their sons under their own eyes, and themselves attended to their education methodically, strictly, and with tenderness. As to the girls, they were placed in convents: relieved from this care, their parents only enjoy the greater freedom. Even when they retain charge of them, the children are scarcely more of a burden to them. Little Félicité de Saint-Aubin sees her parents "only on their waking up and at meal-times." Their day is wholly taken up: the mother is making or receiving visits; the father is in his laboratory or engaged in hunting. Up to seven years of age the child passes her time with chambermaids, who teach her only a little catechism, "with an infinite number of ghost stories." About this time she is taken care of, but in a way which well portrays the epoch. The marquise her mother, the author of mythological and pastoral operas, has a theater built in the chateau; a great crowd of company resorts to it from Bourbon-Lancy and Moulins: after rehearsing twelve weeks the little girl, with a quiver of arrows and blue wings,

plays the part of Cupid, and the costume is so becoming she is allowed to wear it for common during the entire day for nine months. To finish the business they send for a dancing and fencing master, and still wearing the Cupid costume, she takes lessons in fencing and in deportment. "The entire winter is devoted to playing comedy and tragedy." Sent out of the room after dinner, she is brought in again only to play on the harpsichord or to declaim the monologue of Alzire before a numerous assembly. Undoubtedly such extravagances are not customary: but the spirit of education is everywhere the same; that is to say, in the eyes of parents there is but one intelligible and rational existence — that of society — even for children; and the attentions bestowed on these are solely with a view to introduce them into it or to prepare them for it.

Even in the last years of the ancient régime, little boys have their hair powdered, "a pomatumed chignon [*bourse*], ringlets, and curls"; they wear a sword, the hat under the arm, a frill, and a coat with gilded cuffs; they kiss young ladies' hands with the air of little dandies. A lass of six years is bound up in a whalebone waist; her large hoop-petticoat supports a skirt covered with wreaths; she wears on her head a skilful combination of false curls, puffs, and knots, fastened with pins, and crowned with plumes, and so high that frequently "the chin is half-way down to her feet"; sometimes they put rouge on her face. She is a miniature lady, and she knows it: she is fully up in her part, without effort or inconvenience, by force of habit; the unique, the perpetual instruction she gets is that on her deportment: it may be said with truth that the fulcrum of education in this country is the dancing-master. They could get along with him without any others; without him the others were of no use. For without him, how could people go through easily, suitably, and gracefully, the thousand and one actions of daily life — walking, sitting down, standing up, offering the arm, using the fan, listening and smiling, before eyes so experienced and before such a refined public? This is to be the great thing for them when they become men and women, and for this reason it is the thing of chief importance for them as children. Along with graces of attitude and of gesture, they already have those of the mind and of expression. Scarcely is their tongue loosened when they speak the polished language of their parents. The latter amuse themselves with them and use them as pretty dolls; the preaching of Rousseau, which during the last third of the last century brought children into fashion, produces no other effect. They are made to recite their lessons in public, to perform in proverbs, to take part in pastorals. Their sallies are encouraged. They know how to turn a compliment, to invent a clever or affecting repartee, to be gallant, sensitive, and even witty. The little Duc d'Angoulême, holding a book in his hand, receives Suffren, whom he addresses thus: "I was reading Plutarch and his 'Illustrious Men.' You could not have entered more *à propos*." The children of M. de Sabran, a boy and a girl, one eight and the other nine, having taken lessons from the comedians Sainval and Larive, come to Versailles to play before the king and

queen in Voltaire's 'Oreste'; and on the little fellow being interrogated about the classical authors, he replies to a lady, the mother of three charming girls, "Madame, Anacreon is the only poet I can think of here!" Another, of the same age, replies to a question of Prince Henry of Prussia with an agreeable impromptu in verse. To cause witticisms, insipidities, and mediocre verse to germinate in a brain eight years old — what a triumph for the culture of the day! It is the last characteristic of the régime which after having stolen man away from public affairs, from his own affairs, from marriage, from the family, hands him over, with all his sentiments and all his faculties, to social worldliness — he and all that belong to him. Below him fine ways and forced politeness prevail, even with his servants and tradesmen. A Frontin has a gallant unconstrained air, and he turns a compliment. An Abigail needs only to be a kept mistress to become a lady. A shoemaker is a "monsieur in black," who says to a mother on saluting the daughter, "Madame, a charming young person, and I am more sensible than ever of the value of your kindness"; on which the young girl, just out of a convent, takes him for a suitor and blushes scarlet. Undoubtedly less unsophisticated eyes would distinguish the difference between this pinchbeck louis d'or and a genuine one; but their resemblance suffices to show the universal action of the central mint — machinery which stamps both with the same effigy, the base metal and the refined gold.

A society which obtains such ascendancy must possess some charm: in no country indeed, and in no age, has so perfect a social art rendered life so agreeable. Paris is the schoolhouse of Europe — a school of urbanity to which the youth of Russia, Germany, and England resort to become civilized. Lord Chesterfield in his letters never tires of reminding his son of this, and of urging him into these drawing-rooms, which will remove "his Cambridge rust." Once familiar with them they are never abandoned; or if one is obliged to leave them, one always sighs for them. "Nothing is comparable," says Voltaire, "to the genial life one leads there, in the bosom of the arts and of a calm and refined voluptuousness; strangers and monarchs have preferred this repose — so agreeably occupied and so enchanting — to their own countries and thrones. The heart there softens and melts away like aromatics slowly dissolving in moderate heat, evaporating in delightful perfumes." Gustavus III, beaten by the Russians, declares that he will pass his last days in Paris in a house on the boulevards; and this is not merely complimentary, for he sends for plans and an estimate. A supper or an evening entertainment brings people two hundred leagues away. Some friends of the Prince de Ligne "leave Brussels after breakfast, reach the opera in Paris just in time to see the curtain rise, and after the spectacle is over, return immediately to Brussels, traveling all night."

Of this delight, so eagerly sought, we have only imperfect copies; and we are obliged to revive it intellectually. It consists, in the first place, in the pleas-

ure of living with perfectly polite people: there is no enjoyment more subtle, more lasting, more inexhaustible. The self-love of man being infinite, intelligent people are always able to produce some refinement of attention to gratify it. Worldly sensibility being infinite, there is no imperceptible shade of it permitting indifference. After all, man is still the greatest source of happiness or of misery to man; and in those days the ever-flowing fountain brought to him sweetness instead of bitterness. Not only was it essential not to offend, but it was essential to please: one was expected to lose sight of oneself in others, to be always cordial and good-humored, to keep one's own vexations and one's own breast, to spare others melancholy ideas, and to supply them with cheerful ideas. "Was any one old in those days? It is the Revolution which brought old age into the world. Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, neat, gracious, perfumed, playful, amiable, affectionate, and good-tempered, to the day of his death. People then knew how to live and how to die; there was no such thing as troublesome infirmities. If any one had the gout, he walked along all the same and made no faces; people well brought up concealed their sufferings. There was none of that absorption in business which spoils a man inwardly and dulls his brain. People knew how to ruin themselves without letting it appear, like good gamblers who lose their money without showing uneasiness or spite. A man would be carried half dead to a hunt. It was thought better to die at a ball or at the play, than in one's bed between four wax candles and horrid men in black. People were philosophers: they did not assume to be austere, but often were so without making a display of it. If one was discreet, it was through inclination, and without pedantry or prudishness. People enjoyed this life, and when the hour of departure came they did not try to disgust others with living. The last request of my old husband was that I would survive him as long as possible, and live as happily as I could." [So discourses her beautiful grandmother to George Sand.]

DRAWING-ROOM LIFE

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

ONE can very well understand this kind of pleasure in a summary way, but how is it to be made apparent? Taken by themselves the pastimes of society are not to be described: they are too ephemeral; their charm arises from their accompaniments. A narrative of them would be but tasteless dregs — does the libretto of an opera give any idea of the opera itself? If the reader would revive for himself this vanished world, let him seek for it in those works that have preserved its externals or its accent; and first in the pictures and engravings of Watteau, Fragonard, and the Saint-Aubins,

and then in the novels and dramas of Voltaire and Marivaux, and even in Collé and Crébillon *fils:* then do we see the breathing figures and hear their voices. What bright, winning, intelligent faces, beaming with pleasure and with the desire to please! What ease in bearing and gesture! What piquant grace in the toilet, in the smile, in vivacity of expression, in the control of the flute-like voice, in the coquetry of hidden meanings! How involuntarily we stop to look and listen! Attractiveness is everywhere — in the small *spirituelle* heads, in the slender hands, in the rumpled attire, in the pretty features, in the demeanor. The slightest gesture, a pouting or mutinous turn of the head, a plump little wrist peering from its nest of lace, a yielding waist bent over an embroidery frame, the rapid rustling of an opening fan, is a feast for the eyes and the intellect. It is indeed all daintiness, a delicate caress for delicate senses, extending to the external decoration of life, to the sinuous outlines, the showy drapery, and the refinements of comfort in the furniture and architecture.

Fill your imagination with these accessories and with these figures, and you will take as much interest in their amusements as they did. In such a place and in such company it suffices to be together to be content. Their indolence is no burden to them, for they sport with existence. At Chanteloup, the Duc de Choiseul, in disgrace, finds the fashionable world flocking to see him; nothing is done, and yet no hours of the day are unoccupied. "The duchess has only two hours' time to herself, and these two hours are devoted to her toilet and her letters: the calculation is a simple one — she gets up at eleven, breakfasts at noon, and this is followed by conversation, which lasts three or four hours; dinner comes at six, after which there is play and the reading of the memoirs of Madame de Maintenon." Ordinarily "the company remains together until two o'clock in the morning." Intellectual freedom is complete. There is no confusion, no anxiety. They play whist and tric-trac in the afternoon and faro in the evening. "They do today what they did yesterday, and what they will do tomorrow; the dinner-supper is to them the most important affair in life, and their only complaint in the world is of their digestion. Time goes so fast I always fancy that I arrived only the evening before." Sometimes they get up a little race, and the ladies are disposed to take part in it, "for they are all very spry and able to run around the drawing-room five or six times every day." But they prefer indoors to the open air; in these days true sunshine consists of candle-light, and the finest sky is a painted ceiling — is there any other less subject to inclemencies, or better adapted to conversation and merriment? They accordingly chat and jest, in words with present friends, and by letters with absent friends. They lecture old Madame du Deffand, who is too lively, and whom they style the "little girl"; the young duchess, tender and sensible, is "her grandmamma." As for "grandpapa," M. de Choiseul, "a slight cold keeping him in bed, he has fairy stories read to him all day long: a species of reading to which we are all given; we find them as probable as modern history. Do not imagine that he is unoccupied. He has had a tapestry

frame put up in the drawing-room; at which he works, I cannot say with the greatest skill, but at least with the greatest assiduity. . . . Now our delight is in flying a kite: grandpapa has never seen this sight, and he is enraptured with it." The pastime, in itself, is nothing; it is resorted to according to opportunity or the taste of the hour — now taken up and now let alone — and the abbé soon writes: "I do not speak about our races, because we race no more; nor of our readings, because we do not read; nor of our promenades, because we do not go out. What then do we do? Some play billiards, others dominoes, and others backgammon. We weave, we ravel, and we unravel. Time pushes us on, and we pay him back."

Other circles present the same spectacle. Every occupation being an amusement, a caprice or an impulse of fashion brings one into favor. At present it is unraveling; every white hand at Paris, and in the châteaux, being busy in undoing trimmings, epaulettes, and old stuffs, to pick out the gold and silver threads. They find in this employment the semblance of economy, an appearance of occupation — in any event something to keep them in countenance. On a circle of ladies being formed, a big unraveling bag of green taffeta is placed on the table, which belongs to the lady of the house; immediately all the ladies call for their bags, and "*voilà les laquais en l'air*" [see the lackeys run about]. It is all the rage. They unravel every day and several hours in the day; some derive from it a hundred louis d'or per annum. The gentlemen are expected to provide the materials for the work: the Duc de Lauzun, accordingly, gives to Madame de V—— a harp of natural size, covered with gold thread; an enormous golden fleece, brought as a present from the Comte de Lowenthal, and which cost two or three thousand francs, brings, picked to pieces, five or six hundred francs. But they do not look into matters so closely. Some employment is essential for idle hands, some manual outlet for nervous activity; a humorous petulance breaks out in the middle of the pretended work. One day, when about to go out, Madame de R—— observes that the gold fringe on her dress would be capital for unraveling; whereupon, with a sudden inspiration, she cuts one of the fringes off. Ten women suddenly surround a man wearing fringes, pull off his coat, and put his fringes and laces into their bags; just as if a bold flock of tomtits, fluttering and chattering in the air, should suddenly dart on a jay to pluck off its feathers: thenceforth a man who enters a circle of women stands in danger of being stripped alive.

All this pretty world has the same pastimes, the men as well as the women. Scarcely a man can be found without some drawing-room accomplishment, some trifling way of keeping his mind and hands busy, and of filling up the vacant hour: almost all make rhymes, or act in private theatricals; many of them are musicians and painters of still-life subjects. M. de Choiseul, as we have just seen, works at tapestry; others embroider or make sword-knots. M. de Francueil is a good violinist, and makes violins himself; and besides this he is "watchmaker, architect, turner, painter, locksmith, decorator, cook, poet,

music-composer, and he embroiders remarkably well." In this general state of inactivity it is essential " to know how to be pleasantly occupied in behalf of others as well as in one's own behalf." Madame de Pompadour is a musician, an actress, a painter, and an engraver. Madame Adelaide learns watchmaking, and plays on all instruments from a horn to the jew's-harp; not very well, it is true, but as well as a queen can sing, whose fine voice is never more than half in tune. But they make no pretensions. The thing is to amuse oneself and nothing more; high spirits and the amenities of the hour cover all. Rather read this capital account of Madame de Lauzun at Chanteloup: — " Do you know," writes the abbé, " that nobody possesses in a higher degree one quality which you would never suspect of her — that of preparing scrambled eggs? This talent has been buried in the ground — she cannot recall the time she acquired it; I believe that she had it at her birth. Accident made it known, and immediately it was put to the test. Yesterday morning, an hour forever memorable in the history of eggs, the implements necessary for this great operation were all brought out — a heater, some gravy, some pepper, salt, and eggs. Behold Madame de Lauzun, at first blushing and in a tremor, soon with intrepid courage, breaking the eggs, beating them up in the pan, turning them over, now to the right, now to the left, now up and now down, with unexampled precision and success! Never was a more excellent dish eaten." What laughter and gaiety in the group comprised in this little scene; and not long after, what madrigals and allusions! Gaiety here resembles a dancing ray of sunlight; it flickers over all things, and reflects its grace on every object.

ÉMILE AUGIER

AMONG the French dramatists of the last century, Émile Augier holds a commanding position; although lacking poetical genius he possessed a vigorous dramatic talent, was a keen observer of society, and brilliantly painted its typical characters. His kinship with his great predecessors Molière and Beaumarchais was plain almost from the beginning of his career, and theater-goers of today can still enjoy his 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' and 'L'Aventurière.'

Guillaume Victor Émile Augier was born at Valence on September 17, 1820. On the completion of his education he was expected to enter the legal profession, but literary tastes, possibly inherited from a gifted grandfather, Pigault Lebrun, led him to Paris, where he devoted himself to letters. His first play 'La Ciguë' [The Hemlock] was presented at the Odéon in 1844. It was a slight, graceful thing in verse, which the public received warmly. Encouraged by this success, Augier brought out during the next ten years a number of semi-serious verse plays; in these there became more and more marked a tendency to use the drama as a vehicle for the propagation of some moral or social thesis. With 'Le Mariage d'Olympe' (1854) Augier inaugurated a series of works based exclusively upon such teaching; each was written with a definite purpose in the author's mind, from which he never allowed himself to be diverted. Yet in spite of this Augier's dramatic ability was great enough to preserve his plays from sinking into mere didacticism — we are always interested in the fate of his characters, although we cannot fail to see that they are representative of states of mind or society with which he was dissatisfied. This is because Augier made them far more than mere lay figures through the mouths of which he uttered his opinions. He drew his material straight from the life of the Second Empire; his situations were such as he had perceived it building up around him; his dialogue is the talk of its financiers, noblemen, and adventuresses worked into a strong supple prose.

Undoubtedly the best known of Augier's plays today is 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' (1855), which he wrote in collaboration with Jules Sandeau the novelist. Here the writers have brought face to face two of the types predominating in the society of their age — the ruined nobleman, who has retained his family pride, and the prosperous *bourgeois* with secret hankerings after a title. The dramatic contact is achieved through the marriage arranged between Gaston de Presles and the daughter of a newly-rich shop-keeper, M. Poirier. The scene where Gaston and his father-in-law quarrel and find the joints in each other's harness is immensely diverting, and deservedly popular

with French audiences. Augier brings about a reconciliation between the two through the fine behavior of Gaston's wife, who shows both the contestants that true nobility lies, not in birth nor in titles, but in character.

'La Contagion' (1866), as well as several other dramas, takes up a theme which lay particularly near Augier's heart — the danger to the home which the invasion of the family circle by the *demi-monde* represents. In 'La Dame aux Camélias,' Dumas has placed the repentant courtesan in a favorable light, and had justified her reception into society; Augier strenuously opposed this attempt at rehabilitation. His 'Le Mariage d'Olympe' shows how an unscrupulous woman can threaten the happiness of a noble family through her marriage with an inexperienced young man. But Olympe herself is removed from the scene by a pistol shot. 'La Contagion' further develops the theme. Here the evil has spread; the whole group of characters brought into contact with the adventuress is tainted. A hard, materialistic scepticism has taken the place of the old faith in honor and nobility.

Others of Augier's later productions, such as 'Les Effrontés' (1861) and 'Les Fourchambault' (1878), his last play, deal with the social and political problems agitating France at the time they were written. 'Les Effrontés,' through the person of Vernouillet, an utterly cynical, unscrupulous journalist, who uses his control of the press to further his personal ends, attacks the pushing business-man of Paris. In 'Les Fourchambault' Augier makes a powerful plea for the solidarity of the family against the forces inimical to it, which tend to tear it apart.

If Augier's point of view in all these dramas is that of a sound common-sense bourgeois, unable to sympathize with the eccentricities and aberrations of less heavily-ballasted temperaments, it must not be forgotten that he felt he was carrying out a duty to society in writing as he did. After a careful, discriminating inquiry into French life of his time, he was convinced that unless the typically French institution of the "foyer" was preserved from corruption and disintegration, his country was on the road to ruin. Hence the earnestness with which he conducted his dramatic campaign. While the questions Augier took up are not now of such burning importance even to Parisian audiences, and certainly not to those of other capitals, the sheer talent he showed in developing character and setting it off by means of artistic contrast has kept his greatest plays alive, and will continue to do so. M. Poirier, to name no other creation of his, is immortal.

In addition to his dramatic works Augier wrote one volume of verse, which he modestly called 'Parietaire,' after a common little vine, the English danewort. In 1858 he was elected to the French Academy, and in 1868 became a Commander of the Legion of Honor. He died at Croissy, October 25, 1889.

A CONTENTED IDLER

From 'M. Poirier's Son-in-Law,' Act II

[Gaston de Presles, a young nobleman of extravagant tastes, has recouped his fortune by a marriage arranged with Antoinette, daughter of the rich but plebeian M. Poirier. The couple, who are living with the father-in-law, are entertaining one of Gaston's friends, the Duc de Montmeyran, who has just joined the army and is leaving for Morocco. Poirier, becoming impatient with Gaston's improvidence, has determined to speak to him about it. The party is leaving the dining-room.]

GASTON. Well, Hector! What do you think of it? The house is just as you see it now, every day in the year. Do you believe there is a happier man in the world than I?

Duke. Faith! I envy you; you reconcile me to marriage.

Antoinette [*in a low voice to Verdelet*]. Monsieur de Montmeyran is a charming young man!

Verdelet [*in a low voice*]. He pleases me.

Gaston [*to Poirier, who comes in last*]. Monsieur Poirier, I must tell you once for all how much I esteem you. Don't think I'm ungrateful.

Poirier. Oh! Monsieur!

Gaston. Why the devil don't you call me Gaston? And you, too, dear Monsieur Verdelet, I'm very glad to see you.

Antoinette. He is one of the family, Gaston.

Gaston. Shake hands then, Uncle.

Verdelet [*aside, giving him his hand*]. He's not a bad fellow.

Gaston. Agree, Hector, that I've been lucky. Monsieur Poirier, I feel guilty. You make my life one long fête and never give me a chance in return. Try to think of something I can do for you.

Poirier. Very well, if that's the way you feel, give me a quarter of an hour. I should like to have a serious talk with you.

Duke. I'll withdraw.

Poirier. No, stay, Monsieur. We are going to hold a kind of family council. Neither you nor Verdelet will be in the way.

Gaston. The deuce, my dear father-in-law. A family council! You embarrass me!

Poirier. Not at all, dear Gaston. Let us sit down.

[*They seat themselves around the fireplace.*]

Gaston. Begin, Monsieur Poirier.

Poirier. You say you are happy, dear Gaston, and that is my greatest recompense.

Gaston. I'm willing to double your gratification.

Poirier. But now that three months have been given to the joys of the honeymoon, I think that there has been romance enough, and that it's time to think about history.

Gaston. You talk like a book. Certainly, we'll think about history if you wish. I'm willing.

Poirier. What do you intend to do?

Gaston. Today?

Poirier. And tomorrow, and in the future. You must have some idea.

Gaston. True, my plans are made. I expect to do today what I did yesterday, and to-morrow what I shall do today. I'm not versatile, in spite of my light air; and if the future is only like the present I'll be satisfied.

Poirier. But you are too sensible to think that the honeymoon can last forever.

Gaston. Too sensible, and too good an astronomer. But you've probably read Heine?

Poirier. You must have read that, Verdelet?

Verdelet. Yes; I've read him.

Poirier. Perhaps he spent his life at playing truant.

Gaston. Well, Heine, when he was asked what became of the old full moons, said that they were broken up to make the stars.

Poirier. I don't understand.

Gaston. When our honeymoon is old, we'll break it up and there'll be enough to make a whole Milky Way.

Poirier. That is a clever idea, of course.

Gaston. Its only merit is simplicity.

Poirier. But seriously, don't you think that the idle life you lead may jeopardize the happiness of a young household?

Gaston. Not at all.

Verdelet. A man of your capacity can't mean to idle all his life.

Gaston. With resignation.

Antoinette. Don't you think you'll find it dull after a time, Gaston?

Gaston. You calumniate yourself, my dear.

Antoinette. I'm not vain enough to suppose that I can fill your whole existence, and I admit that I'd like to see you follow the example of Monsieur de Montmeyran.

Gaston [*rising and leaning against the mantelpiece*]. Perhaps you want me to fight?

Antoinette. No, of course not.

Gaston. What then?

Poirier. We want you to take a position worthy of your name.

Gaston. There are only three positions which my name permits me: soldier, bishop, or husbandman. Choose.

Poirier. We owe everything to France. France is our mother.

Verdelet. I understand the vexation of a son whose mother remarries; I understand why he doesn't go to the wedding: but if he has the right kind of heart he won't turn sulky. If the second husband makes her happy, he'll soon offer him a friendly hand.

Poirier. The nobility cannot always hold itself aloof, as it begins to perceive. More than one illustrious name has set the example: Monsieur de Valcherrière, Monsieur de Chazerolles, Monsieur de Mont Louis —

Gaston. These men have done as they thought best. I don't judge them, but I cannot imitate them.

Antoinette. Why not, Gaston?

Gaston. Ask Montmeyran.

Verdelet. The Duke's uniform answers for him.

Duke. Excuse me, a soldier has but one opinion — his duty; but one adversary — the enemy.

Poirier. However, Monsieur —

Gaston. Enough, it isn't a matter of politics, Monsieur Poirier. One may discuss opinions, but not sentiments. I am bound by gratitude. My fidelity is that of a servant and of a friend. Not another word. [*To the Duke.*] I beg your pardon, my dear fellow. This is the first time we've talked politics here, and I promise you it shall be the last.

The Duke [*in a low voice to Antoinette*]. You've been forced into making a mistake, Madame.

Antoinette. I know it, now that it's too late.

Verdelet [*softly, to Poirier*]. Now you're in a fine fix.

Poirier [*in same tone*]. He's repulsed the first assault, but I don't raise the siege.

Gaston. I'm not resentful, Monsieur Poirier. Perhaps I spoke a little too strongly, but this is a tender point with me, and unintentionally you wounded me. Shake hands.

Poirier. You are very kind.

A Servant. There are some people in the little parlor who say they have an appointment with Monsieur Poirier.

Poirier. Very well, ask them to wait a moment. [*The servant goes out.*] Your creditors, son-in-law.

Gaston. Yours, my dear father-in-law. I've turned them over to you.

Duke. As a wedding present.

M. POIRIER TAKES ACTION

From Act II

POIRIER [*alone*]. How vexatious he is, that son-in-law of mine! and there's no way to get rid of him. He'll die a nobleman, for he will do nothing and he is good for nothing. — There's no end to the money he costs me. — He is master of my house. — I'll put a stop to it. [*He rings. Enter a* Servant.] Send up the porter and the cook. We shall see, my son-in-law! I have set up my back. I've unsheathed my velvet paws. You will make no concessions, eh, my fine gentleman? Take your comfort! I will not yield either: you may remain a marquis, and I will again become a *bourgeois*. At least I'll have the pleasure of living to my fancy.

The Porter. Monsieur has sent for me?

Poirier. Yes, François, Monsieur has sent for you. You can put the sign on the door at once.

The Porter. The sign?

Poirier. "To let immediately, a magnificent apartment on the first floor, with stables and carriage houses."

The Porter. The apartment of Monsieur le Marquis?

Poirier. You have said it, François.

The Porter. But Monsieur le Marquis has not given the order.

Poirier. Who is the master here, donkey? Who owns this mansion?

The Porter. You, Monsieur.

Poirier. Then do what I tell you without arguing.

The Porter. Yes, Monsieur. [*Enter* Vatel.]

Poirier. Go, François. [*Exit Porter.*] Come in, Monsieur Vatel: you are getting up a big dinner for tomorrow?

Vatel. Yes, Monsieur, and I venture to say that the menu would not be disowned by my illustrious ancestor himself. It is really a work of art, and Monsieur will be astonished.

Poirier. Have you the menu with you?

Vatel. No, Monsieur, it is being copied; but I know it by heart.

Poirier. Then recite it to me.

Vatel. *Le potage aux ravioles à l'Italienne et le potage à l'orge à la Marie Stuart.*

Poirier. You will replace these unknown concoctions by a good meat soup, with some vegetables on a plate.

Vatel. What, Monsieur?

Poirier. I mean it. Go on.

Vatel. *Relevé. La carpe du Rhin à la Lithuanienne, les poulardes à la Godard — le filet de bœuf braisé aux raisins à la Napolitaine, le jambon de Westphalie, roti madère.*

Poirier. Here is a simpler and far more sensible fish course: brill with caper sauce — then Bayonne ham with spinach, and a savory stew of bird, with well-browned rabbit.

Vatel. But, Monsieur Poirier — I will never consent.

Poirier. I am master — do you hear? Go on.

Vatel. Entrées. Les filets de volaille à la concordat — les croustades de truffe garnis de foies à la royale, le faisan étoffé à la Montpensier, les perdreaux rouges farcis à la bohemienne.

Poirier. In place of these side dishes we will have nothing at all, and we will go at once to the roast — that is the only essential.

Vatel. That is against the precepts of art.

Poirier. I'll take the blame of that: let us have your roasts.

Vatel. It is not worth while, Monsieur: my ancestor would have run his sword through his body for a less affront. I offer my resignation.

Poirier. And I was about to ask for it, my good friend; but as one has eight days to replace a servant —

Vatel. A servant, Monsieur? I am an artist!

Poirier. I will fill your place by a woman. But in the mean time, as you still have eight days in my service, I wish you to prepare my menu.

Vatel. I will blow my brains out before I dishonor my name.

Poirier [*aside*]. Another fellow who adores his name! [*Aloud.*] You may burn your brains, Monsieur Vatel, but don't burn your sauces. — Well, *bon jour!* [*Exit Vatel.*] And now to write invitations to my old cronies of the Rue des Bourdonnais. Monsieur le Marquis de Presles, I'll soon take the starch out of you.

[*He goes out whistling the first couplet of 'Monsieur and Madame Denis.'*]

EXPLANATIONS TAKE PLACE

From Act III

[Gaston has involved himself in a duel over the notorious Mme. De Montjay, but Antoinette is so charming that he feels he is falling in love with his wife. After talking affectionately with him she goes out.]

GASTON [*alone*]. There is no denying the fact: she is prettier than Madame de Montjay. Devil take me if I am not falling in love with my wife! Love is like good fortune: while we seek it afar, it is waiting for us at home.

[*Enter* Poirier]

Well, my dear father-in-law, how are you taking your little disappointment?

Are you still angry on account of the money? Have you decided to do something?

Poirier. I have.

Gaston. Something violent?

Poirier. Something necessary.

Gaston. Might I be so indiscreet as to inquire what?

Poirier. On the contrary, Monsieur, I even owe you an explanation. When I gave you my daughter together with a million francs' dowry, I never for a moment thought that you would refuse to take a position.

Gaston. Please let's drop that subject.

Poirier. I merely wanted to remind you. I confess I was wrong in thinking that a gentleman would ever consent to work like a man; I own my mistake. Because of that mistake, however, I have allowed you to run my house on a scale which I can't myself keep up with; and since it is understood that my fortune alone is our only source of income, it seems to me just, reasonable, and necessary, to cut down, because I have no hope of any further increase in revenue. I therefore thought of making a few reforms, which you will undoubtedly approve.

Gaston. Proceed, Sully! Go on, Turgot! Cut, slash! You find me in a splendid humor! Take advantage of the fact.

Poirier. I am most delighted at your condescension. I have, I say, decided, resolved, commanded —

Gaston. I beg your pardon, father-in-law, but if you have decided, resolved, commanded, it seems quite superfluous for you to consult me.

Poirier. I am not consulting you; I am merely telling you the facts.

Gaston. So you are not consulting me?

Poirier. Are you surprised?

Gaston. A little, but as I told you I am in splendid humor.

Poirier. Well, the first reform, my dear boy —

Gaston. You mean, your dear Gaston, I think? A slip of the tongue!

Poirier. Dear Gaston, dear boy — all the same. Some familiarity between father-in-law and son-in-law is allowed, doubtless?

Gaston. And on your part, Monsieur Poirier, it flatters and honors me. You were about to say that your first reform — ?

Poirier. That you, Monsieur, do me the favor to stop making fun of me. I'm tired of being the butt of all your jokes.

Gaston. Now, now, Monsieur Poirier, don't be angry.

Poirier. I know very well that you think I'm of little account, that I'm not very intelligent, but —

Gaston. Where did you get that idea?

Poirier. But let me tell you, there is more brains in my little finger than in your whole body.

Gaston. This is ridiculous —

Poirier. I'm no Marquis!

Gaston. Hush! Not so loud! Someone might suspect it!

Poirier. It makes no difference to me whether they do or not. I don't pretend to be a gentleman, thank God! It's not worth troubling my mind about.

Gaston. Not worth troubling about?

Poirier. No, Monsieur, no! I'm an old dyed-in-the-wool Liberal, that's what I am; I judge men on their merits, and not according to their titles. I laugh at the mere accident of birth. The nobility don't dazzle me: I think no more of them than I do of Judgment Day. I'm delighted to have this occasion of telling you so.

Gaston. Do you think I have merits?

Poirier. No, Monsieur, I do not.

Gaston. No? Then why did you give me your daughter?

Poirier. Why did I — ?

Gaston. Possibly you had some afterthought?

Poirier [*embarrassed*]. Afterthought?

Gaston. Allow me: your daughter did not love me when you brought me to your home; and certainly it was not my debts which appealed to you, and which caused the honor of your choice to fall upon me. Now, since it was not my title either, I am forced to assume that you must have had some afterthought.

Poirier. And what of it, Monsieur? What if I did try to combine my own interest with my daughter's happiness? Where would be the harm? Who would blame me, I who gave a million right out of my pocket, for choosing a son-in-law who could in some way pay me back for my sacrifice? My daughter loved you, didn't she? I thought of her first; that was my duty, in fact, my right.

Gaston. I don't contest that, Monsieur Poirier, I only say that you were wrong in one respect: not to have confided in me.

Poirier. Well, you are not a very encouraging sort of man.

Gaston. Are you blaming me for my occasional jokes at your expense? Possibly I am not the most respectful son-in-law in the world; I admit it, only allow me to state that in serious matters I know how to be serious. It is only right that you were looking for the support which you have not found in me.

Poirier [*aside*]. Can he really have understood the situation?

Gaston. Look here, my dear father-in-law, can I help you in any way? That is, if I am good for anything?

Poirier. Well, I once dreamed of being introduced at Court.

Gaston. Ah, so you still have that desire to dance at court?

Poirier. It's not a matter of dancing. Do me the honor of thinking me not quite so frivolous as that. I am not vain or trivial.

Gaston. Then in the name of heaven, what are you? Explain yourself.

Poirier [*piteously*]. I am ambitious.

Gaston. You're not blushing, are you? Why? With all the experience you have acquired in the realm of business, you might well aspire to any heights! Commerce is the true school of statesmanship.

Poirier. That's what Verdelet was telling me only this morning.

Gaston. That is where one can obtain a high and grand view of things, and stand detached from the petty interests which — that is the sort of condition from which your Richelieus and Colberts sprang.

Poirier. Oh, I don't pretend — !

Gaston. Now, my good Monsieur Poirier, what would suit you? A prefecture? Nonsense! Council of State? Nor the diplomatic service? Let me see, the Turkish embassy is vacant at present —

Poirier. I'm a stay-at-home — and besides I don't understand Turkish.

Gaston. Wait! [*striking Poirier on the shoulder*]. The peerage — it would fit you to a T.

Poirier. Oh! Do you really think so?

Gaston. Here's the difficulty; you don't fall into any category, you see. You're not a member of the Institute?

Poirier. Oh, don't worry about that. I'll pay — three thousand francs if necessary — direct contributions. I have three millions now at the bank; they await only a word from you to be put into good land.

Gaston. Ah, Machiavelli! Sixtus V! You'll outstrip them all!

Poirier. Yes, I think I will!

Gaston. But I sincerely hope your ambition will not stop there? You must have a title.

Poirier. Oh, I don't insist on such vain baubles. I'm an old Liberal, as I told you.

Gaston. All the more reason. A Liberal must despise only the nobility of the old régime; now, the new nobility, which has no ancestors —

Poirier. The nobility that owes everything to itself!

Gaston. You might be a count.

Poirier. No. I'll be reasonable about it: a baronetcy would suffice.

Gaston. Baron Poirier! Sounds well!

Poirier. Yes, Baron Poirier!

Gaston [*looks at Poirier, then bursts out laughing*]. I beg your pardon! But — really — this is too funny! Baron! Monsieur Poirier! Baron de Catillard — !

Poirier [*aside*]. He's making fun of me!

Gaston [*calling*]. Come here. Hector!

[*Enter the* Duke]

Come here! Do you know why Jean Gaston de Presles received three wounds from an arquebuse at the Battle of Ivry? Do you know why François Gaston

de Presles led the attack on La Rochelle? Why Louis Gaston de Presles was blown to pieces at La Hogue? Why Philippe Gaston de Presles captured two flags at Fontenoy? Why my grandfather laid down his life at Quiberon? It was all in order that some day Monsieur Poirier might be peer of France and a baron!

Duke. What do you mean?

Gaston. This is the secret of that little attack on me this morning.

Duke [*aside*]. I see!

Poirier. And do you know, Monsieur le duc, why I have worked fourteen hours a day for thirty years? Why I heaped up, sou by sou, four millions of cash, while I deprived myself of everything but the bare necessities? It was all in order that some day Monsieur le Marquis Gaston de Presles, who died neither at Quiberon, nor at Fontenoy, nor at La Hogue nor anywhere else, might die of old age on a feather-bed, after having spent his life doing absolutely nothing at all.

Duke. Well said, Monsieur!

Gaston. You are cut out for an orator!

[*Enter a* Servant]

Servant. There are some gentlemen here who would like to see the apartment.

Gaston. What apartment?

Servant. Monsieur le marquis'.

Gaston. Do they think this is a natural history museum?

Poirier [*to the Servant*]. Tell the gentlemen to call again. [*The Servant goes out.*] Pardon me, son-in-law, I was so carried away by your gaiety that I forgot to mention that I am renting the first floor of my house.

Gaston. What's that?

Poirier. That is one of the little reforms I was speaking about.

Gaston. And where do you intend to lodge me?

Poirier. On the floor above: the apartment is large enough for us all.

Gaston. A Noah's Ark!

Poirier. Of course, it goes without saying that I am renting the stables and carriages, too.

Gaston. And my horses — are you going to lodge them on the second floor?

Poirier. You will sell them.

Gaston. And go on foot?

Duke. It will do you good; you don't do half enough walking.

Poirier. I shall however keep my own blue coupé. I'll lend it to you whenever you need it.

Duke. When the weather is nice!

Gaston. Now, see here, Monsieur Poirier, this is — !

[*Enter a* Servant]

Servant. Monsieur Vatel would like to speak a word with Monsieur le marquis.

Gaston. Tell him to come in.

[*Enter* Vatel, *dressed in black*]

What does this mean, Monsieur Vatel? Are you going to a funeral? And on the eve of battle?

Vatel. The position in which I have been placed is such that I am forced to desert in order to escape dishonor. Will Monsieur le marquis kindly cast his eyes over the menu which Monsieur Poirier has imposed upon me!

Gaston. Monsieur Poirier imposed upon you? Let us see. [*Reading*] "Lapin sauté!"

Poirier. My old friend Ducaillou's favorite dish.

Gaston. Stuffed turkey and chestnuts.

Poirier. My old comrade Groschenet is very fond of it.

Gaston. Are you entertaining the whole Rue des Bourdonnais?

Poirier. Together with the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

Gaston. I accept your resignation. [*Vatel goes out.*] So, tomorrow my friends are to have the honor of meeting yours?

Poirier. Exactly, they will have that honor. Monsieur le duc will not, I hope, feel humiliated at having to eat my soup as he sits between Monsieur and Madame Pincebourde?

Duke. Not at all. This little debauch is not in the least displeasing. Undoubtedly Madame Pincebourde will sing while dessert is being served?

Gaston. And after dinner we shall have a game of Piquet, too?

Duke. Or Lotto.

Poirier. Pope Joan as well.

Gaston. And I trust we shall repeat the debauch from time to time?

Poirier. My home will be open every evening, and your friends will always find a welcome there.

Gaston. Really, Monsieur Poirier, your home will soon become a center of marvelous pleasures, a miniature Capua. But I am afraid I should become a slave of luxury, and shall therefore leave no later than tomorrow.

Poirier. I am sorry to hear it, but my home is not a prison. What career do you intend to follow? Medicine or the Law?

Gaston. Who said anything about a career?

Poirier. Or will you enter the Department of Roads and Bridges? For you will certainly be unable to keep up your rank on nine thousand francs' income?

Gaston. Nine thousand francs' income?

Poirier. Well, the account is easy to make out: you received five hundred thousand francs as my daughter's dowry. The wedding and installation took abour a hundred thousand. You have just given two hundred and eighteen

thousand to your creditors; you have therefore one hundred and eighty-two thousand left which, at the usual interest, will yield you nine thousand francs' income. You see? On that can you supply your friends with *Carpe à la Lithuanienne* and *Volailles à la concordat?* Take my word for it, my dear Gaston, stay with me; you will be more comfortable than in a home of your own. Think of your children, who will not be sorry some day to find in the pockets of the Marquis de Presles the savings of old man Poirier. Good-by, son-in-law, I'm going to settle accounts with Monsieur Vatel. [*Poirier goes out.*]

THE RECONCILIATION

[After quarreling with Antoinette, who has found out his infidelity through her father, Gaston asks her pardon.]

[*Enter* Poirier]

Poirier. What are you doing there, Monsieur le marquis?

Antoinette. He is going to fight a duel!

Poirier. A duel? And are you the least bit surprised? Mistresses, duels — that's to be expected. He who has land has war.

Antoinette. What do you mean, father? Do you imagine — ?

Poirier. I'd wager my head on it.

Antoinette. That's not true, is it, Monsieur? You don't answer?

Poirier. Do you think he would be honest enough to admit it?

Gaston. I cannot lie, Madame. This duel is the last remnant of an odious past.

Poirier. He's a fool to confess it! The impudence!

Antoinette. And I was led to understand that you still loved me! I was even ready to forgive you — while you were on the point of fighting a duel for your mistress! Why, this was a trap for my weakness. Ah, Monsieur le duc!

Duke. He has already told you, Madame, that this duel was the remnant of a past which he detests and wishes to lay at rest — to obliterate.

Verdelet [*to the Marquis*]. Very well, Monsieur, then I have a simple plan: if you don't love Madame de Montjay any longer, don't fight for her.

Gaston. What, Monsieur, make excuses?

Verdelet. You must give Antoinette a proof of your sincerity, and this is the only one which you can give. Then didn't you just now ask for something to do by way of expiation? Time was the only proof she could impose. Aren't you happy that you now have a chance, and that you can give that proof at once? I know it's a great sacrifice, but if it were any smaller, could it be a real expiation?

Poirier [*aside*]. The fool! He's going to patch it up.

Gaston. I would gladly sacrifice my life, but my honor — the Marquise de Presles would never accept that sort of sacrifice.

Antoinette. What if you were mistaken, Monsieur? What if I would accept it?

Gaston. What, Madame, would you ask me — ?

Antoinette. To do for me almost as much as you would do for Madame de Montjay? Yes, Monsieur. For her sake you consented to forget the past of your family, and now would you refuse to forget a duel, which is most offensive to me? How can I believe in your love, if it is weaker than your pride?

Poirier. Then what good would a sword-scratch do you? Take my word for it, prudence is the mother of safety.

Verdelet [*aside*]. Old fool!

Gaston. See? That is what people will say.

Antoinette. Who would doubt your courage? Haven't you given ample proofs of it?

Poirier. And then what do you care for the opinion of a lot of know-nothings? You will have the respect of my friends, and that ought to be enough.

Gaston. You see, Madame, people would laugh at me, and you could not love a ridiculous man very long.

Duke. No one would laugh at you. Let me take your excuses to the ground, and I promise there will be no levity.

Gaston. What! Do you think that — ?

Duke. Yes, my friend. Your affair is not one of those that cannot be arranged. The sacrifice your wife is asking affects only your personal pride.

Gaston. But to make excuses on the ground — ?

Poirier. I would!

Verdelet. Really, Poirier. one might think you were trying to make him fight!

Poirier. I'm doing all in my power to prevent him.

Duke. Come, Gaston, you have no right to refuse your wife this proof.

Gaston. Well — no! It's out of the question!

Antoinette. That is the price of my forgiveness.

Gaston. Then I refuse it, Madame. I shan't carry my sorrow very long.

Poirier. Nonsense. Don't listen to him, dearie. Wait till he has a sword in his hand: he'll defend himself, I tell you. It would be like an expert swimmer trying to drown himself: once in the water, the devil himself couldn't keep him from saving himself.

Antoinette. If Madame de Montjay objected to your fighting you would give in to her. Good-by.

Gaston. Antoinette, for God's sake — !

Duke. She is exactly right.

Gaston. Excuses! I offer excuses!

Antoinette. I see you are thinking only of your pride.

Duke. Gaston! Give in! I swear I would do the same in your place.

Gaston. Very well — but to Pontgrimaud! Go without me, then.

Duke [*to Antoinette*]. Madame, are you now satisfied with him?

Antoinette. Yes, Gaston, you have made up for everything. I have nothing else to forgive you; I believe in you, I am happy, and I love you. [*The Marquis stands still, his head bowed. Antoinette goes to him, takes his head in her hands, and kisses his forehead.*] Now go and fight! Go!

Gaston. My dearest wife, you have my mother's heart!

Antoinette. No, *my* mother's, Monsieur —

Poirier [*aside*]. What idiots women are!

Gaston [*to the Duke*]. Quick or we shall be late!

Antoinette. You are a good swordsman, are you not?

Duke. He's as good as St. George, Madame, and he has a wrist of steel. Monsieur Poirier, pray for Pontgrimaud!

Antoinette [*to Gaston*]. Please don't kill the young man.

Gaston. I'll let him off with a scratch — because you love me. Come, Hector.

[But a letter from Pontgrimaud arrives, apologizing, and calling off the duel. Gaston determines to lead a useful life, and Verdelet offers him an opportunity to do so on the De Presles estate, which Poirier had put up for sale that morning, and Verdelet had bought for this very purpose. Poirier, chagrined, can only plan to buy some near-by land, and confesses himself cured of his ambitions. As the curtain falls, however, he is muttering to himself, computing the number of years it will take to make him a peer of France.]

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JUNIOR

WE shall not say much about the life of Alexandre Dumas the younger. The history of a great writer is the history of his works. He was born in Paris, on July 27, 1824. His name on the register of births appears as "Alexandre, son of Marie Catherine Lebay, seamstress." He was not acknowledged by his father until he had reached his sixth year, March 7, 1830. I emphasize this particular because it had great influence on the bent of his genius. During all his life Dumas was haunted by a desire to rehabilitate illegitimate children, to create a reaction against their treatment by the Civil Code and the prejudice which makes of them something little better than outcasts in society.

"When seven years old," he himself says, "I entered as a boarder the school of Monsieur Vauthier, on Rue Montagne Sainte-Geneviève. Thence I passed, about two years later, to the Saint-Victor School; the principal was Monsieur Goûbaux, a friend of my father, with whom he collaborated under the pen-name of Dinaux. This school, which numbered two hundred and fifty boarding pupils, and with the rather strange habits which I tried to depict in 'The Clémenceau Case,' occupied all the ground covered today by the Casino de Paris and the 'Pôle-Nord' establishment. When about fifteen I left the Saint-Victor School for Monsieur Hénon's school, which was situated in the Rue de Courcelles and has now disappeared. It was in the Collège Bourbon (now the Lycée Condorcet) that I received all my instruction, as the pupils of the two schools where I lived attended the college classes. I never belonged to any of the higher State schools — I have not even the degree of bachelor."

At the end of his years of study he returned to his father, but did not stay at home more than six months. The rather tumultuous life which he saw in the house disturbed his proud mind, already filled with serious yearnings.

"You have debts," his father said to him. "Do as I do: work, and you will pay them."

Such was indeed the young man's intention. His first work was a one-act play in verse, 'The Queen's Jewel,' which no one, assuredly, would mention today but for his signature. The date was 1845, and the author was then twenty-one. Other works by him were published at various times in the Journal des Demoiselles.

"I was," he has said, "the careless, lazy, and spoiled child of all my father's friends. I believed in the eternity of youth, of strength, of joy. I spent the

whole day laughing, the whole night sleeping, unless I had some reason for writing verses."

About 1846 he set resolutely to work. He turned to novel-writing, which seemed to him to offer greater facilities for reaching the public and greater chances of immediate income than dramatic composition. Only two of his novels have survived: 'La Dame aux Camélias' ['Camille'] (1848), because from this book came the immortal drama by the same title; and 'The Clémenceau Case,' because the author wrote it when he was in complete possession of his talent, and because moreover it is a first-rate work.

It was in 1852 that the Vaudeville Theater gave the first performance of 'Camille,' the success of which was to be so extraordinary. For two or three years the play had been tossed from theater to theater. Nobody wanted it. To the middle-class views of the time it seemed simply shocking, and the play was still forbidden in London after its performances in France were numbered by the hundreds.

There is this special trait to be noted in 'Camille'—it was a work all instinct with the spirit of youth. Dumas twenty years later sadly said: "I might make another 'Demi-Monde'; I could not make another 'Camille.'" There existed, indeed, other works which have all the fire and charm of the twentieth year. 'Polyeucte' is Corneille's masterpiece; his 'Cid' breathes the spirit of youth: Corneille at forty could not have written the 'Cid.' Racine's first play is 'Andromaque': Beaumarchais' is the 'Barber of Seville'; Rossini, a young man, enlivened it with his light and sparkling airs. Fifteen years later he wrote his 'William Tell,' a nobler work, but a work which was not young.

If the theatrical managers had recoiled from 'Camille' in spite of the great names that recommended it, it was because it was cut after a pattern to which neither they nor the public were accustomed, because it contained the germ of a whole dramatic revolution. Now, the author was not a theatrical revolutionary. He had not said to himself, "I am going to throw down the old fabric of the drama, and erect a new one on its ruins." To tell the truth, he had no idea of what he was doing. He had witnessed a love drama. He had thrown it still throbbing upon the stage, without any regard for the dramatic conventions which were then imposed upon playwrights, and which were almost accepted as laws. He had simply depicted what he had seen. All the managers, attached as they were to the old customs, and respectful of the traditions, had trembled with horror when they saw moving around Camille the ignoble Prudence, the idiotic Duc de Varville, the silly Saint-Gaudens. But the public—though this was not suspected by the managers nor by the public itself—yearned for more truth upon the boards. When 'Camille' was presented to them, the play-goers uttered a cry of astonishment and joy: that was the thing! that was just what they wanted! From that day, which will remain as a date in the history of the French stage, the part of Camille has

been played by all the celebrated actresses. The part has two sides: one may see in it a degraded woman who has fallen profoundly in love, rather late in life; one may also see in it a woman, already poetical in her own nature, suddenly carried away by a great passion into the sacred regions of the Ideal.

Almost any young man in Dumas' place would have lost his head after so astounding a success, and might not have resisted the temptation of at once working out the vein. For on coming out of the theater after the first performance, the author had all the managers at his feet, and the smallest trifle was sure to be accepted if it only had his signature. But he had learned, by the side of "a prodigal father," the art of husbanding his talent. He declined to face the footlights again, save with a work upon which he had been able to bestow all the care and labor it deserved: he waited a year before he presented, at the Gymnase Theater, 'Diane de Lys.'

'Diane de Lys' undoubtedly pleased the public, but its success was not exactly brilliant. It is full of great qualities, it is strongly conceived, constructed with rare power and logic, but it added nothing to his reputation. The play as a whole seemed long and melancholy. It is a curious subject for critical study, as one of the stages in which the genius of the author stopped awhile, on its way to higher works. It will leave no great trace in his career.

Two years later he brought out at the Gymnase Theater — I do not dare to say his masterpiece, but certainly the best constructed and most enjoyable play he ever wrote, 'Le Demi-Monde' [The Other Half-World]. In this play he discovered and defined the very peculiar world of those women who live on the margin of regular "society," and try to preserve its tone and demeanor. What scientific and strong construction we have here! What an admirable disposition of the scenes, both flexible and logical! And through the action, which moves on with wonderful straightforwardness and breadth, how many portraits, drawn with a steady hand, each one bearing such distinctive features that you would know them if you met them on the street! Olivier de Jalin, the refined Parisian, the dialectician of the play, who is no other than Dumas himself; Raymond de Nanjac, handsome and honest, but not keen or Parisian; and the giddy Valentine de Sanctis, whose head turns with the wind, whose tongue cannot rest one moment; and, above all, Suzanne d'Ange, so witty, so complex, so devious in her motions, so *roublarde,* as a Parisian of today would say.

Between 'Le Demi-Monde,' and 'La Question d'Argent' [The Money Question], which followed, Dumas spent two years at work. 'La Question d'Argent' is a favorite play with the connoisseurs; but its reception by the public was decidedly cold. Dumas' Jean Giraud is, however, a very curiously studied character. The author has represented in him the commonest type of the shady money-man, the unconscious rascal, and around this Turcaret of the Second Empire how many pictures of honest people, every one of whom, in his or her way, is good and fine!

One year later Dumas brought to the Gymnase, his favorite theater, 'Le Fils Naturel' [The Natural Son]; and the next year 'Un Père Prodigue' [A Prodigal Father] (known also in English through a free adaptation as 'My Awful Dad').

In 'Le Fils Naturel' Dumas for the first time wrote a theme-play, a kind of work in which he was to become a master. Hitherto we have seen him drawing pictures of manners. To be sure, philosophical considerations on the period depicted are not wanting, but the play has not the form and does not assume the movement of a thesis. It does not take up one special trait of our social order, one of our worldly prejudices, in order to show its strong and weak sides. 'Le Fils Naturel' is the work of a moralist as well as of a playwright; or rather, it is the work of a playwright who was a born moralist.

'Un Père Prodigue' originally excited great curiosity. It was plain to all that in his Count Fernand de la Rivonnière, Dumas had shown us some traits of his illustrious father, who *had* been a prodigal father; and that he had depicted himself in Viscount André. Every one made comparisons; some, of course, accused the author of filial disrespect. The accusation was ridiculous, and he did not even answer it. If Count de la Rivonnière is guilty of one fault, that of throwing to the winds his fortune, he is a most amiable nobleman, full of broad ideas and generous sentiments — has a warm heart. The fourth act, in which the father sacrifices himself in order to save his son's life, is pathetic in the extreme. But nothing equals the first act, which is a model of animated and picturesque composition. No one ever painted in more vivid colors the pillage of a household, and a family without so much as a shadow of discipline. It is an accumulation of small details, not one of which is indifferent, and which, taken together, drive home the idea that this nobleman, so well-mannered, so charming in conversation, so sober for himself, is running along the road to ruin as gaily as he can.

For four years after the production of 'Un Père Prodigue' Dumas wrote nothing. But in 1864 he reappeared at the Gymnase with a strange play, 'L'Ami des Femmes' [A Friend of the Sex], which completely failed. After 'L'Ami des Femmes' there was another interruption, not of Dumas' labors but of his dramatic production. Perhaps he was sick of an art which had caused him a cruel disappointment. He turned again to novel-writing, and published (1866) 'L'Affaire Clémenceau' [The Clémenceau Case], the success of which was not so great as he had hoped. In France, when a man is superior in one specialty people will not let him leave it. He is not allowed to be at once an unequaled novelist and a first-rate dramatist.

At that time Dumas hesitated which road to follow. An incident which created a great deal of comment threw him back towards the stage, and towards a new form of comedy.

Émile de Girardin, one of the best known publicists of the Second Empire, had decided, when over fifty years of age, and ignorant of this kind of work, to write a play. He had been a great friend of Dumas *père*, and had kept up

the most affectionate intercourse with his son. He had asked him to fit his play for the stage. It possessed one really dramatic idea. Dumas, in order to oblige his father's friend, made out of it 'Le Supplice d'une Femme' [A Woman's Torture]. Émile de Girardin, who was conceited and somewhat despotic, refused to recognize his offspring in the cub that Dumas had licked into shape. He declined to sign the play: "Neither shall I," Dumas retorted.

'A Woman's Torture' was acted at the Comédie Française with extraordinary success. This success was for Dumas a warning and a lesson. 'A Woman's Torture' was a three-act play, short, concise, which hurried breathlessly to the crisis of the second act, upon which the drama revolved, and then to its conclusion. The day of five-act comedies, with ample expositions, copious developments, philosophical disquisitions, curious and fanciful episodes, was gone. Henceforth the dramatist had to deal with a hurried and bored public, which, taking dinner at eight, could give to the theater but a short time, and an attention disturbed by the labor of digestion. 'A Woman's Torture,' which lasted only an hour and a half, and proceeded only by rapid strokes, was exactly what that public wanted. After that time Dumas wrote three-act and one-act plays almost exclusively.

'Une Visite de Noces' [A Wedding Call] and 'La Princesse Georges' followed closely on 'Madame Aubray's Ideas,' a work of inferior caliber. 'A Wedding Call'! — what a thunderbolt it was at the time! It was only one act long, *but* one act the effect of which was prodigious, the echo of which was heard fifteen years later. Time and familiarity have now softened for us the too sharp outlines of this bitter play. It has been acknowledged a masterpiece.

After 'Francillon,' which in 1887 won a success at the Comédie Française, Dumas gave nothing to the stage. He had completed a great five-act play, 'The Road to Thebes,' which the manager of the Comédie Française hoped every year to put on the boards. Dumas kept promising it; but either from distrust of himself or of the public, or from fatigue, or fear of meeting with failure, he asked for new delays, until the day when he declared that not only would the play not be acted during his life, but he would not even allow it to be acted after his death.

This death he saw coming, with sad but calm eyes. It was a sorrow for his friends to see this man, whom they had known so quick and alert, grow weaker every day, showing the progress of disease in his shriveled features and body. The complexion had lost all color, the cheeks had become flaccid, the eye had no life left.

On October 1, 1895, he wrote to his friend Jules Claretie: — "Do not depend upon me any more; I am vanquished. There are moments when I mourn my loss, as Madame D'Houdetot said when dying." He was at Puys, by the seaside, when he wrote that despairing letter. He returned to Marly, there to die, surrounded by his family, on November 28, 1895, in a house

which he loved and which had been bequeathed to him years before by an intimate friend.

His loss threw into mourning the world of letters, and the whole of Paris. People discovered then — for death loosens every tongue and every pen — how kind and generous in reality was Dumas, who had often been accused of avarice by those who contrasted him with his father; how many services he had discreetly rendered, how open his hand always was. His constant cheerfulness and good-nature had finally caused him to be forgiven for his wit, which was sarcastic and cutting, and for his success, which had thrown so many rivals into the shade. This witty man, always obliging and even tender-hearted, had no envy, and gave his applause without a shadow of reserve to the successes of others. Every young author found in him advice and support; he did not expect gratitude, and therefore was soured by no disappointment.

If I have not spoken of Dumas as a moralist, it is because, in my opinion, in spite of all that has been said, Dumas was a dramatist a great deal more than a philosopher. In his comedies he discussed a great many moral and social questions, without giving a solution for any; or rather, the solutions that he provided were due not to any set of fixed principles, but to the conclusion which he was preparing for this play or that. He said, indifferently, "Kill her" or "Forgive her," according to the requirements of the subject which he had selected; and he would afterwards write a sensational preface with a view to demonstrating that the solution this time given by him was the only legitimate one. These prefaces are very amusing reading; for he wrote them with all the fire of his nature, and he had the gift of movement. But they were a strange medley of incongruous and contradictory statements. Every idea that he expresses can be grasped and understood; but it is impossible to see how it agrees with those that precede and follow. It is a chaos of clear ideas.

He gave much thought to the fate of woman in our civilization. We may say, however, that though loving her much, he still more feared her, and I shall even add, despised her. Some one has said that there was in Dumas something of the Catholic priest. It is true. He was to women a lay director of conscience.

He was a connoisseur of pictures and a great art lover. Music, I think, was the only art that did not affect him much. He was a dazzling talker; his plays teem with bright sayings; his conversation sparkled with them. If you knew how to start him, he simply coruscated.

Dumas became a member of the French Academy in 1874. He had not wished for that honor, because it had been denied to his father. He desired, in his reception speech, to call up the great spirit of this illustrious father and make it share his academician's chair. He had this joy; the two Dumas were received on the same day. Their two names will never perish.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY

REFORMING A FATHER

From 'A Prodigal Father'

[The ensuing dialogue occurs in the first act of the play. The Count de la Rivonnière and his son André reside together in their comfortable bachelor's establishment in Paris, and are devotedly attached to one another. The count, unfortunately, has only grown more careless of money, more a gay man of the world, as he has grown older; and blessed with a youthfulness of physique and temperament that nothing impairs, he is as thriftless as he is fascinating. His son, accordingly, has had to be the economist of their resources, which are at a dangerous ebb. As the scene opens, the count is preparing to take luncheon, with Joseph, the confidential servant of the house, in attendance.]

JOSEPH. Monsieur is served.

Count de la Rivonnière. Very well. You will please go to my florist Lemoine, the Opera florist — you know who I mean — and tell him to send, today, with my card — he has a lot of cards of mine in advance — to Mademoiselle Albertine de la Borde, 26 or 28 Rue de la Paix — I don't exactly remember the number that the lady gave me —

Joseph. No. 26.

Count. Ah! You know her address, do you?

Joseph. Yes, sir.

Count. To send her a bouquet of white lilacs and roses. And I don't need you any more: go at once. [*Joseph bows, and hands the Count a large envelope.*] What's all this?

Joseph. Some law papers that have come in your absence, sir, which I did not think ought to be forwarded to Dieppe.

Count [*without taking the papers*]. Quite right. Has my son seen them?

Joseph. No, sir.

Count. Very well; don't let him see them. Put them away with the others.

Joseph. May I beg monsieur to say a good word for me to his son?

Count. As to what, Joseph?

Joseph. Your son, sir, has just told me to look out for another situation; and I am so attached to the family —

Count. Oh, I will straighten all that out; if my son sends you away I will take you into our service again. Come now, get off to my florist; be quick about it.

[*As Joseph goes out,* André *enters. He does not at first perceive his father, but on turning toward the table discovers him.*]

André. Ah! you are here, are you?

Count. Yes, I have been here during an hour; and moreover, a very agreeable person has been doing the honors of your establishment on my behalf.

André. It is a fine time to talk about agreeable persons! You are a very agreeable person —

Count. What in the world is the matter with you?

André. I am perfectly furious.

Count. Against whom?

André. Against you.

Count. Why? What have I been doing?

André. You have drawn on me at sight this draft here.

Count. Oh yes, I know very well what that means. It comes from London; it is to pay for the boat, you know.

André. Oh yes, it comes from London, and it is to pay for the boat! That is no excuse for it. And what about the boat, if you please?

Count. But my dear fellow, they had no business to present it until the 15th.

André. Well?

Count. Why, today is the 15th!

André. You ought to know it.

Count. I thought that today was only the 14th! Have you paid it?

André. Of course.

Count. Ah! then I owe you six thousand francs. That's all there is to the matter.

André. Yes, that's all! But you never said a word to me about it; I had no money in the house; I had to send to our man of business. May I beg of you in the future to be so good as to —

Count. Poor boy! poor boy! Really, between ourselves, you would have done a great deal better (as it is a month since you have seen me, and since you are really very fond of me) to embrace me in meeting me again, rather than to say all these things to me that you have been saying!

André [*embracing his father heartily*]. Oh, of course they make no difference, when it comes to *that!*

Count. Your second impulse is a very good one; but you ought to have begun with it. All the same, I do not the less ask pardon for the inconvenience that I have caused you, my boy. [*Takes some bank-notes from his pocket.*] Here are your six thousand francs, and [*holding out the remainder of the notes to André*] since you need money, help yourself.

André. Where in the world does that money come from?

Count. Oh, it is some money that I have received.

André. There was none coming to you from anywhere!

Count. There is always something to come to one, if he looks around carefully. And now let us speak of serious things.

André. Yes, by all means. Father, are you not disposed to settle down?

Count. What do you mean by "settle down"?

André. To save money, for one thing.

Count. Save money! I should be charmed to do so; but I really do not see how we can do it. We certainly live as modestly as possible. This house belongs to us; we have only four saddle horses, four carriage horses, a couple of extra horses for evening service (we could not get along with less), two coachmen, two valets, two grooms, one cook. Why, we haven't even a housekeeper.

André. No, we only want that!

Count. We never receive any except masculine society; we certainly are not extravagant as to the table. Look at me here: I am breakfasting this minute on two eggs and a glass of water. It seems to me that with our fortune —

André. Our fortune? Would you like to know in what condition our fortune is?

Count. You ought to know better than I, since it is you who have had the running of affairs since your majority.

André. Well then, I do know the expenses; and let me tell you that you have counted up only those that are part of our life in Paris, and you have not said a syllable of those that belong to our country one.

Count. Those that belong to our country one! Those are all just so much economy.

André. So then the place at Vilsac is just so much economy?

Count. Of course. We get everything from it, from eggs up to oxen.

André. Yes, and even to wild boars, when it suits you to shoot one. Now be so good as to consider the place at Vilsac, which you call a matter of economy. First of all, it brings us in absolutely nothing.

Count. It never has brought us in anything.

André. It is mortgaged for two hundred thousand francs.

Count. That happened when I was young.

André. Are you under the impression that there comes a time when mortgages wear themselves out? I wish they did. But I am afraid that you deceive yourself; and in the meantime, you are paying every year a mortgagor's interest. Furthermore, at Vilsac —

Count. Where, remember, we spend September, October, November, all of which is positively an economy —

André. Furthermore, as to Vilsac, this summer place where we pass September, October, and November — all of which is positively an economy — the proof of its being an economy is that here we are in the middle of September, and we are just setting out for Dieppe.

Count. For one time only; by chance! And moreover, we will have to go down to Vilsac by the end of the month, for I have asked those fellows to come down there for the shooting.

André. Yes, in this economical country place, where you have asked

all those gentlemen to come down for the shooting, at the end of the month —

Count. Really, one would be bored to death without that!

André. In this same economical establishment, I say, you have twelve keepers.

Count. Quite true; but it is one of the best preserves in France, and really, there are so many poachers —

André. You have two masters of hounds, you have ten horses — in short, a whole hunting equipage; and I don't speak of the indemnities that you pay year by year, if only for the rabbits that you kill.

Count. The fact is, there *are* thousands of rabbits; but shooting rabbits is such fun!

André. Add to that the entertainments that it occurs to you to give every now and then, with fireworks and so on, during the evening.

Count. Oh, yes, but that pleases all the peasants of the neighborhood, who adore me; between ourselves it *is* rather — Oh, my dear boy! if I had only been rich, what fine things I would have done! In France, people do not know how to spend money. In Russia it is quite another matter! Now, there you have people who understand how to give an entertainment. But then what can anybody do with two hundred thousand livres for an income?

André. Father, one can do exactly what you have done — one can ruin himself.

Count. What! ruin himself?

André. Yes. When my mother died your personal fortune brought you, as you say, an income of two hundred thousand livres; and the money which my mother left to me, of which you have had the use until I came of age, amounted to a hundred and twenty thousand livres.

Count. I certainly have made an accounting to you in the matter.

André. A perfectly exact one, only —

Count. Only — ?

André. Only in doing so you have seriously impaired your own capital.

Count. Why did you not say that to me at the time?

André. Because I too — I was thinking of nothing but spending money.

Count. You ought to have warned me about this before now.

André. But I — I was doing then just what I see you doing; I was taking life exactly as you had taught me to take it.

Count. André, I hope that is not a reproach.

André. God bless me, no. I am only saying to you why I have not looked after your interests better than you have ever done so yourself.

Count. Very good. Then I am going to explain to you why I brought you up —

André. Not worth while, my dear father. There is no good in going back to that, and I know quite well —

Count. On the contrary, you know nothing at all about the matter, and

you will please allow me to speak. It will be a consolation. You are perfectly right as to things that have no common-sense in them; and if I have brought you up after a certain manner, it is just because I myself suffer from a different kind of education. *I* was brought up very severely; at twenty-two years I knew nothing of life. I was born, I was kept hanging on at Vilsac, with my father and my mother, who were saints on earth, with my great-uncle, who had the gout, and with my tutor, who was an abbé. I was born with a constitution like iron. I went hunting day by day for whole months, on foot or on horseback. I ate my meals like an ogre. I rode every sort of horse, and I was a swordsman like St. George himself. As for other things, my dear fellow, there was no use dreaming about them: I had not a crown in my pocket. The other sex — well, I had heard it said that there was a world of women somewhere, but I certainly did not know where it was. One day my father asked me if I was willing to marry, and I cried out, "Oh yes, yes!" with such an explosion that my father himself could not help laughing — he who never laughed. I was presented to a young girl, virtuous and beautiful; and I fell in love with her with a passion which at first fairly frightened the delicate and timid creature. Such was your mother, my dear André, and to her I owe the two happiest years of my life; it is true that I owe to her also my greatest grief, for at the end of those two years she died. But it must be said, either to the blame or to the praise of nature, that organizations such as mine are proof against the severest shocks. At twenty-four years I found myself rich, a widower, free to do what I pleased, and thrown — with a child a year old — into the midst of this world called Paris, of which I knew nothing whatever. Ought I to have condemned you to this sort of life that I had led at Vilsac, and which had been for me so often an intolerable bore? No, I obeyed my real nature. I gave you my qualities and my shortcomings, without reckoning closely in the matter; I have sought in your case your affection rather than your obedience or your respect. I have never taught you economy, it is true, but then I did not know anything about that myself; and besides, I had not a business and a business name to leave you. To have everything in common between us, one heart and one purse, to be able to give each other everything and say everything to each other — that has been our motto. The puritans will think that they have a right to blame this intimacy as too close: let them say so if they choose. We have lost, it seems, some hundreds of thousands of francs; but we have gained this — that we can always count upon each other, you upon me and I upon you. Either of us will be ready at any moment to kill himself for the other, and that is the most important matter between a father and a son; all the rest is not worth the trouble that one takes to reason about it. Don't you think I am right?

André. All that is true, my dear father! and I am just as much attached to you as you are to me. Far be it from me to reproach you; but now in my turn I want to make a confession to you. You are an exception in our society; your fettered youth, your precocious widowerhood, are your excuses, if you

need any. You were born at a time when all France was in a fever, and when the individual, as well as the great mass of people, seemed to be striving to spend by every possible means a superabundance of vitality. Urged toward active life by nature, by curiosity, by temperament, you have cared for things that were worth caring for — for them only; for entertaining yourself, for hunting, for fine horses, for the artist world, for people of rank and distinction. In such an environment as this you have paid your tribute to your country, you have paid the debt of your rank in life and of your name. But I, on the other hand, like almost all my generation, brought in contact with a fashionable world from the time that I began life — I, born in an epoch of lassitude and transition — I led for a while this life by mere imitation in laziness. . . . It is a kind of existence that no longer amuses me; and moreover, I can tell you that it never did amuse me. To sit up all night turning over cards; to get up at two o'clock in the afternoon, to have horses put to the carriage and go for the drive around the Lake, or to ride horseback; to live by day with idlers and to pass my evenings with such parasites as your friend M. De Tournas — all that seems to me the height of foolishness. And at the bottom of your own thoughts you think just as I do. So now, now that you really have got to a serious explanation of affairs, let us reach a real irrevocable determination of them. Are you willing to let me arrange your life for you in the future exactly as I would wish to arrange my own life? Are you willing to have confidence in me, and after having brought me up in your way, are you willing that in turn, while there is still time for it, I should — bring you up in mine?

Count. Yes, go on.

André. Very well — to severe diseases strong remedies. You think a great deal of our Vilsac estate?

Count. I was born there. I should not be sorry to end my days there.

André. Very well. We will keep Vilsac for you, and find money in some other way to pay off the mortgage.

Count. How?

André. That's my business; only you must send away the two piqueurs, and six of the keepers.

Count. Poor fellows!

André. And only four horses are to be kept. No more entertainments are to be given, no more fireworks. You will entertain only two or three intimate friends now and then — if we find as many friends as that among all those that are about us nowadays here — and you will stay at Vilsac seven or eight months of the year.

Count. Alone!

André. Wait a little. I have not finished yet. This house where we are must be sold. We must put out of doors these servants, who are just so many thieves; and we will keep at Paris only a very modest stopping-place.

Count. Will you kindly allow me to get my breath?

André. Don't stir, or my surgical operation will not be successful. Now that your debts are paid there will be left to you —

Count. There will be left to me —

André. Forty thousand livres income, and as much for me — no more; and with all that, during three or four years you will not have the capital at your disposition.

Count. Heavens, what a smash!

André. Are you willing to accept my scheme?

Count. I must.

André. Very well, then: sign these papers!

Count. What are they?

André. They are papers which I have just got from the notary, and which I have been expecting to make you sign while at Dieppe and send to me; but since you are here —

Count [*signs*]. Since I am here, I may as well sign at once: you are quite right — there you are.

André. Very well; now as, according to my notions, just as much as you are left to yourself you will slip back into the same errors as in the past —

Count. What are you going to do further?

André. Guess.

Count. You are going to forbid —

André. Are you out of your senses? I am going to marry you off.

Count. Marry me off!

André. Without permission.

Count. And how about yourself?

André. I am going to marry myself off — afterwards. You must begin as an example.

Count. André, do you know something?

André. What?

Count. Some one has told you the very thing I have had in mind.

André. Nobody has told me anything.

Count. Your word on it?

André. My word on it.

Count. Explain yourself. You, all by yourself, have had this idea of marriage?

André. I myself.

Count. Deny now the sympathy between us!

André. Well?

Count. It exists [*putting his arms around his son*]. There, embrace me!

André. And you accept?

Count. As if I would do anything else!

Translated for this series by E. Irenæus Stevenson

MR. AND MRS. CLARKSON

From 'L'Étrangère'

[These scenes, the final ones of the drama, occur in the private drawing-room of Catherine, the young Duchess of Septmonts. Mr. Clarkson, a wealthy American man of business, a Californian, has just received a note from the Duke of Septmonts, a blasé young roué of high family, requesting him to call at once. He has come, in some bewilderment, to find the duke. Mr. Clarkson has only a formal acquaintance with the duke, but Mrs. Clarkson, who resides much of the time in Paris, acting as Mr. Clarkson's business representative, knows the duke confidentially. The Duchess of Septmonts receives Clarkson.]

MR. CLARKSON. I beg your pardon, madam, for having insisted on making my way in here; but a few moments ago I found on returning to my house, a letter from your husband. It asked me for a rendezvous as soon as possible, without giving me a reason for it. I find M. de Septmonts not at home. May I ask you if you know how I can be of service to him?

Catherine. I was under the impression that in his letter, M. de Septmonts explained to you the matter in which he wishes your assistance.

Clarkson. No.

Catherine. Did not his letter contain another letter, sealed, which he purposed leaving in your hands?

Clarkson. No.

Catherine. Are you really telling me the truth?

Clarkson. I never lie, madam: I have too much business on my hands; it would mix me up quite too much in my affairs.

Catherine. Then perhaps it is to Mrs. Clarkson that my husband has intrusted that letter.

Clarkson. No. She would have mentioned it; for I told her that I had received a line from the Duke, and was on my way to this house.

Catherine. Perhaps your wife did not tell you — all.

Clarkson. She has no earthly reason to conceal anything from me!

Catherine. True! I know very well that she is your wife only in name; she told me as much when I was at her house yesterday.

Clarkson. Really! She must be very much pleased with you, for she does not talk readily about her personal affairs.

Catherine. Unfortunately, it is quite otherwise as far as I am concerned; she has not hidden from me the fact that she detests me, and that she will do me all the injury she possibly can.

Clarkson. You? Injury? For what reason? Pray, what have you done to her?

Catherine. Nothing! I have known her only two days. Nevertheless —

Clarkson. Nevertheless —

Catherine. What I was going to say is not my secret, sir, it is hers, and she alone has the right to tell it to you. But as to this letter that my husband has told my father he has sent to you — it is I who wrote that letter. You may as well know, too, that it was abstracted from my possession; and moreover, that with that letter any one can indeed do me all the mischief with which your wife, Mrs. Clarkson, has threatened me.

Clarkson [*very gravely*]. Then we must know at once if my wife has that letter. I will write her to come here immediately and join us — that I have something very important to communicate to her — here. Are you willing to have her come? [*He writes while he speaks.*]

Catherine. Certainly.

Clarkson. Then we can have a general explanation. You may be sure, madam, that I shall never lend my hand to anything that means harm to you, or to any woman: I come from the country where we respect women.

Catherine [*rings the bell, and says to a servant who answers it*]. See that this letter is sent immediately. Be careful that it does not go astray. It is not my letter. This gentleman has written it. [*Exit servant.*]

Clarkson. And now, madam, do you know why M. de Septmonts wishes to have an interview with me?

Catherine. Yes, I can guess. It concerns me, perhaps; but I have no right to discuss the matter. It is something which belongs to the Duke, and he alone has the right to impart it to you. All I can do is to beg of you to have all details thoroughly explained to you, and to look into them very carefully.

[*A* Servant *enters*]

Servant. M. le Duc has come in; he will be glad to have Mr. Clarkson come to him.

Clarkson. Very good. [*Going.*] I bid you good evening, madam.

Catherine [*to the servant*]. Wait a moment. [*Going to Clarkson and speaking in a low voice.*] Suppose I were to ask you a very great service.

Clarkson. Ask it, madam.

Catherine. Suppose I were to ask you to say to my husband that you are waiting for him here in this drawing-room — that you will be glad to speak with him *here*.

Clarkson. Nothing but that? With great pleasure. [*To the servant.*] Say to M. de Septmonts that I shall be obliged if he will join me — here. [*Servant goes out.*]

Catherine. I shall leave you; for if I know what is going to be discussed in this interview, I neither could nor should take part in it; but whatever may

come of it, I shall never forget that you have done everything that you could do as a courtesy to me — and that you are a gentleman. [*Exit Catherine.*]

Clarkson [*alone*]. Charming! She is charming, that little woman; but may I be hanged if I understand one word of what is going on here.

[The Duke of Septmonts *comes in hastily, and advances to Clarkson*]

Septmonts. I have just come from your house, Mr. Clarkson. Mrs. Clarkson told me you were here. I returned at once. Pardon me for troubling you. If when I came in I asked you to come to my own drawing-room, and have thus troubled you once more, it is because I was told you were expecting me here, with the duchess. This is her private parlor; and as what we have to say is a matter for men —

Clarkson. Therefore the Duchess went to her own room when your return here was announced.

Septmonts. Mr. Clarkson, did *she* tell the servant that you would prefer to hold our conversation here?

Clarkson. No, I told him.

[*Septmonts goes to the door of the room by which Catherine went out, and closes the portière.*]

Clarkson [*in a scornful aside*]. What an amount of mystery and precaution!

Septmonts. The matter is this, Mr. Clarkson. I must fight a duel tomorrow morning. This duel can terminate only in the death of one or other of the contestants. I am the insulted one, therefore I have the choice of weapons. I choose the sword.

Clarkson. Do you fence well?

Septmonts. I believe I am one of the best fencers in Paris. But another friend on whom I could count is one of those men of the world who discuss all the details of an affair, and with whom the preliminaries of such a meeting might last several days. I want to get through with the matter at once.

Clarkson. Ah! The fact is, you *do* give an importance and a solemnity to such things in France that we don't understand, we Americans, who settle the question in five minutes on the first corner of the street, in the sight of everybody.

Septmont. That is just the reason that I allowed myself to apply to you, Mr. Clarkson. Now, are you disposed to be present as my second?

Clarkson. Bless me, with all my heart! Besides, when I mentioned your letter to Mrs. Clarkson she told me to do all I could to serve you. Have you and my wife known each other long?

Septmonts. About four years; and I owe your wife a great deal, morally speaking. I have no desire to conceal the fact. I was not yet married when I

met Mrs. Clarkson. One day I had lost a large sum at play — a hundred and fifty thousand francs — which I did not have, and tried in vain to procure; for at that time I was completely ruined. Mrs. Clarkson very generously lent me the sum, and I repaid it, with interest equivalent to the capital.

Clarkson. But as you were ruined, Duke, how could you pay this large capital and this large interest? Did your father or mother die? In France the death of parents is a great resource, I know.

Septmonts. No. I was an orphan, and I had no expectations. I married.

Clarkson. Ah, true! You French people make much of marriages for money! It's a great advantage over us Americans, who only marry for love. Now with us, in such a case as yours, a man goes into some business or other; he goes to mining; he works. But every country has its own customs. I beg your pardon for interrupting you. After all, it doesn't concern me. Come back to our duel.

Septmonts. I have a letter here in my hands —

Clarkson. Ah! You have a letter in your hands —

Septmonts. A letter which compromises my wife —

Clarkson. Ah! I am completely at your service. I belong to the sort of men who do not admit any compromises in matters of that kind.

Septmonts. I may be killed — one has to look ahead. If I lose my life, I lose it by having been so injured by my wife that I intend to be revenged on her.

Clarkson. And how?

Septmonts. I wish that the contents of this letter, which I have in my possession, shall become public property if I am killed.

Clarkson [*coldly*]. Ah! And how can I serve you as to that?

Septmonts. I will intrust this sealed letter to you. [*He takes the letter from his pocket.*] Here it is.

Clarkson [*still more coldly*]. Very well.

Septmonts. Now, if I survive, you will restore it to me as it is. If not, then in the trial which will follow, you will read it in a court. I wish the letters to become public. Then it will be known that I avenged my honor under a feigned pretext; and M. Gérard and the duchess will be so situated that they will never be able to see each other again.

Clarkson. Nonsense! Once dead, what does it matter to you?

Septmonts. I am firm there. Will you kindly accept the commission?

Clarkson [*in a formal tone*]. Surely.

Septmonts. Here is the letter.

Clarkson [*takes it and holds it as he speaks*]. But, duke, now that I think about it, when this trial occurs it is probable, even certain, that I shall not be in France. I was expecting to leave Paris on business tomorrow morning at the latest. I can wait until tomorrow evening to please you, and to help you with this duel of yours; but that is really all the time I can spare.

Septmonts. Very well; then you will have the goodness to give this letter to Mrs. Clarkson with the instructions I have just given you, and it will be in equally good hands.

Clarkson [*looking at the letter*]. All right. A blank envelope. What is there to indicate that this letter was addressed to M. Gérard?

Septmonts. The envelope with his name on it is inside.

Clarkson. You found this letter?

Septmonts. I found it — before it was mailed.

Clarkson. And as you had your suspicions you — opened it?

Septmonts. Yes.

Clarkson. I beg your pardon for questioning you so, but you yourself did me the honor to say that you wished me to be *fully* informed. Do you know whether the sentiments between M. Gérard and the duchess were of long standing?

Septmonts. They date from before my marriage.

Clarkson [*looking towards the apartment of the duchess*]. Oh, I see. That is serious!

Septmonts. They loved each other, they wanted to marry each other, but my wife's father would not consent.

Clarkson [*reflectingly*]. M. Gérard wanted to marry her, did he?

Septmonts. Yes; but when he learned that Mademoiselle Mauriceau was a millionaire, as he had nothing and had no title other than his plain name Gérard, he withdrew his pretensions.

Clarkson. That was a very proper thing for the young man to do. It doesn't surprise me!

Septmonts. Yes; but now, Mr. Clarkson, this young gentleman has come back —

Clarkson. And is too intimate a friend to your wife?

Septmonts. Ah, I do not say that!

Clarkson. What do you say, then?

Septmonts. That as the letter in question gives that impression, the situation amounts to the same thing as far as a legal process is concerned.

Clarkson [*thoughtfully and coldly*]. Oh-h-h!

Septmonts. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Clarkson?

Clarkson. No, not at all. I can understand revenge on those who have injured us, but not on those who haven't done so. And I don't like vengeance on a woman anyway, even when she is guilty; and certainly not when she is innocent; and you owe your wife a great deal — between ourselves, you owe your wife a great deal, Duke. I understand now why, for once, your father-in-law M. Mauriceau sides with his daughter and M. Gérard against you. He is sure they both are innocent. By-the-by, does M. Mauriceau also know of this letter?

Septmonts. Yes. He even tried to take it from me by force.

Clarkson. Why did he not take it?

Septmonts. Ah, because you see, I had the presence of mind to tell him that I did not have it any longer — that I had sent it to you!

Clarkson [*ironically*]. That *was* very clever!

Septmonts. And then when M. Gérard had challenged me, M. Mauriceau thought he would make an impression by saying to him before me, "I will be your second."

Clarkson. Well, is that the whole story?

Septmonts. Yes.

Clarkson. Very well, my dear sir: to speak frankly, all those people whom you characterize so slightingly seem to me the right kind of people — excellent people. Your little wife seems to be the victim of prejudices, of morals, and of combinations about which we mere American savages don't know anything at all. In our American society, which of course I can't compare with yours, as we only date from yesterday — if Mademoiselle Mauriceau had loved a fine young fellow like M. Gérard, her father would have given her to the man she loved; or if he had refused that, why she would have gone quite simply and been married before the justice of the peace! Perhaps her father wouldn't have portioned her; but then the husband would have worked, gone into business, and the two young people would have been happy all the same. As to your M. Gérard here, he is an honest man and a clever one. We like people who work, we Americans, and to whatever country they belong, we hold them as compatriots — because we are such savages, I suppose. So you understand that I don't at all share your opinion of this question.

Septmonts. And so speaking, you mean — ?

Clarkson. That if I give you this explanation, it is because I think I understand that in paying me the honor of choosing me as a second, you thought that the men of my country were less clear-sighted, less scrupulous than the men of yours. In short, Duke, you thought I would lend my hand to all these social pettinesses, these little vilenesses which you have just recounted with a candor that honors you.

Septmonts. Do you happen to remember, Mr. Clarkson, that you are talking to *me* — in this way?

Clarkson. To you. Because there are only two of us here! But if you like, we will call in other people to listen.

Septmonts. Then, sir, you tell me to my face —

Clarkson. I tell you to your face that to squander your inheritance — to have gambled away money you did not have — to borrow it from a woman without knowing when or how you could return it — to marry in order to pay your debts and continue your dissipations — to revenge yourself now on an innocent woman — to steal letters — to misapply your skill in arms by killing a brave man — why, I tell you to your face that all that is the work of a rascal, and that therefore a rascal you are. Oh, what astonishes me is that

fifty people haven't told you so already, and that I have had to travel three thousand leagues to inform you on the subject! For you don't seem to have ever suspected it, and you don't look thoroughly convinced even now.

Septmonts [*controlling himself with the greatest difficulty*]. Mr. Clarkson, you know that I cannot call you to account until I have settled with your friend M. Gérard. You take a strange advantage of the fact, sir. But we shall meet again. Please return me the paper you have had from me.

Clarkson. Your wife's letter? Never in the world! As it was addressed to M. Gérard, it belongs to M. Gérard. I intend to give it to M. Gérard. If *he* wants to return it to you, I won't stand in the way; but I doubt whether he will return it.

Septmonts. You will fight me, then, you mean?

Clarkson. Oh! as for that; yes, fight as much as you like.

Septmonts. Very well; when I have finished with the other, you and I will have our business together.

Clarkson. Say the day after tomorrow, then?

Septmonts. The day after tomorrow.

Clarkson. Stop; I must start off by tomorrow night, at the latest.

Septmonts. You can wait. And while waiting, leave me!

Clarkson. Duke, do I look like a man to whom to say "leave" in that tone, and who goes? Now look at me; it isn't hard to see what I have decided. I don't mean you to fight with Gérard before you have fought with me. If Gérard kills you, I shan't have the pleasure of crossing swords with "one of the first fencers in Paris," which it will amuse me to do. If you kill him, you cause irreparable misfortunes. If you think I'm going to let you kill a man who has saved me twenty-five per cent in the cost of washing gold, you are mistaken! Come, prove you are brave, even when you aren't sure of being the stronger! Go and get a good pair of swords from your room (since the sword is your favorite weapon — mine, too, for the matter of that), and follow me to those great bare grounds back of your house. On my way here I was wondering why in goodness' name they were not utilized. In the heart of the city they must be worth a good deal! We will prove it. As for seconds, umpires of the point of honor, we'll have the people who pass by in the street — if any do pass.

[*Septmonts rushes in a fury toward the door, but when there stretches his hand toward the bell. Clarkson throws himself between him and the bell.*]

Clarkson. Ah! no ringing, please! Don't play the Louis XV gentleman, and order your servants to cudgel a poor beggar! or as sure as my name is Clarkson, I'll slap your face, sir, before all your lackeys.

Septmonts. Very well, so be it! I *will* begin with you. [*Angrily hastens from the room for the weapons.*]

Clarkson. Quite right! [*Looking coolly at his watch.*] Let me see; why, per-

haps I *can* get away from Paris this evening after all. [*He goes calmly out at the back toward the darkened garden.*]

[*The Duchess of Septmonts has pulled aside the portière and looks toward the door by which her husband and Mr. Clarkson have gone out. She is very much agitated, and can hardly walk. She rings the bell, and then makes an effort to appear calm. The servant comes in.*]

Catherine [*tremulously, to the servant*]. Ask my father to come here, immediately. [*The servant goes out. Catherine looks towards the window and makes a movement to go to it.*] No, I will not look out! I will not know anything! I do not know anything; I have *heard* nothing; the minutes that that hand marks upon the clock, no one knows what they say to me. One of them will decide my life! Even if I had heard nothing, things would take the turn that they have, and I should merely be amazed in knowing of them. Instead of knowing nothing, I have merely to remember nothing. But no, no — I am trying in vain to smother the voice of my own conscience! What I am doing is wicked. From the moment that I have known anything about this, I am an accomplice; and if one of these two men is killed he has been killed with my consent. No, I cannot and I will not. [*She runs toward the door. As she does so* Mrs. Clarkson *enters hastily.*] You, you, madam!

Mrs. Clarkson. Were you not really expecting me today, madam? My husband sends me a note to say that you — and he — wish to speak to me immediately.

Catherine. Madam, since Mr. Clarkson has written you, there has occurred a thing which neither your husband, nor I, nor you yourself could foresee.

Mrs. Clarkson. What do you mean?

Catherine. While my husband the duke has been explaining to Mr. Clarkson the reasons of the duel — which you, you, madam, have provoked — your husband, who did not find these reasons either sufficient or honorable, has undertaken to defend us — Gérard, yes, Gérard, and me — and so very forcibly, that at this instant —

Mrs. Clarkson. They are fighting?

Catherine. Yes, yes, only a few steps away from here!

Mrs. Clarkson. Ah! That sounds like Clarkson! [*She takes a step toward the door.*]

Catherine. Madam, that duel must not go on.

Mrs. Clarkson. Why not?

Catherine. I will not permit these two men to lose their lives on my account.

Mrs. Clarkson. You? What difference does it make to you? They are not doing anything but what they chose to do. "Hands off," as the officials at the gaming-tables say when the ball has stopped rolling. You have wished to be free, haven't you? and you are perfectly right; you never said so to anybody, but you begged it all the same of One who can do anything. He has

heard your prayer, and he has made use of me to save you; of me, who have been anxious to destroy you! That is justice; and do you think that I object — I who am to be the loser? In the game that I play with Destiny, every time I make up my mind that God is against me, I bow my head and throw up the game. I don't fear any one except God. He is on your side. Let us talk no more about it.

[*Just as she is speaking the last words, Clarkson comes in. He is very grave.*]

Mrs. Clarkson. See there. You are a widow.

Clarkson [*to Mrs. Clarkson*]. My dear Noémi, will you be so kind as to hand that paper to our friend the duchess. She will perhaps feel some embarrassment in taking it directly from my hand — and it is a thing that must be returned to her. Such was the last wish of her husband; he really did not have time to tell me as much, but I fancy that I guess it right.

[*Mrs. Clarkson calmly takes the letter and goes to Catherine.*]

Mrs. Clarkson. I once said to your friend M. Rémonin that if I lost my game I would lose like one who plays fair. Madam, it was through me that your marriage came to pass; and now it is through me that your marriage — is dissolved. [*Turning to Clarkson.*] And now, Clarkson, my dear, let us get out of this. You are a good and a brave fellow. I will go anywhere with you. I have had enough of Europe — things here are too small. Do you know, I really believe I am going to find myself in love with you! Come, let us go! I am positively smothering.

Clarkson. Yes, let us go.

[*At the moment that Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson are going out, servants and police officials, accompanied by a commissioner of the police service, appear in the door. Clarkson is pointed out.*]

Commissioner. I beg your pardon, monsieur — there seems to have been — a murder here.

Clarkson. Oh no, monsieur, not at all a murder — only a duel.

Commissioner. And am I to understand, monsieur, that it is you who —

Clarkson. Oh yes, monsieur, it is I. You have come to take me into custody?

Commissioner. Yes, monsieur.

Clarkson. What a ridiculous country! I am ready to follow you, monsieur. But I am an American citizen. I shall give you bail — but of course, the law before anything. . . .

Mrs. Clarkson. Reckon on me, Clarkson. *I* shall take charge of this matter.

Clarkson. How are you going to do that?

Mrs. Clarkson. Oh, that's my affair.

[*Mrs. Clarkson crosses the stage and whispers a word to the commissioner. The commissioner bows very respectfully. Mrs. Clarkson goes out.*]

Commissioner [*to Dr. Rémonin*]. You are a doctor, monsieur?
Rémonin. Yes, monsieur.
Commissioner. Will you have the goodness to give a certificate of death?
Rémonin [*significantly*]. With great pleasure!

Translated for this series by E. Irenæus Stevenson

VICTORIEN SARDOU

VICTORIEN SARDOU was not the greatest dramatist of his time, but he was by far the most popular and attained the greatest material success. For almost half a century his plays appeared regularly in every country of the Western World; and his influence is still seen in much of the drama of today, though his work is seldom performed.

The account of Sardou's life reads more like a chapter from one of the popular romances of his day than a statement of fact. Born in Paris of poor parents, he had a bitter struggle to gain a footing. Unable to complete his medical studies on account of poverty, he abandoned the profession his father had chosen for him, and supported himself by private tutoring and hack work of one sort or another, writing his first pieces for the stage in the meantime.

In 1854 his 'La Taverne des Étudiants' [The Students' Tavern] was performed, but owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding of the purposes of the author, it was hissed by the audience and was withdrawn after the fifth performance. Meeting with no success or encouragement for the next few years and having no profession to fall back on, he was in despair. In this condition he was stricken with typhoid fever and was dying alone in his room, when Mlle. de Brecourt, an actress living in the same house, found him by chance and nursed him back to health.

This event marked the turning point in his career. Mlle. de Brecourt, whom he afterwards married, was an intimate friend of Déjazet, whose fame was then at its height. An introduction was arranged, and the noted actress was so favorably impressed by the young Sardou that she commissioned him to write a play for her at once. When this play was finished it was impossible to find a manager who would produce it. But a second play, 'Les Premières Armes de Figaro' [Figaro's First Battle], was performed by Déjazet in 1859 and proved a great success.

Encouraged by this good fortune Sardou now threw himself enthusiastically into the task of dramatic authorship, and for the next five years produced plays at the rate of three or four a year. One of these, 'Les Pattes de Mouches' [The Scrawl], the central idea of which Sardou owed to Edgar Allan Poe, brought the young author into instant prominence and remains today one of the best examples of the artificial comedy of intrigue.

When this play was produced in 1860, Francisque Sarcey, the leading dramatic critic of France, predicted a brilliant career for the author. He pointed out that his work bore certain resemblances to that of Scribe, Alfred de Musset, and the younger Dumas; but he condoned this lack of originality

by saying that it was the imitation of one who bade fair one day to surpass his originals. This prediction was borne out only in part by the later work of Sardou. In ingenuity of plot, in cleverness of invention, in sheer mastery of technique and command over all the resources of his art, he surpasses not only his originals but every other dramatic author of his time. But this extraordinary natural endowment for the theater proved the greatest obstacle to his permanent success. The ease with which he held his audience by ingenuity and cleverness led him to neglect the more enduring qualities in his work. He became a skilful deviser of theatrical situations rather than a student of life. His characters have little semblance of reality; they are controlled, not by their own wills but by the exigencies of the plot or situation. They are what they are because the story is what it is. His plays awaken echoes, not of things in the world about us, but of things in other plays and other arts. We feel that his eye is always on the theater, that instead of making his art a medium for the interpretation of experience he offers it as a substitute for it.

But if Sardou fails to measure up to the great dramatists of the world in the interpretation of life and character, he is incomparable on his own ground. What he delights in most is to knot with marvelous ingenuity the threads of an exciting plot and then to untie little by little — or else cut at a single stroke — this highly wrought complication. In this — the art of theatrical story-telling — Sardou's mastery is indisputable. We leave his plays with something of the same impression that we carry away from a sleight-of-hand performance. We have been amused and interested, but in our hearts we know that all was not quite as it seemed.

Sardou wrote in all some seventy plays, ranging in tone from farce to tragedy. Of his humorous pieces, 'Divorçons' [Let Us Divorce] (1880), with its brilliant dialogue and skilfully contrived situations, is perhaps the most characteristic, as 'Patrie' [The Fatherland] (1869) is of his serious work. In this last play Sardou just missed creating a work of the first rank. The story is one of the most absorbing in all drama. But the design is too perfect, the fingering of the dramatist too obvious. The author lacks the art that conceals art. We are reminded that this is the theater, and that the story that is unfolding itself before us has been prepared with an eye to its effect on the audience.

HARVEY HATCHER HUGHES

A SCRAP OF PAPER

From the translation by J. Palgrave Simpson (revised) of 'Les Pattes de Mouches,' published by Samuel French

[Louise, Baroness de la Gacière, has before her marriage written a compromising letter to her old admirer Prosper Couramont, who obtains possession of it on his return to France after a long absence, and refuses to give it up. He is visiting in the neighborhood, and her cousin Suzanne goes to Prosper's rooms with the hope of inducing him to destroy it. Thither Louise follows her.]

[Louise *enters, wearing an Indian shawl over her head, and speaks to* Suzanne.]

LOUISE. You are alone — are you not?

Suzanne. Louise!

Louise [*coming in and closing the door behind her hastily*]. I saw Prosper ride by the windows of the château — You did not return; and my impatience was so great, that I hastily threw on this shawl and came myself. [*Laying down her shawl.*]

Suzanne. What imprudence! If your husband had seen you —

Louise. What matter, since we were both together — Have you got it?

Suzanne. The letter? No — he refuses to give it up.

Louise. He must have left it here. Find it — find it, I entreat you! I am so terrified — I dare hardly raise my eyes to look into my husband's face — I fancy he suspects — knows everything.

Suzanne. What if he does know everything? You say the whole affair was only a most innocent little flirtation.

Louise. Of course it was — I was a thoughtless, romantic girl at the time, and saw no wrong; but my husband, under that semblance of apathy, conceals a highly sensitive nature. The bare suspicion of any previous attachment, even of the slightest flirtation, would wound that nature to the quick — The discovery of this letter might rouse all his jealous susceptibilities, and compromise our domestic happiness forever.

Suzanne [*sitting down*]. Ah, my poor dear friend, what a warning you give to silly girls —

Louise. Not to write letters! Oh, yes — girls should never *write!*

Suzanne. They should rather beware of fostering absurd ideas, and fancying themselves in love.

Louise. But don't let us lose any time — let us hunt about.

Suzanne [*seated*]. That's the very thing I'm now doing.

Louise. What! Sitting there?

Suzanne. Yes, in my head — that's the way I hunt. [*The Baroness is turning over books, papers, etc., on the table.*] But go your own way to work.

Louise. Oh, you put me out of all patience!

Suzanne [*coolly*]. My dear child, nature made woman weak, but gave her as compensation a sixth sense. Have you ever examined butterflies?

Louise. What an absurd question!

Suzanne [*going to table, and taking up a case of butterflies*]. They have got long, thin horns upon their heads to enable them to feel and appreciate objects at a distance. Look!

Louise. What do you mean?

Suzanne. The naturalists call them "antennæ." Well, my dear, women too have "antennæ," but of so delicate a nature that they are invisible. Sometimes they are made like tendrils, to entangle our natural enemy, man; — sometimes they are sharp and pointed, just to blind them, my dear.

Louise [*turning away pettishly*]. And you want to find my letter with your "antennæ" — a likely idea! I'd rather trust to my ten fingers. [*Goes on opening all the drawers, etc.*]

Suzanne. You shall see how I will use my "antennæ." Yes, yes; open all the drawers — hunt away. Just see if you can't find your letter in the guitar case. What a child you are! — Just look at that little bit of paper folded together, and put to steady the leg of the table.

Louise. This?

Suzanne. Yes. [*Getting up.*] It's not worth the trouble, the paper is black and worn.

Louise. Yes: and he would never have put it there, where everybody can see it. [*She continues to hunt about.*]

Suzanne. It's very clear you don't know how to use your "antennæ." — Your knowing man would be sure to make so little concealment of an object he wished to hide, that nobody would be likely to look for it in a place so open to inspection. I'll wager now, that if we can't find this unfortunate letter, it is because it is lying about somewhere before our very eyes.

Louise [*who has been hunting about*]. Nothing — nothing! but there's another room here.

Suzanne. Go in, by all means. My right of search is unlimited.

Louise [*opening the door*]. If he should come back, though? No matter; you will give the alarm. [*Exit into room.*]

Suzanne [*looking around her*]. Where can it be? He's clever enough to have put it simply under his letter-weight. [*Lifts up letter-weight.*] No! — in this vase? Nothing but visiting cards, and a stick of sealing-wax. In this jar? [*Opens the tobacco-jar.*] Tobacco — cigarette-papers — several letters crumpled and torn. [*Reading superscription of letter.*] "Monsieur Prosper Couramont, care of Mahony Brothers, Madrid." [*Goes on with several other letters, which she passes, as she speaks, from her right hand to her left.*]

"Monsieur Prosper Couramont — care of the Reverend Mr. Higgins, Sandwich Islands!" "Monsieur Prosper Couramont" — [*stops and takes up last letter.*] Stop! this letter has seen a good deal of the world. It must have been a very precious letter for him to have brought it all the way from the Sandwich Islands, and kept it so long; [*weighing it in her hands*] and yet it's very light. There's only the veriest scrap of paper in it. Now who, I should like to know, would have sent a letter all the way to the Sandwich Islands, costing no end of postage-money, which cannot contain much more than "How do you do?" — "Very well, I thank you." It's very odd — very! [*Calling.*] Louise!

Louise [*in the room*]. I can't find anything!

Suzanne. Louise, was the letter large?

Louise [*within*]. No; only half a sheet of note-paper folded in two.

Suzanne [*feeling the envelope*]. A half-sheet of note-paper folded in two. [*Aloud.*] On white paper?

Louise [*as before*]. No; pink.

Suzanne [*holding the envelope up to the light*]. It *is* pink!

Louise [*as before*]. I've found a box full of papers.

Suzanne. Have you, dear? — all right [*Smelling the envelope.*] It's an old scrap of paper; all the perfume is gone; [*holding up the envelope again*] if I could see the writing! [*About to open the envelope.*] He gave me permission to search everything that was open, and this envelope *is* open. [*Checking herself.*] Stop, stop! it's not quite the thing. I am not in the habit of opening other people's letters [*feeling the envelope.*] And yet, if it *were* Louise's letter. Oh! my fingers burn — my fingers burn!

[*Enter* Louise.]

Louise [*crying with vexation*]. Oh, my dear Suzanne, I give it up! We shall never find it now — we shall never find it now!

Suzanne. I can't bear it any longer — I can't see her cry. [*Opens envelope and takes out paper, which she hands to* Louise.] Is your letter anything like that?

Louise [*opening the paper*]. That is it!

Suzanne [*bursting out laughing*]. What do you say to my "antennæ" now, my dear?

Louise. Oh, yes — it's the same — [*reading*] "I am obliged to leave home by daybreak; but far or near, my love —" Could I have written such words? Fool that I was! and should my husband ever know! [*Violent knocking, at the outside door.*]

Suzanne. Some one is knocking at the door!

Baron [*without*]. Let me in!

Suzanne. Your husband! Give me the letter. [*Snatches it.*]

Louise. Good heavens! where shall I hide?

Suzanne [*low, going to open the door*]. Don't think of hiding — stay where you are.

Louise. No, no — he would see my agitation. [*Runs to door of other room. Baron continues to knock.*]

Suzanne [*low, her hand on lock of outer door*]. No — stop, I tell you! [*Louise goes into other room. — With vexation.*] Oh, foolish woman! [*She opens outer door.*]

[*Enter* Baron, *in shooting dress, with his gun.*]

Baron [*surprised*]. You!

Suzanne [*calm and smiling*]. Yes — I! What an uproar you have been making!

Baron. You were *not* alone — Louise was here.

Suzanne. What should she be doing here?

Baron. Something she was ashamed of apparently, since she made her escape.

Suzanne [*laughing*]. Does this fit often seize you, cousin?

Baron. She was here, I say!

Suzanne. And if she was, why shouldn't she be here still? Do you think she has hidden herself under the table?

Baron [*roughly, looking her full in the face*]. Then why didn't you open the door immediately?

Suzanne [*not at all disconcerted*]. Because I thought the knocking was at the other door — and I opened that first.

Baron. In order that Louise might get away. That's the way she went, then? [*Goes up to the third door.*]

Suzanne. What a tiresome old bear you are! If Louise went that way, go and look for her; and leave me to myself.

Baron. My wife was strangely agitated this morning, after her conversation with Monsieur What's-his-name — whom she knew before her marriage — more still, during that little affair about the statuette — what did that mean?

Suzanne. Perhaps she was afraid he would drop it.

Baron [*getting more and more angry*]. The man made an offer of marriage for Mathilde, without ever having seen her — a mere pretext, it is very clear, to get into the house, and see my wife — a got-up plan to divert my suspicions! I left Brisemouche out shooting to return home — I inquired for my wife — She was gone out; but I had her spaniel, Fidèle, with me; and he has tracked her to this house — to the foot of that stair: I tell you my wife is here! Where is she, I say? Where is she?

Suzanne. How do I know? Since you've taken to hunting your wife, as they hunt negroes, whistle for Fidèle, my dear sir — whistle for Fidèle.

Baron. Suzanne, you trifle with my feelings!

Suzanne. Trifle with your feelings! No — I wish to spare them. If I laugh

at you, it is to show how foolish you are. Come — come — calm yourself, and try to be a little reasonable.

Baron. You are right — you are right to jeer at me — my jealousy blinds me — it drives me mad! It makes me utterly miserable! [*Throws himself into a chair.*]

Suzanne. Look up, my poor friend! Now, how can you ruin all your happiness thus, when you have a charming wife who thinks of nobody but you — lives for nobody but you?

Baron. I know it, Suzanne — I know it — and I am calm now — quite calm — but should anything again ever cause me to suspect — [*seeing Louise's shawl, and darting on it.*] My wife's shawl! Ah! you see she has been here! [*Rises.*]

Suzanne. Well — what of the shawl?

Baron. Who put it there?

Suzanne. I did — I took up the first that came to hand.

Baron. I don't believe you. My wife's shawl is here — then she's not gone — she's still concealed here — and I swear that if I find her — [*takes up his gun*].

Suzanne. Baron! Baron! I beg of you —

Baron [*searching, in spite of her*]. Leave me!

Suzanne [*trying to stop him*]. Hear me! hear me!

Baron [*going to the door of the other room. Suzanne springs between him and the door*]. She is concealed in that man's room. Let me go — by heaven, I'll have his life! [*Menacing with his gun.*]

Suzanne. For my sake —

Baron. For your sake?

Suzanne [*with feverish haste, as if regardless of what she is saying*]. Yes — for mine! you drive me to this confession by your violence. What! were you so blind? Did not my embarrassment — my agitation — at once reveal the truth? I didn't open the door at once, because I was afraid of being found here. Your dog evidently recognized your wife's shawl which I wore. Don't you see? Louise refused her sister's hand to Prosper, because she knew I loved him years ago — don't you see? Prosper imagined I had deceived him, and so wanted to marry another, in order to revenge himself on me — don't you see? When Louise spoke low to him, it was to justify me, and prevent this detested marriage, which I was resolved never should take place — don't you see? don't you see?

Baron. Yes, yes, I remember now. He spoke this morning of some heartless treachery on the part of a woman.

Suzanne. He meant me — I was the heartless treachery! [*Sighing.*] But it was all a mistake — a misunderstanding.

Baron. Why did you not tell me this at once?

Suzanne. Can you ask the question? What woman would willingly confess

the weakness of her heart? And then you were so violent, and made such an awful noise — you don't know what a noise you *do* make. And I was so frightened, and — so out it came — I don't know how — and — don't you see? don't you see? [*Aside.*] I don't know what on earth I am saying.

Baron. Be calm, my dear Suzanne — no one shall ever learn this secret from me. But I'll not allow this man to trifle with your feelings in this manner — I'll see him at once.

Suzanne. See him — what for?

Baron. What for? Why, to tell him I know the state of affairs between you, make him withdraw his pretensions to the hand of Mathilde, and — and —

Suzanne. And what?

Baron. What? why marry you to be sure!

Suzanne [*aside*]. Good heavens! I didn't take that into my reckoning.

Baron. Yes, yes; I'll see the fellow — speak out my mind at once.

Suzanne. What are you thinking of, my dear friend? Let me see him first — endeavor to lure him back myself. You would not deprive a woman of her dearest privilege — would you, cousin?

Baron. As you will. [*Going on with volubility, spite of the efforts of Suzanne to speak.*] Marry you he shall — dead or alive! I won't have him play fast and loose with cousin Suzanne — that I won't. I owe him a grudge for making me suspect Louise — my own dear good Louise. [*Bursts out laughing.*] Good heavens! what a fool man makes of himself sometimes! but he shall pay for it — he shall marry you as a punishment — no, I don't mean that — but marry you he shall! [*Taking up his gun.*] Now, then, to bring down my man! amicably — I mean amicably! [*Patting his gun.*] Old trusty, here is for the partridges — so ho, Fidèle! and off we go!

Suzanne [*aside*]. And they say that man can't talk!

Baron [*turning at door*]. Not a word to Louise!

Suzanne. She shall not know more about the affair than she knows at this moment — I give you my word.

Baron. I would not have her know for the world.

[*Exit.*]

JEAN-HENRI FABRE

IN 1910 the French Academy offered one of its most considerable prizes, the *Prix Née,* to Jean-Henri Fabre, at that time eighty-seven years old, the author of ten volumes of 'Souvenirs Entomologiques' [Recollections of an Entomologist]. Naturally the prize was in recognition, not of Fabre's work as a scientist, but of the literary merit of the 'Souvenirs.' Whatever may be Fabre's rank as a scientist in years to come, the literary, one might almost say the poetic, charm of the 'Souvenirs' will remain imperishable. No romance has more power to hold a reader spellbound than these ten volumes, the exact record of scientific and minute observation. They are written in a language that is always simple and clear, both musical and strikingly picturesque; and in a style that is in every way free from self-consciousness, one is tempted to say uniquely so. There is no suggestion of polish or of more elegance than is inherent in the spirit of the French language. Such writing seems to have sprung from the very soil of France, and has the unforgettable beauty of her countryside.

Fabre was well over fifty when he began the 'Souvenirs.' His life had been obscure, and was practically to remain so. From infancy he had had to fight against poverty. After his death, in 1915, there was found among his possessions but one costly instrument, a microscope which had been presented to him in recognition of the value of his researches to science. He never could afford a laboratory or any of the paraphernalia of the professional scientist. The few things that were indispensable to him in his work he made or improvised himself. This he would not perhaps have had otherwise. But that he felt a deep resentment against the ever-present necessity to take time from his true study in order to earn bread for his family is abundantly attested in the 'Souvenirs.' The resentment is the more bitter because it would have taken so little money to satisfy his modest needs.

Up to the time that he settled at Sérignan, where the last thirty-five years of his life were passed, he had earned his living as a teacher. The 'Souvenirs' are full of recollections of these first sixty years. He was born at Saint-Leons in the Haut Rouergue (Aveyron) on December 23, 1823. Almost as soon as he could walk, he has said, the wonders of nature eclipsed for him the tales that his old grandmother used to tell him, as they sat before a roaring fire on the cold nights of winter. The voice of nature remained throughout his life sweeter to him than language and as mysterious as a dream. Undeterred by poverty he made his way through the normal school at Avignon, and at the age of nineteen secured a position in the college at Carpentras as primary teacher.

The teaching was not arduous, and he used his spare time in the study of mathematics and physics, preparing himself for a licentiate. After he had secured this, he was invited to the chair of physics at the University of Ajaccio, in Corsica. Here he met the botanist Renquien, and with him made a thorough study of the flora in Corsica. Here, too, began his special interest in entomology. Eventually he obtained an assistant professorship in the Lycée at Avignon. In 1855 he attracted the attention of scientists by an article on the giant wasp Cerceris, which was published in the 'Annales de Science'; and in the same year he won his doctorate.

For many years he stayed at Avignon, never advanced, hardly recognized, and always poor. Then at the suggestion of Victor Duruy, who was endeavoring to extend the system of education in France, especially for women, he undertook a series of free lectures to women on subjects of natural history and science. Some of his observations aroused the animosity of the Church, and the general success of the lectures stirred up envy among his colleagues in the Lyceé; so that in 1871, out of patience with the petty persecution by which he was surrounded, and victim, too, of some scheming, he left Avignon. Thanks to the generosity of the English economist, J. S. Mill, he was able to hire an old house near Orange, and here for nine years he earned a living by writing text-books. Two of these, 'La Terre' and 'Le Ciel,' are among the most fascinating of his works. After this he went to Sérignan, where for the first time in his life he owned his house; and here he lived until his death, withdrawn from the world, surrounded by his family, studious up to the last of his beloved insects, and ever writing down his recollections and observations.

These, by which his name has become familiar to the world, are far more than a record of his scientific research. They are full of personal reminiscences, of descriptions of the scenes of his childhood, of a simple but profoundly wise philosophy, and even of prophecy. Always the language is clear and picturesque. As for its clarity, Fabre has himself written that he owes what skill he has in expression to his study of geometry. Behind it one recognizes the highly trained mind, keen, fixed upon truth, packed with knowledge. And Fabre's knowledge was very great. He was not only an entomologist; he wished to be considered a biologist. He was moreover a mathematician, a geologist, and a botanist. He knew exactly what he wished to say, whether he was writing about a stone, a flower, a star, or a bee.

For the source of other qualities of his language, its fervor, its vividness, and above all its indescribable picturesqueness, one looks to the temperament of the man. Fabre was a poet. He wrote with emotion, even with passion. To him nature was always alive, and he had for her the love of man for living things, not the curiosity of the abstract scientist for the specimen. One secret of the charm of the 'Souvenirs' is that they present to us a living world. We read of insects in their life; we are present at their labors, at their warfare, their love-making, and their housebuilding. We feel stirred within us a sense of that

vast movement in nature which surrounds us, infinitely complex and never still. Nothing Fabre wrote of can be dissociated from that movement. Man is but a part of it, scarcely more wonderful than the blind grub that spends its life in the black heart of a tree. For him the architecture of the Louvre was surpassed by the architecture of the shell of a snail, and there was nothing more marvelous than the wings of a butterfly.

Yet Fabre dealt with facts, not with marvels. His language revealed what he had seen. Ardent prophet and interpreter of the object of his lifelong love, he would make her clear to the rest of the world, not only to those who are old and wise, but also to children. Hence the simplicity of his language a youth may read and love: the homely metaphors, the bright colors and pleasant sounds, the familiar words of every day, old and deep in the heart of the race for which he wrote.

"My dear insects, if you cannot convince these fine people because you cannot be weightily dull, I will say in my turn: You dissect creatures and I study them alive; you make them objects of horror and pity and I make them lovable; you labor in a torture chamber while I make my observations under the blue sky and to the song of the cicada; you submit the cell and the protoplasm to reactions, but I study instinct in its highest manifestations; you pore over death, I over life. And why should I not carry out my thought to its end! Wild boars have troubled the clear waters of the spring; natural history, that magnificent study for youth, because of cellular perfections, has become odious, repulsive. Now, if I write for wise men, for philosophers who one day will try to solve the arduous problem of instinct, I write no less, I write above all, for young people whom I wish to make love that natural history which you have made them hate. And that is why, though I remain in the scrupulous domain of the true, I abstain from your scientific prose, which, too often, alas, seems borrowed from some idiom of the Hurons."

From start to finish the 'Souvenirs' are intensely interesting. The reader can lay down a volume only with the feeling that he has been beguiled, almost as by a fairy tale. To all, no matter how little interested in natural history, M. Paul Thureau-Dangin, Secretary of the French Academy, gave the following advice in his report on the "concours" of 1910:

"Read these tales, and you will feel their charm, their kindness, their simplicity, their life; you will feel within you an ardent affection for this lovable science which so goes on from day to day in the fine summer weather, 'to the song of the cicada'; for this science which is in no way Germanic, which is thoroughly Latin, Vergilian at moments, which goes hand in hand with poetry, which is, in short, so permeated with love that often it seems as if there rose from these simple recollections of an entomologist a strophe of the Song of Praise, sung by the three Hebrew children, *Benedicite, omnia opera.*"

LELAND HALL

INSECTS AND THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY

From 'Souvenirs Entomologiques,' Vol. vi, Chapter xii

HERE we are in mid-July. The dog days are about to begin, but as a matter of fact the torrid weather has gained upon the calendar, and for several weeks the heat has been overpowering.

In the village this evening there is a great celebration of our national holiday. The youngsters of the neighborhood are rollicking round a bonfire, the glow of which on the church steeple I catch a glimpse of now and then through the trees. There is a pompous racket of drums as each rocket soars into the air. Meanwhile, alone in a dark corner of my garden, in the relative coolness of nine o'clock, I am listening to the concert of a holiday of the open, a holiday of harvests, much more impressive than that being celebrated now on the village green with powder, with blazing piles of wood, with Japanese lanterns, and most of all with much drinking. It is as simple as beauty; it is as calm as power.

It is late, and the Cicadæ are silent. All day long, soothed with light and warmth, they were prodigal of their symphonies. Come night, rest for them; but rest often broken. From the thick branches of the plane trees there comes a sudden noise, piercing and short, like a shriek of anguish. That is the despairing cry of the Cicada, surprised in her repose by the Green Locust, fervid night huntress, who pounces upon her, grips her sides, tears her open, and disembowels her. After an orgy of music, slaughter.

I find nothing to regret in that I have never seen, and never shall see, the supreme expression of our national jubilance — the military review at Longchamps. The newspapers tell me enough about it. They give me a picture of the place. I see here and there in the shrubbery the sinister red cross, with its placard: Military Ambulance, Civil Ambulance. So there will be broken bones to set, sun-strokes to take care of, perhaps even deaths to deplore. It is all provided for; it is all in the program.

Even here in my village, usually so peaceful, I'd be willing to wager my hand that the celebration will not end without some one coming to blows, inevitable seasoning to a day of merrymaking. Apparently, fully to relish our pleasure we must have some spice of pain.

Let us listen and meditate, here, far away from the hubbub. While the gored Cicada still protests, the fête goes on up there in the plane trees, with a change in the orchestra. The night singers now have their turn. In the thick mass of leaves about the murder spot the fine ear catches the rustling of Locusts. It is a noise like the whirring of a spinning-wheel, very delicate, a faint scraping of dry pellicules. Over this ground bass there breaks out now

and then a sudden click, very sharp, almost metallic. Here we have the song and the strophe, broken by interludes of silence. The rest is the accompaniment.

A thin concert, very thin after all, in spite of the re-inforcement of the bass, although there are perhaps a dozen performers right about me. The sound lacks intensity. My old ear-drum cannot always catch these tenuous sonorities. The little I gather is of an extreme sweetness; nothing could be more appropriate to the calm, soft twilight. A little more sweep to your bow, Green Locust, my friend, and you would be preferable as a virtuoso to the harsh Cicada, whose name and whose reputation the people of the north have thrust upon you.

Yet you will never be a match for your neighbor, the tiny Tree Toad, ringer of little bells, who tinkles at the foot of the plane trees while you click up aloft. He is the smallest of my batrachian population, the most adventurous as well.

How many times have I not chanced upon him when, in the last light of evening, I wandered aimlessly through my garden in search of fugitive ideas? Something tries to get away, rolls and bumps awkwardly from under my feet. Is it a dead leaf stirred by the wind? No, it is the dainty little toad, whom I have troubled in his wayfaring. Hastily he takes refuge under a stone, a bit of earth, a tuft of grass; and waiting only to master his emotion, takes up again his clear note.

On this evening of national rejoicing there are well-nigh a dozen about me, striving to outdo each other in chiming. Most of them are hidden in the deep shadows round the flower-pots which, in close lines, form a vestibule before my dwelling. Each has his peculiar note, always the same; some high, some low, a short, clear note, ringing full in the ear and of an exquisite purity. Slow in rhythm and in measured cadence, they seem to intone a litany. This one goes *cluck;* that one — his throat is finer — replies *click;* and a third one, the tenor of the choir, adds, *clock*. And this goes on indefinitely, like the carillon in the village on feast days: *cluck, click, clock; cluck, click, clock.*

This chorus of toads puts me in mind of a simple musical instrument I ardently longed to possess when I was six years old and my ears were beginning to be sensitive to the magic of sounds. It was a series of strips of glass of various lengths fixed across two bands of ribbon. A bit of cork on the end of a wire served to tap them. Imagine an unskilled hand striking this keyboard haphazard, in the liveliest confusion of octaves and dissonance, and chords topsy-turvy, and you will have a good idea of the litany of toads.

As a song this litany has neither rhyme nor reason; as pure sound it is delicious. So it is with all music in the concerts of nature. Our ear finds in it superb beauty of sound; then, becoming sensitive to something beyond the actual sounds, it develops a feeling for order, the first condition of beauty.

Now this sweet calling from one hiding place to another is the matrimonial

oratorio, the discreet appeal of each to his mate. What follows the concert it is easy to guess; but one would never foresee the strange outcome of the nuptials. What happens is this: there comes a day when the father, in this case the true paterfamilias, in the noblest sense of the word, leaves his home in a quite unrecognizable state.

The future is packed round his hind legs; he moves out of his house laden with a cluster of eggs about the size of peppercorns. The bulky load binds his legs, hampers his thighs, pushes up on his back like a knapsack. He loses his shape under it.

Where is he going, thus dragging himself along, quite unable to hop, so heavily is he burdened? In the tenderness of his heart he is going whither the mother refuses to go; he is betaking himself to the neighboring swamp, the warmish waters of which are indispensable both to the hatching of the eggs and to the life of the nurslings. With the eggs, ripened to the point of hatching, about his legs, from under the moldy roof of a stone, he resolutely faces moisture and the full light of day — he who is so fond of being dry and of dark places. In short stages he makes his way forward, his lungs bursting with fatigue. Maybe the swamp is a long way off. No matter; the determined little pilgrim will find it.

At last he is there. Without a moment's hesitation he dives in, in spite of his deep aversion to the bath; and at that moment the eggs drop from him, freed by the rubbing of his legs. The eggs are now in their element; the rest will be done without him. Having fulfilled his duty by this immersion, the father hastens to his dry home. Hardly has he turned his back before the little nurslings break from their eggs and wriggle about. To burst their shells they awaited only the contact with the water.

Among the singers of the July twilight there is one who, if there were variety in his song, might rival the harmonious little chimes of the Tree Toad. That is the Scops, graceful night raider with round golden eyes. On his forehead there are two feathery horns which have won for him hereabouts the name of *Machoto banarudo,* or Horned Owl. His song, though the quality of his note is rich enough to fill of itself the silence of the night, is depressingly monotonous. *Tchô, tchô,* he goes, with an imperturbable regularity, as hour after hour he sends up his cantata to the moon. . . .

Sharply in contrast with this sweet note there comes at intervals from another spot a sound like the miaul of a cat. This is the call of the ordinary owl, Pallas Athene's bird of wise meditations. All day she lurked in the hollow of an olive tree; then after the shadows of evening began to fall she set forth on her wanderings. With smooth graceful flight, like the swaying of a swing, she has come to the pines in my garden, when she adds to the concert her discordant miauling, a little softened by distance.

The click of the Locust is much too fine to be caught in the midst of these louder songs. Only now and then in a moment of silence does a bit of it come to me. For her music she has but a little stretch of membrane to scrape; while

they, more favored, have breath and the power of lungs to send forth a vibrant column of air. A comparison is impossible. Let us come back to the insects.

One of these, even smaller than the Locust and not less meagerly equipped, surpasses her greatly in singing at night — the pale and slender Italian Cricket (*Œcanthus pellucens*), so fragile that one hardly dares to seize him for fear of crushing him. He joins in the concert from the rosemary bushes on every side, while to add the last touch to the fête, the glow-worms light the blue fires of their little lamps.

This fine instrumentalist is made up above all of broad wings, delicate and sparkling like blades of mica. Thanks to this dry spread of sail, he is able to overpower the Tree Toads with his bowing and scraping. One would say it was the song of the ordinary black cricket, perhaps more brilliant and with more tremolo in the bow. Indeed such a mistake is almost inevitable for one who does not know that the true cricket is a springtime singer and that in these days of scorching heat he has disappeared. But the place of his charming violin has been taken by another still more pleasing and worthy of special study. We will come back to it in the proper place.

Limiting ourselves to the really distinguished, these would be the chief singers in our evening musical: the Horned Owl, with his languorous solos; the Tree Toad, chiming sonatas; the Italian Cricket scraping on his high E string; and the Green Locust, who taps a tiny steel triangle.

We, today, are celebrating with much more noise than conviction the new era, dated — in politics — from the taking of the Bastille; they, with superb indifference to human affairs, celebrate the fête of the sun. They sing the bliss of life; they shout hosanna for the fiery heat of the dog days. What to them are man and his rejoicings, so changing!

For whom, for what, for what idea shall we set off the thunder of our guns a few years hence? He must indeed be a seer who can tell. Fashions change and bring in the unforeseen. Our compliant rockets are ever ready to burst into flower of sparks in the sky for the hated and cursed of yesterday, become the idol of today. Tomorrow they will show themselves off no less for another.

In a century or two will there be any question of the taking of the Bastille, save, perhaps, among a few learned ones? It is very doubtful. We shall have other gladness, other grief.

Dip deeper into the future. Everything seems to point to a day that will come when man, progressing, progressing, will at last succumb, killed by too much of what he calls civilization. Too full of zeal to rise to godhead, he cannot hope to endure as the beasts; he will have vanished from off the face of the earth while still the little Tree Toad sings his litany together with the Locust, the Owl, and yet others. They sang before us on the planet; they will sing after us, celebrating the Immutable, the torrid glory of the sun.

Translated for this series by Leland Hall

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL, the Provençal poet, will rank among the few highly original singers of the middle decades of the last century. Long after the fanciful philology and bardic affectations of his school are forgotten, and his own elaborate dictionary of the Provençal tongue has taken its place among other massive monuments of abortive human industry, Mistral's three very remarkable narrative poems, 'Mirèio' or 'Mireille,' 'Calendau,' and 'Nerto,' will continue to charm by the music of their verse, the depth of their human interest, their dramatic energy, and the truth and splendor of their local color.

Frédéric Mistral was born on September 8, 1830, at Maillane in the Bouches-du-Rhône; in one of those rich and quiet farmsteads, buried amid well-tilled fields and approached by deeply shaded avenues, whose verdure diversifies the silvery sameness of the Provençal landscape. From whatever stormy and untamable ancestor Mistral inherited the name of that furious winter wind of the Midi, which dispels, when it arises, all the languors of the Mediterranean shore, and lashes the soft sea of those parts into flying foam, the spirit of the free and renovating gale was certainly in him. His father, a wealthy freehold farmer, sent him to school at Avignon, and to college at Montpellier, and meant to make a lawyer of him. But the youth rebelled; and intimated instead that he had a mission to renew the glories of ancient Provençal song. His teacher at Avignon was Joseph Roumanille, who had already written verses in the dialect of the Bouches-du-Rhône; and who was able to inspire a class of singularly apt and brilliant pupils, of whom Frédéric Mistral and Théodore Aubanel were the stars, with a boundless faith in its poetic possibilities and ardor for its admission — they called it restoration — to literary honor. Earlier still, by a score of years, Jacques Jasmin at Agen had made a highly successful experiment with a kindred patois; but up to his day, no Frenchman for generations had dreamed of writing in anything but classic French. Some time in the early fifties, however, Master Roumanille set up a publishing house at Avignon; and he and his disciples formed themselves into a society which they called the *Félibrige,* whose members, the *Félibres,* agreed not merely to compose in the dialect which they were born to speak, but to combine for the purpose of formulating its etymology and grammar, and establishing its claim to a high literary descent from the language of the medieval Troubadours.

Among these works Mistral's were easily first; and his masterpiece, 'Mirèio,' was originally printed at Avignon in 1858, in Provençal only, and under the auspices of Roumanille. A year later it was brought out in Paris with a very

striking parallel French version of the poet's own, which, by rendering it easily intelligible to the ordinary reader, invited general criticism, while incidentally it revealed the almost unparalleled wealth of the writer's vocabulary in both forms of speech.

'Mirèio,' then, was a pastoral poem of the present time, suffused with the hot sunshine of Southern France; as full as the Georgics themselves of rustic lore and homely agricultural detail, but embodying also, in twelve leisurely books, the tale of two very young lovers, their innocent passion, thrilling adventures, and hapless end. The story was told with a kind of sweet garrulity, and an affluence of unworn imagery, that simply took the world by storm. The elaborate measure adopted by Mistral (apparently he did not, as was at first claimed, invent it) was managed with consummate grace, and gave a high idea of the musical capacities of the Provençal speech, and its curious richness, especially in feminine rhymes. It is well understood now that Mistral and his colleagues fashioned their new instrument more or less to suit themselves: improvising grammatical forms at need, and manipulating and modifying terminal syllables with glorious license. But the Troubadours of the twelfth century had done just the same; and these were the alleged heirs both of their inspiration and their methods.

In 1867, after an interval of nine years, 'Mirèio' was followed by 'Calendau,' another poem of epic proportions; which naturally created less astonishment than its predecessor, but really fell very little short of it in vigor of conception, variety of action, and beauty of imagery. The heroine of the new romance was a dispossessed Princess of Les Baux, in whose veins ran the blood of more than one queen of love; while her suitor was a man of humble birth, whom she inspired by reciting legends of chivalry, and compelled to win her hand by a series of extraordinary tests and adventures.

In 1875 Mistral published a collection of fugitive pieces under the title of 'Lis Isclo d'Oro,' or 'The Golden Isles.' In 1883 appeared his third long poem, 'Nerto,' a tale of the last days of the Popes at Avignon. The florid stanza of the two previous compositions was abandoned in 'Nerto' for a simply rhymed octosyllabic meter, like that employed for narrative by Chaucer, Byron, and William Morris; and the whole tone and movement of the story were more tame and conventional than those of the earlier ones. Here too we have for the first time a didactic purpose plainly avowed by the author: the singular but perfectly serious one of illustrating the personal existence and persistent activity among mankind of that formidable Being whose name (O Lucifer, son of the morning!) is oddly abbreviated by the Provençaux into *Cifèr*.

In 1897 appeared 'Le Poème du Rhône' [The Poem of the Rhône], eagerly expected during many years of slow completion, and heralded with immense enthusiasm by a devoted band of followers. It proved to be in twelve cantos; a highly romantic description and indeed poetic romance of the great river and of sundry of its towns, based on a narrative half mundane and half mysterious,

that deals with the humble life of the Rhodane boatmen prior to the advent of the first steamboat that ruined the romance and industry of their craft. A superb episode in the fourth canto presents Napoleon in his famous flight; — though it is but one passage among many that won special praise. The whole work possesses a movement and dramatic charm worthy of the poet.

Mistral always writes from the point of view of a devout Catholic believer, whom no mysteries, whether of holy miracle or Satanic witchcraft, can avail to stagger. Both in 'Mirèio' and in 'Nerto' we find, by way of episode, specimens of the *légende pieuse* in very beautiful modern renderings. But the utter lack of humor which he shares with most of the associated *Félibres* — wherein they are, one and all, so inferior to Jasmin — causes him to mingle the supernatural and the matter-of-fact sometimes in a manner which is almost grotesque. It is his one great fault as an artist.

Mistral toiled heroically for over ten years at a comprehensive lexicon of ancient and modern Provençal, which appeared in two large quarto volumes in 1886. France awarded him all those nominal distinctions — Academy crowns and prizes, badges of the Legion — which she delights to bestow upon her gifted sons; but he clung always, in his own person, to the old-fashioned rustic ways which acquire so strong a fascination under his picturesque pen. He lived very simply, on the farm or *mas* in the neighborhood of Saint Rémy where he was born, and practised a free but homely hospitality. He married, rather late in life, an exceedingly beautiful bourgeoise of the renowned Arlesian type; and he himself was, from his youth to his death in 1914, one of the handsomest men of his generation.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

THE INVOCATION, FROM 'MIRÈIO'

I SING the love of a Provençal maid;
How through the wheat-fields of La Crau she strayed,
Following the fate that drew her to the sea.
Unknown beyond remote La Crau was she;
And I, who tell the rustic tale of her,
Would fain be Homer's humble follower.

What though youth's aureole was her only crown?
And never gold she wore, nor damask gown?
I'll build her up a throne out of my song,
And hail her queen in our despisèd tongue.
Mine be the simple speech that ye all know,
Shepherds and farmer-folk of lone La Crau.

Methinks I see yon airy little bough:
It mocks me with its freshness even now;
The light breeze lifts it, and it waves on high
Fruitage and foliage that cannot die.
Help me, dear God, on our Provençal speech,
To soar until the birds' own home I reach!

God of my country, who didst have thy birth
Among poor shepherds when thou wast on earth,
Breathe fire into my song! Thou knowest, my God,
How, when the lusty summer is abroad,
And figs turn ripe in sun and dew, comes he —
Brute, greedy man — and quite despoils the tree.

Yet on that ravaged tree thou savest oft
Some little branch inviolate aloft,
Tender and airy up against the blue,
Which the rude spoiler cannot win unto:
Only the birds shall come and banquet there,
When, at St. Magdalene's, the fruit is fair.

Translated by Harriet Waters Preston

THE TUNNY FISHING

From 'Calendau,' in the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company

BUT when with dawn the pallid moon had set,
The whole unnumbered shoal into the net
Came pouring. Ah, but then I was elate!
Drunk with my joy, thought I had conquered fate:
"Now, love," I said, "thou shalt have gems and gems;
I'll spoil the goldsmiths for thy diadems!"

Love is the sun, the king of all this earth —
He fires, unites, fulfils with joy, gives birth,
Calls from the dead the living by the score,
And kindles war, and doth sweet peace restore.
Lord of the land, lord of the deep is he,
Piercing the very monsters of the sea

With fire-tipped arrows. Lo, the tunny yon!
Now in one silver phalanx press they on;
Anon they petulantly part and spring
And plunge and toss, their armor glittering
Steel-blue upon their crystal field of fight,
Or rosy underneath the growing light.

'Twas nuptial bliss they sought. What haste! what fire!
With the strong rush of amorous desire
Spots of intense vermilion went and came
On some, like sparkles of a restless flame,
A royal scarf, a livery of gold,
A wedding robe, fading as love grew cold. . . .

So at the last came one prodigious swell,
And the last line, that seemed invincible,
Brake with the pressure, and our boats leaped high.
"Huzza! the prey is caged!" we wildly cry;
"Courage, my lads, and don't forget the oil!
The fish we have — let not the dressing spoil!

"'Bout ship!" We bent our shoulders with a will,
Our oars we planted sturdily but still,
And the gay cohort, late alive with light,
Owned, with a swift despair, its prisoned plight;
And where it leaped with amorous content,
Quivered and plunged in fury impotent.

"Now then, draw in! But easy, comrades bold,
We are not gathering figs!" And all laid hold
With tug and strain to land the living prize,
Fruit of the treacherous sea. In ecstasies
Of rage our victims on each other flew,
Dashing the fishers o'er with bitter dew.

Too like, too like our own unhappy people,
Who, when the tocsin clangs from tower and steeple
Peril to freedom and the land we cherish,
Insensate turn like those foredoomed to perish,
Brother on brother laying reckless hand,
Till comes a foreign lord to still the land.

Yet had we brave and splendid sport, I ween,
For some with tridents, some with lances keen,
Fell on the prey. And some were skilled to fling
A wingèd dart held by a slender string.
The wounded wretches 'neath the wave withdrew,
Trailing red lines along the mirror blue.

Slowly the net brimful of treasure mounted;
Silver was there, turquoise and gold uncounted,
Rubies and emeralds million-rayed. The men
Flung them thereon like eager children when
They stay their mother's footsteps to explore
Her apron bursting with its summer store

Of apricots and cherries. . . .

Translated by Harriet Waters Preston

THE BALLAD OF GUIBOUR

From 'Calendau,' in the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company

AT Arles in the Carlovingian days,
By the swift Rhône water,
A hundred thousand on either side,
Christian and Saracen, fought till the tide
Ran red with the slaughter.

May God forefend such another flood
Of direful war!
The Count of Orange on that black morn
By seven great kings was overborne,
And fled afar

Whenas he would avenge the death
Of his nephew slain.
Now are the kings upon his trail;
He slays as he flies: like fiery hail
His sword-strokes rain.

He hies him into the Aliscamp —
No shelter there!
A Moorish hive is the home of the dead,
And hard he spurs his goodly steed
In his despair.

Over the mountain and over the moor
Flies Count Guillaume;
By sun and by moon he ever sees
The coming cloud of his enemies;
Thus gains his home,

Halts and lifts at the castle gate;
A mighty cry,
Calling his haughty wife by name;
"Guibour, Guibour, my gentle dame,
Open! 'Tis I!

"Open the gate to thy Guillaume!
Ta'en is the city
By thirty thousand Saracen,
Lo, they are hunting me to my den:
Guibour, have pity!"

But the countess from the rampart cried,
"Nay, chevalier,
I will not open my gates to thee;
For, save the women and babes," said she,
"Whom I shelter here,

"And the priest who keeps the lamps alight,
Alone am I.
My brave Guillaume and his barons all
Are fighting the Moor by the Aliscamp wall,
And scorn to fly!"

"Guibour, Guibour, it is I myself!
And those men of mine
(God rest their souls!) they are dead," he cried,
"Or rowing with slaves on the salt sea-tide.
I have seen the shine

"Of Arles on fire in the dying day;
I have heard one shriek
Go up from all the arenas where
The nuns disfigure their bodies fair
Lest the Marran wreak

"His brutal will. Avignon's self
Will fail today!
Sweetheart, I faint; oh, let me in
Before the savage Mograbin
Fall on his prey!"

"I swear thou liest," cried Guibour,
"Thou base deceiver!
Thou art perchance thyself a Moor
Who whinest thus outside my door; —
My Guillaume, never!

"Guillaume to look on burning towns
And fired by — *thee!*
Guillaume to see his comrades die,
Or borne to sore captivity,
And then to *flee!*

"He knows not flight! He is a tower
Where others fly!
The heathen spoiler's doom is sure,
The virgin's honor aye secure,
When he is by!"

Guillaume leaped up, his bridle set
Between his teeth,
While tears of love and tears of shame
Under his burning eyelids came,
And hard drew breath,

And seized his sword and plunged his spurs
Right deep, and so
A storm, a demon, did descend
To roar and smite, to rout and rend
The Moorish foe.

As when one shakes an almond-tree,
The heathen slain
Upon the tender grass fall thick,
Until the flying remnant seek
Their ships again.

Four kings with his own hand he slew,
And when once more
He turned him homeward from the fight,
Upon the drawbridge long in sight
Stood brave Guibour.

"By the great gateway enter in,
My lord!" she cried;
And might no further welcome speak,
But loosed his helm, and kissed his cheek,
With tears of pride.

Translated by Harriet Waters Preston

THE SCALING OF VENTOUR

From 'Calendau,' in the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company

SAVAGE at once and sheer, yon tower of rocks;
To tufts of lavender and roots of box
I needs must cling, and as my feet I ground
In the thin soil, the little stones would bound
With ringing cry from off the precipice,
And plunge in horror down the long abyss.

Sometimes my path along the mountain face
Would narrow to a thread; I must retrace
My steps and seek some longer, wearier way.
And if I had turned dizzy in that day,
Or storm had overtaken me, then sure
I had lain mangled at thy feet, Ventour.

But God preserved me. Rarely as I strove
With only death in view, I heard above

Some solitary skylark wing her flight
Afar, then all was still. Only by night
God visits these drear places. Cheery hum
Of insect rings there never. All is dumb.

Oft as the skeleton of some old yew,
In a deep chasm, caught my downward view,
"Thou art there!" I cried; and straightway did discover
New realms of wood towering the others over,
A deeper depth of shadows. Ah, methought
Those were enchanted solitudes I sought!

From sun to sun I clambered, clinging fast
Till all my nails were broken. At the last,
The utter last — oh palms of God — I caught
The soft larch murmur near me, and distraught
Embraced the foremost trunk, and forward fell;
How broken, drenched, and dead, no words can tell!

But sleep renews. I slept, and with the dawn
A fresh wind blew, and all the pain was gone,
And I rose up, both stout of limb and glad;
Bread in my sack for nine full days I had —
A drinking-flask, a hatchet, and a knife
Wherewith to carve the story of my strife

Upon the trunks. Ah! fine that early breeze
On old Ventour, rushing through all the trees!
A symphony sublime I seemed to hear,
Where all the hills and vales gave answer clear,
Harmonious. In a stately melancholy,
From the sun's cheerful glances hidden wholly

By the black raiment of their foliage,
The larches rose. No tempest's utmost rage
Could shake them, but with huge limbs close entwined,
Mutely they turned their faces to the wind;
Some hoar with mold and moss, while some lay prone,
Shrouded in the dead leaves of years agone.

Translated by Harriet Waters Preston

ALPHONSE DAUDET

ONE cold misty morning in 1857 a lad of seventeen, shivering under his light summer dress, was waiting, with an empty stomach, for the opening of a dairy in the Quartier Latin. Young as he was, he looked still younger: a pale, eager, intellectual face, with flashing eyes, delicately carved features, and a virgin forest of dark hair falling low on his brow. He had been an usher for a twelvemonth at a small college in the South of France, and had just arrived in Paris after a two-days' journey in a third-class railway carriage, during which time he had tasted no food and no drink except a few drops of brandy from the flask of some charitable sailors. And there he was, with two francs left in his pocket, and an unlimited supply of courage, cheerfulness, and ambition, fully determined to make the whole world familiar with the obscure name of Alphonse Daudet.

We all know how well he succeeded in winning for himself a foremost place in the ranks of French contemporary literature, and indeed of literature in general. There is no doubt that he was admirably equipped for the great struggle on which he was about to enter; but it may be also remarked that he had not to fight it out alone and with his own solitary resources, but found at the very outset useful and strong auxiliaries. He was to have a powerful though somewhat selfish and indolent patron in the famous Duke of Morny, who admitted him among his secretaries before he was twenty years old. Then he had the good fortune to attract the attention and to take the fancy of Villemessant, the editor of the Figaro, who at first sight gave him a place in his nursery of young talents. He had a kind and devoted brother, who cheerfully shared with him the little money he had to live upon, and thus saved him from the unspeakable miseries which would inevitably have attended a literary début at such an early age and under such inauspicious circumstances. Later on, he was still more fortunate in securing a loving and intelligent wife, who was to be to him, in the words of the holy Scriptures, "a companion of his rank," a wife who was not only to become a help and a comfort, but a literary adviser, a moral guide, and a second conscience far more strict and exacting than his own; a wife who taught him how to direct and husband his precious faculties — how to turn them to the noblest use and highest ends.

But before that was to come, the first thing was to find a publisher; and after long looking in vain for one throughout the whole city, he at last discovered the man he wanted, at his door, in the close vicinity of that Hôtel du Sinat, in the Rue de Tournon, where the two brothers Daudet had taken up their abode. That publisher was Jules Tardieu, himself an author of some

merit (under the transparent pseudonym of J. T. de St. Germain): a mild, quiet humorist of the optimistic school, a Topffer on a small scale.

And thus it happened that a few months after the lad's arrival in Paris an elegant booklet, with the attractive title 'Les Amoureuses' [Women in Love] printed in red letters on its snow-white cover, made its appearance under the *galeries de l'Odéon,* where in the absence of political emotions, the youth of the Quartier was eagerly looking for literary novelties, and where Daudet himself had often been wandering in the hope of an occasional acquaintance with the great critics and journalists of the day who made the *galeries* their favorite resort.

I have read that the book was a failure; that the young author was unable to pay the printer, and was accordingly served with stamped paper at the official residence of Morny, where he was then acting as secretary; that the duke, far from showing any displeasure at the occurrence, was delighted to find his secretary in hot water with the bailiffs, and that he arranged the matter in the most paternal spirit. This may be a pretty little story, but I fear it is a legend. I cannot reconcile it with the fact that four years after the first publication, the same publisher gave the public another edition of 'Les Amoureuses,' and that the young poet dedicated it to him as a token of respect and gratitude. The truth is that Daudet's little volume not only did not pass unnoticed, but received a good deal of attention, chiefly from the young men. Many thought that a new Musset was born in their midst, only a few months after the real one had been laid down to his last sleep in the Père Lachaise, under the trembling shadow of his favorite willow-tree. Young Daudet alluded to the unfortunate poet—

"... mort de dégoût, de tristesse, et d'absinthe";—

and he tried to imitate the half cynical, half nostalgic scepticism which had made the author of 'Les Nuits' so powerful in the minds of the new generation and so dear to their hearts.

But it did not seem perfectly genuine. When Daudet said, "My heart is old," no one believed it, and he did not believe it himself, for he entitled the piece 'Fanfaronnade'; and in fact it was nothing more than a fanfaronnade. The book was full of the freshness, buoyancy, and frolicsome petulance of youth. Here and there a few reminiscences might be traced to the earliest poets of the sixteenth century, more particularly to Clément Marot. A tinge of expiring romanticism lingered in 'Les Amoureuses,' with a much more substantial admixture of the spirit of an age which made pleasure-hunting its paramount occupation. The precocious child could modulate the 'Romance à Madame' as well as the page of Beaumarchais, if not better; but he could also laugh it down in Gavroche's sneering way; he could intersperse a song of love with the irony of the boulevard or the more genial humor of his native South. He was at his best in the tale of 'Les Prunes'—

"Si vous voulez savoir comment
Nous nous aimâmes pour des prunes" —

That exquisite little piece survived long the youthful volume of 'Les Amoureuses.' In those days, when Coquelin's monologues and comic sketches were yet unknown, the brothers Lionnet, then in the height of their vogue, delighted the drawing-rooms with the miniature masterpiece.

Still, those who had prophesied the advent of a new poet were doomed to disappointment. Every one knows what Sainte-Beuve once said about the short-lived existence, in most of us, of a poet whom the real man is to survive. Shall we say that this was the case with Daudet, who never, as far as the world knows, wrote verses after twenty-five? No; the poet was not to die in him, but lived on to the day of his death. Only he continued to write in prose.

After his successful début, Daudet felt his way in different directions. In collaboration with Ernest Lepine, who later made a reputation under the name of Quatrelles, he had a drama, 'The Last Idol,' performed at the Odéon theater — at that same Odéon which in his first days of Paris seems to have have been the center of his life and of his ambitions. But he more frequently appeared before the public as a journalist and a humorist, a writer of light articles and short stories. Nothing can give a more true, more vivacious, and on the whole more favorable impression of the Daudet of the period than the 'Lettres de Mon Moulin' [Letters from My Windmill]. They owe their title to an old deserted windmill where Alphonse Daudet seems to have lived some time in complete seclusion, forgetting, or trying to forget, the excitement of Parisian life. The preface, most curiously disguised under the form of a mock contract which is supposed to transfer the ownership from the old proprietor to the poet, and professes to give the *état de lieux* or description of the place, is an amusing parody of legal jargon. The next chapter describes the installation of the new master in the same happy vein, with all the odd circumstances attending it.

Throughout the rest of the volume, Daudet disappears and reappears, as his fancy prompts him to do. Now he lets himself be carried back to past memories and distant places; now he gives us a medieval tale or a domestic drama of today compressed into a few brief pages, or a picture of rural life, or a glimpse of that literary hell from which he had just escaped and to which he was soon to return. He changed his tone and his subject with amazing versatility, from the bitterest satire to idyllic sweetness, or to a pleasant kind of clever naïveté which is truly his own. We see him musing among the firs and the pine-trees of his native Provence, or riding on the top of the diligence under the scorching sun and listening, in a Sterne-like fashion, to the conversation which took place between the facetious baker and the unhappy knife-grinder, or chatting familiarly with Frédéric Mistral, who takes him into the confidence of his poetical dreams. Then, again, we see him sitting down at the table of an Al-

gerian sheik; or wandering on the gloomy rocks where the "Semillante" was lost, and trying to revive the awful tragedy of her last minutes; or shut up in a solitary lighthouse with the keepers for weeks and weeks together, content with the society and with the fare of those poor, rough, uncultivated men, cut off from the whole world, alone with the stormy winds and his stormy thoughts. Wherever his morbid restlessness takes him, whatever part he chooses to assume, whether he wants to move us to laughter or to tears, we can but follow him fascinated and spellbound, and in harmony with his moods. Daudet when he wrote those letters was already a perfect master of all the resources of the language. What he had seen or felt, he could make us see and feel. He could make old words new with the freshness, ardor, and sincerity of the personal impressions which he was pouring into them unceasingly.

The 'Letters from My Windmill' had been scattered here and there in different newspapers, and at different times. They were reprinted in the form of a book in 1868. The year before he had given to the public 'Le Petit Chose' [Little What's Your Name], which is better known, I believe, to the English-speaking races under the rather misleading title of 'My Brother Jack.' 'Le Petit Chose' was a commercial success, but it is doubtful whether it will rank as high among Daudet's productions as the 'Lettres de Mon Moulin.' He began to compose it in February 1866, during one of those misanthropic fits to which he was subject at periodical intervals, and which either paralyzed altogether, or quickened into fever, his creative faculties. He finished the work two years later in a very different mood, immediately after his marriage. As might have been expected, the two parts are very dissimilar, and it must be confessed greatly unequal. 'Le Petit Chose' has reminded more than one reader of 'David Copperfield'; and it cannot be denied that the two works bear some resemblance both as regards manner and matter. But though Dickens was then widely read and much admired in France, plagiarism is out of the question. If there is a little of Dickens about 'Le Petit Chose,' there is a great deal more of Daudet himself in it. Young Eyssette, the hero of the novel, starts in life as Daudet had done and at the same period of life, in the quality of an usher at a small provincial college. Whether we take it as a fiction, with its innumerable bits of delicate humor, lovely descriptions of places and glimpses of characters in humble life, or whether we accept it as an autobiography which is likely to bring us into closer acquaintance with the inner soul of a great man, the first part is delightful reading. But we lose sight of him through all the adventures, at once wild and commonplace, which are crowded into the second part, to culminate in the most unconvincing dénouement. Even when speaking of himself, Daudet is sometimes at a disadvantage, perhaps because, as he justly observed, "it is too early at twenty-five to comment upon one's own past career." Only the old man is able to look at his former self through the distance of years and to see it as it stood once, in its true light and with its real proportions.

'Tartarin of Tarascon' saw the light for the first time in 1872. Strange to say, the readers of the Petit Moniteur, to whom it was first offered in a serial form, did not like it. In consequence of their marked disapproval, the publication had to be abandoned and was then resumed through the columns of another newspaper. This time the mistake was entirely on the side of the public. For — apart from the fact that the immortal Tartarin was not yet Tartarin, but answered to the much less typical name of Chapatin — the general outlines of the character were already visible in all their distinctness from the beginning, as all those who have read the introductory chapters will readily admit. And the same lines were to be followed with an undeviating fixity of artistic purpose and with unfailing verve and spirit to the last. 'The Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin,' 'Tartarin on the Alps,' (1885) and 'Port-Tarascon' (1890) form a trilogy; and I know of no other example in modern French literature of so long and so well sustained a joke. How is it then that we never grow tired of Tartarin? It is probably because beneath the surface of Daudet's playful absurdity there underlies a rich substratum of good common-sense and keen observation. Since 'Don Quixote' was written, no caricature has ever been more human or more true than Tartarin.

Frenchmen are not, as is frequently asserted by their Anglo-Saxon critics, totally unfit for the appreciation of humor, when it is mingled with the study of man's nature and seasoned with that high-spiced irony of which they have been so fond at all times, from the days of Villon to those of Rochefort. Still, Daudet would never have acquired such a complete mastery over the general public in his own country, if he had not been able to gratify their taste for that graphic and faithful description of manners and characters, which in other centuries brought the moralists into fashion. Realism never disappears altogether from French literature: it was at that moment all-powerful. Zola was coming to the front with the first volumes of the well-known 'Rougon-Macquart' series, and Daudet in 1874 entered on the same path, though in a different spirit, with 'Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.' The success was immediate and immense. The French *bourgeoisie* accepted it at once as a true picture of its vices and its virtues. The novel might, it is true, savor a little of Parisian cockneyism. Fastidious critics might discover in it some mixture of weak sentimentalism, or a few traces of Dickensian affectation and cheap tricks in story-telling. Young men of the new social school might take exception to that old-fashioned democracy which had its apotheosis in Risler senior. Despite all those objections, it was pronounced a masterpiece of legitimate pathos and sound observation.

'Jack' (1876), which came next, exceeded the usual length of French novels. "Too much paper, my son!" old Flaubert majestically observed with a smile when the author presented him with a copy of his book. As for George Sand, she felt so sick at heart and so depressed when she had finished reading 'Jack,' that she could work no more and had to remain idle for three or four

days. A painful book, indeed, a distressing book, but how fascinating! And is not its wonderful influence over the readers exemplified in the most striking manner by the fact that it had the power to unnerve and to incapacitate for her daily task that most valiant of all intellectual laborers, that hardest of hard workers, George Sand?

The lost ground, if there had been any lost at all, was soon regained with 'Le Nabab' [The Nabob] published in 1877, and 'Les Rois en Exil' [Kings in Exile] which Daudet brought out two years later. They took the reader into a higher sphere of emotion and thought, showed us greater men fighting for greater things on a wider stage than that middle-class life in which Fromont and Risler had moved. At the same time they kept the balance more evenly than 'Jack' had done between the two elements of human drama, good and evil, hope and despair, laughter and tears. But a higher triumph was to be achieved with 'Numa Roumestan' (1880), which brought Daudet's literary fame to its zenith.

'Tartarin' had not exhausted all that the author had to say of meridional ways and manners. The Provençal character has its dramatic as well as its comic aspect. In 'Numa Roumestan' we have the farce and the tragedy blended together into a coherent whole. We have a Tartarin whose power over man and woman is not a mockery but a reality, who can win love and sympathy and admiration, not in little Tarascon, mind you, but in Paris; who sends joy abroad and creates torture at home; a charming companion, a kind master, a subtle politician, a wonderful talker, but a light-hearted and faithless husband, a genial liar, a smiling and good-natured deceiver; the true image of the gifted adventurer who periodically emerges from the South and goes northward to conquer and govern the whole country.

As Zola remarked, the author of 'Numa Roumestan' poured himself out into that book with his double nature, North and South, the rich sensuous imagination, the indolent easy-going optimism of his native land, and the stern moral sensitiveness which was partly characteristic of his own mind, partly acquired by painful and protracted experience. To depict his hero he had only to consult the most intimate records of his own lifelong struggle. For he had been trying desperately to drive Roumestan out of his own being. He had fought and conquered, but only partially conquered. And on this partial failure we must congratulate him and congratulate ourselves. He said once that "Provençal landscape without sunshine is dull and uninteresting." The same may be said of his literary genius. It wants sunshine, or else it loses half its loveliness and its irresistible charm. 'Roumestan' is full of sunshine; there is no other among his books, except 'Tartarin,' where the bright and happy light of the South plays more freely and more gracefully.

The novel is equally strong if you examine it from a different standpoint. Nothing can be artistically better and more enchanting than the Farandole scene, or more amusing than Roumestan's intrigue with the young opera

singer; nothing can be more grand than old Le Quesnoy's confession of sin and shame, or more affecting than the closing scene where Rosalie is taught forgiveness by her dying sister. Other parts in Daudet's work may sound hollow; 'Numa Roumestan' will stand the most critical scrutiny as a drama, as a work of art, as a faithful representation of life. Daudet's talents were then at their best and united in happy combination for that splendid effort which was not to be renewed.

In 'Sapho' (1884) Daudet described the modern courtesan, in 'L'Évangéliste' (1883) a desperate case of religious madness. In 'L'Immortel' (1888) he gave vent to his feelings against the French Academy, which had repulsed him once and on which he turned his back forever in disgust. The angry writer pursued his enemy to death. In his unforgiving mood, he was not satisfied until he had drowned the Academy in the muddy waters of the Seine, with its unfortunate Secrétaire-perpetuel, Astier-Réhu. The general verdict was that the vengeance was altogether out of proportion to the offense; and that despite all its brilliancy of wit and elaborate incisiveness of style, the satire was really too violent and too personal to give enjoyment to unbiased readers.

At different periods of his career Daudet had tried his hand as a dramatist, but never succeeded in getting a firm foot on the French stage. Play-goers still remember the signal failure of 'Lise Tavernier,' the indifferent reception of 'L'Arlésienne,' in 1872, or of the later 'L'Obstacle' (1891). All his successful novels have been dramatized, but their popularity in that new form fell far short of the common expectation. As an explanation of the fact various reasons may be suggested. Daudet, I am inclined to think, was endowed with real dramatic powers, not with scenic qualities; and from their conventional point of view, old stagers will pronounce the construction of his novels too weak for plays to be built upon them. Again, in the play-house we miss the man who tells the story, the happy presence — so unlike Flaubert's cheerless impassibility — the generous anger, the hearty laugh, the delightful humor, that strange something which seems to appeal to every one of us in particular when we read his novels. Dickens was once heard to say, on a public occasion, that he owed his prodigious world-wide popularity to this: that he was "so very human." The words will apply with equal felicity to Daudet's success. He never troubles to conceal from his readers that he is a man. When the critic of the future has to assign him a place and to compare his productions with the writings of his great contemporary and fellow-worker Émile Zola, it will occur to him that Daudet never had the steady-going indomitable energy, the ox-like patience, the large and comprehensive intellect which are so characteristic in the master of Médan; that he recoiled from assuming, like the author of 'Germinal' and 'Lourdes,' a bold and definite position in the social and religious strife of our days; that he never dreamt for a moment of taking the survey of a whole society and covering the entire ground on which it stands with his books.

Such a task — the critic will say — would have been uncongenial to him. The scientist is careful to explain everything and to omit nothing; he aims at completeness. But Daudet is an artist, not a scientist. He is a poet in the primitive sense of the word, or, as he styled himself in one of his books, a "trouvère." He has creative power, but he has at the same time his share of the minor gift of observation. He had to write for a public of strongly realistic tendencies, who understood and desired nothing better than the faithful, accurate, almost scientific description of life. Daudet could supply the demand, but as he was not born a realist, whatever social influences he had been subjected to, remained free from the faults and excesses of the school. He borrowed from it all that was good and sound; he accepted realism as a practical method, not as an ultimate result and a consummation. Again, he was preserved from the danger of going down too deep and too low into the unclean mysteries of modern humanity, not so much perhaps by moral delicacy as by an artistic distaste for all that is repulsive and unseemly. For those reasons, it would not be surprising if Alphonse Daudet were destined to outlive and outshine many who enjoyed an equal or even greater celebrity during the last century. He will command an ever increasing circle of admirers and friends, and generations yet unborn will grow warm in his sunshine. He died December 16, 1897.

AUGUSTIN FILON

THE TWO TARTARINS

From 'Tartarin of Tarascon'

ANSWER me, you will say, how the mischief is it that Tartarin of Tarascon never left Tarascon, with all this mania for adventure, need of powerful sensations, and folly about travel, rides, and journeys from the Pole to the Equator?

For that is a fact: up to the age of five-and-forty, the dreadless Tarasconian had never once slept outside his own room. He had not even taken that obligatory trip to Marseilles which every sound Provençal makes upon coming of age. The most of his knowledge included Beaucaire, and yet that's not far from Tarascon, there being merely the bridge to go over. Unfortunately, this rascally bridge has so often been blown away by the gales, it is so long and frail, and the Rhône has such a width at this spot that — well, faith! you understand! Tartarin of Tarascon preferred *terra firma.*

We are afraid we must make a clean breast of it: in our hero there were two very distinct characters. Some Father of the Church has said: "I feel there are two men in me." He would have spoken truly if he had said this about Tartarin, who carried in his frame the soul of Don Quixote, the same

chivalric impulses, heroic ideal, and crankiness for the grandiose and romantic; but, worse luck! he had not the body of the celebrated hidalgo, that thin and meager apology for a body, on which material life failed to take a hold; one that could get through twenty nights without its breastplate being unbuckled, and last forty-eight hours on a handful of rice. On the contrary, Tartarin's body was a stout honest bully of a body, very fat, very weighty, most sensual and fond of coddling, highly touchy, full of low-class appetite and homely requirements — the short, paunchy body on stumps of the immortal Sancho Panza.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one and the same man! you will readily comprehend what a cat-and-dog couple they made! what strife! what clapper-clawing! Oh, the fine dialogue for Lucian or Saint-Évremond to write, between the two Tartarins — Quixote-Tartarin and Sancho-Tartarin! Quixote-Tartarin firing up on the stories of Gustave Aimard, and shouting, "Up and at 'em!" and Sancho-Tartarin thinking only of the rheumatics ahead, and murmuring, "I mean to stay at home."

THE DUET

Quixote-Tartarin	Sancho-Tartarin
[*Highly excited*]	[*Quite calmly*]
Cover yourself with glory, Tartarin.	Tartarin, cover yourself with flannel.
[*Still more excitedly*]	[*Still more calmly*]
Oh for the terrible double-barreled rifle! Oh for bowie-knives, lassoes, and moccasins!	Oh for the thick knitted waist-coats! and warm knee-caps! Oh for the welcome padded caps with ear-flaps!
[*Above all self-control*]	[*Ringing up the maid*]
A battle-axe! fetch me a battle-axe!	Now then, Jeannette, do bring up that chocolate!

Whereupon Jeannette would appear with an unusually good cup of chocolate, just right in warmth, sweet-smelling, and with the play of light on watered silk upon its unctuous surface and with a succulent grilled steak flavored with anise-seed, which would set Sancho-Tartarin off on the broad grin, and into a laugh that drowned the shouts of Quixote-Tartarin.

Thus it came about that Tartarin of Tarascon never had left Tarascon.

OF "MENTAL MIRAGE," AS DISTINGUISHED FROM LYING

From 'Tartarin of Tarascon'

UNDER one conjunction of circumstances, Tartarin did however once almost start out upon a great voyage.

The three brothers Garcio-Camus, natives of Tarascon, established in business at Shanghai, offered him the managership of one of their branches there. This undoubtedly presented the kind of life he hankered after. Plenty of active business, a whole army of understrappers to order about, and connections with Russia, Persia, Turkey in Asia — in short, the estate of a merchant prince.

In Tartarin's mouth, the title of Merchant Prince thundered out as something stunning!

The house of Garcio-Camus had the further advantage of sometimes being favored with a call from the Tartars. Then the doors would be slammed shut, all the clerks flew to arms, up ran the consular flag, and zizz! phit! bang! out of the windows upon the Tartars.

I need not tell you with what enthusiasm Quixote-Tartarin clutched this proposition; sad to say, Sancho-Tartarin did not see it in the same light, and as he was the stronger party, it never came to anything. But in the town there was much talk about it. Would he go or would he not? "I'll lay he will" — and "I'll wager he won't!" It was the event of the week. The upshot was, Tartarin did not depart, but the matter redounded to his credit none the less. Going or not going to Shanghai was all one to Tarascon. Tartarin's journey was so much talked about that people got to believe he had done it and returned, and at the club in the evening members would actually ask for information on life at Shanghai, the manners and customs and climate, opium and commerce.

Deeply read in the matter, Tartarin would graciously furnish the particulars desired, and in the end the good fellow was not quite sure himself about not having gone to Shanghai; so that after relating for the hundredth time how the Tartars came down on the trading post, it would most naturally happen him to add: —

"Then I made my men take up arms and hoist the consular flag, and zizz! phit! bang! out of the windows upon the Tartars."

On hearing this, the whole club would quiver.

"But according to that, this Tartarin of yours is an awful liar."

"No, no, a thousand times over, no! Tartarin is no liar."

"But the man ought to know that he has never been to Shanghai — "

" Why, of course, he knows that; but still — "

" But still," you see — mark that! It is high time for the law to be laid down once for all on the reputation as drawers of the long bow which Northerners fling at Southerners. There are no Baron Munchausens in the South of France, neither at Nîmes nor Marseilles, Toulouse nor Tarascon. The Southerner does not deceive, but is self-deceived. He does not always tell the cold-drawn truth, but he believes he does. His falsehood is not falsehood, but a kind of mental mirage.

Yes, purely mirage! The better to follow me, you should actually follow me into the South, and you will see I am right. You have only to look at that Lucifer's own country, where the sun transmogrifies everything, and magnifies it beyond life-size. The little hills of Provence are no bigger than the Butte Montmartre, but they will loom up like the Rocky Mountains; the Square House at Nîmes — a mere model to put on your sideboard — will seem grander than St. Peter's. You will see — in brief, the only exaggerator in the South is Old Sol, for he does enlarge everything he touches. What was Sparta in its days of splendor? a pitiful hamlet. What was Athens? at the most, a second-class town; and yet in history both appear to us as enormous cities. This is a sample of what the sun can do.

Are you going to be astonished, after this, that the same sun falling upon Tarascon should have made of an ex-captain in the Army Clothing Factory, like Bravida, the " brave commandant "; of a sprout, an Indian fig-tree; and of a man who had missed going to Shanghai one who had been there?

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN

From ' Letters from My Windmill '

THE little Dauphin is ill; the little Dauphin will die. In all the churches of the kingdom the Holy Sacrament is laid ready day and night, and tapers are burning, for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old town are sad and silent; the bells ring no more; the carriages are driven very slowly. The curious townspeople are gathered just outside the palace, and are staring in through the grating of the gates at the guards, with their golden helmets, who walk the court with an important air. The entire castle is in a state of anxiety; the chamberlains and major-domos go up and down the staircase, and run through the marble halls. The galleries are filled with pages and courtiers in silk clothing, who go from group to group collecting later news in a low voice. On the large porches can be seen the ladies of honor, bathed in tears, bowing their heads and wiping their eyes with pretty embroidered handkerchiefs. In the orangery is a numerous assembly of doc-

tors in long robes: one can see them through the panes gesticulating in their long sleeves, and shaking their wigs knowingly. The little Dauphin's tutor and squire are waiting before the door, anxious for the decision of the faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them. The squire swears like a pagan; the tutor recites verses from Horace. And during this time down by the stables one can hear a long plaintive neighing. It is the Dauphin's little sorrel pony, whom the grooms are neglecting, and who calls sadly from his empty manger. And the King — where is his Majesty the King? The King has shut himself up in a room in a remote part of the castle. Their Majesties do not like to be seen weeping. But the Queen — that is different. Seated by the little prince's pillow, her beautiful face bathed in tears, she sobs bitterly before every one, just as a peasant mother would.

In his lace crib is the little Dauphin, whiter than the cushions on which he reposes, with closed eyelids. They think he is sleeping; but no, the little Dauphin does not sleep. He turns toward his mother, and seeing that she weeps, he says to her, "Madame my Queen, why do you weep? Do you really think that I am going to die?" The Queen wishes to reply, but sobs prevent her speaking. "Pray do not cry, Madame my Queen. You forget that I am the Dauphin, and Dauphins cannot die thus." The Queen sobs more bitterly still, and the little Dauphin begins to be frightened. "Hola!" he says, "I do not wish to have Death come and take me; and I shall know how to prevent his coming here. Bring forth forty lancers, our strongest, to mount guard around our bed; a hundred cannon night and day; torches lighted beneath our windows. And woe to Death if he dares to approach us then!" The Queen gives a sign to please the royal child. Forthwith, one can hear heavy cannon being rolled across the courtyard; and forty soldiers, halberds in hand, come and range themselves around the room: they are veterans, with gray mustaches. The little Dauphin claps his hands feebly as he sees them, and recognizing one he calls him by name, "Lorrain! Lorrain!" The old soldier takes a step towards the bed. "I love you well, my good Lorrain. Let me see your big sword. If Death comes to take me, we must kill him, must we not?" Lorrain replies, "Yes, Monseigneur," as the big tears run down his bronzed cheeks.

At this moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin, and talks to him for some time in a low tone, showing him a crucifix. The little Dauphin listens with an astonished air; then suddenly interrupting, "I understand well what you say, Monsieur l'Abbé; but after all, could not my little friend Beppo die in my place, if we should give him a great deal of money?"

The chaplain continues talking to him in a low voice, and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished. When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin resumes, with a heavy sigh, "All that you tell me is very sad, Monsieur l'Abbé, but one thing consoles me: up there, in the paradise of stars, I shall still be the Dauphin. I know that our good God is my cousin, and would

not fail to treat me according to my rank." Then he adds, turning to his mother, "Have my finest garments brought — my ermine cloak and velvet slippers. I wish to array myself for the angels, and enter paradise dressed as a Dauphin."

A third time the chaplain bends over the little prince, and talks a long time in whispering tones. The royal child interrupts him in anger, in the midst of his discourse, and cries, "Then it is no use being the Dauphin — it is nothing at all"; and not wishing to hear more, he turns toward the wall weeping.

Translated by Mary Corey

JACK IS INVITED TO TAKE UP A "PROFESSION"

From 'Jack'

"DO you hear, Jack?" resumed D'Argenton, with flashing eyes and outstretched arm. "In four years you will be a good workman; that is to say, the noblest, grandest thing that can exist in this world of slavery and servitude. In four years you will be that sacred, venerated thing, a good workman!"

Yes, indeed he heard it! — "a good workman." Only he was bewildered and was trying to understand.

The child had seen workmen in Paris. There were some who lived in the Passage des Douze Maisons, and not far from the Gymnase there was a factory, from which he often watched them as they left work at about six o'clock; a crowd of dirty-looking men with their blouses all stained with oil, and their rough hands blackened and deformed by work.

The idea that he would have to wear a blouse struck him at once. He remembered the tone of contempt with which his mother would say: "Those are workmen, men in blouses" — the care she took in the streets to avoid contact with their soiled garments. Labassindre's fine speeches on the duties and influence of the workingman in the nineteenth century attenuated and contradicted, it is true, these vague impressions. But what he did understand, and that most clearly and bitterly, was that he must go away, leave the forest whose tree-tops he saw from the window, leave the Rivalses, leave his mother, his mother whom he had recovered at the cost of so much pain, and whom he loved so tenderly.

What on earth was she doing at that window all this time, seeming so indifferent to all that was going on around her? Within the last few minutes, however, she had lost her immovable indifference. A convulsive shudder seemed to shake her from head to foot, and the hand she held over her eyes closed over them as if she were hiding tears. Was it then so sad a sight that

she beheld yonder in the country, on the far horizon where the sun sets, and where so many dreams, so many illusions, so many loves and passions sink and disappear, never to return?

"Then I shall have to go away?" inquired the child in a smothered voice, and the automatic air of one who lets his thought speak, the one thought that absorbs him.

At this artless question all the members of the tribunal looked at each other with a smile of pity; but over there at the window a great sob was heard.

"We shall start in a week, my lad," answered Labassindre briskly. "I have not seen my brother for a long time. I shall avail myself of this opportunity to renew my acquaintance with the fire of my old forge, by Jove!"

As he spoke, he turned back his sleeve, distending the muscles of his brawny, hairy, tattooed arm, till they looked ready to burst.

"He is superb," said Dr. Hirsch.

D'Argenton, however, who did not lose sight of the sobbing woman standing at the window, had an absent air, and a terrible frown gathering on his brow.

"You can go, Jack," he said to the child, "and prepare to start in a week."

Jack went downstairs, dazed and stupefied, repeating to himself, "In a week! in a week!" The street door was open; he rushed out, bareheaded, just as he was, dashed through the village to the house of his friends, and meeting the Doctor, who was just going out, informed him in a few words of what had taken place.

Monsieur Rivals was indignant.

"A workman! They want to make a workman of you? Is that what they call looking after your prospects in life? Wait a moment. I am going to speak myself to monsieur your stepfather."

The villagers who saw them pass by, the worthy Doctor gesticulating and talking out loud, and little Jack, bareheaded and breathless from running, said, "There is certainly some one very ill at Les Aulnettes."

No one was ill, certainly. When the Doctor arrived they were sitting down to table; for on account of the capricious appetite of the master of the house, and as in all places where *ennui* reigns supreme, the hours for the meals were constantly being changed.

The faces around were cheerful; Charlotte could even be heard humming on the stairs as she came down from her room.

"I should like to say a word to you, M. d'Argenton," said old Rivals with quivering lips.

The poet twirled his mustache: —

"Well, Doctor, sit down there. They shall give you a plate and you can say your word while you eat your breakfast."

"No, thank you, I am not hungry; besides, what I have to say to you as

well as to Madame " — he bowed to Charlotte, who had just come in — " is strictly private."

" I think I can guess your errand," said D'Argenton, who did not care for a *tête-à-tête* conversation with the Doctor. " It is about the child, is it not? "

" You are right; it is about the child."

" In that case you can speak. These gentlemen know the circumstances, and my actions are always too loyal and too disinterested for me to fear the light of day."

" But, my dear! " Charlotte ventured to say, shocked for many reasons at the idea of this discussion before strangers.

" You can speak, Doctor," said D'Argenton coldly.

Standing upright in front of the table, the Doctor began: —

" Jack has just told me that you intend to send him as an apprentice to the iron works at Indret. Is this serious? Come! "

" Quite serious, my dear Doctor."

" Take care," pursued M. Rivals, restraining his anger; " that child has not been brought up for so hard a life. At a growing age you are going to throw him out of his element into new surroundings, a new atmosphere. His health, his life are involved. He has none of the requisites needed to bear this. He is not strong enough."

" Oh! allow me, my dear colleague," put in Dr. Hirsch solemnly.

M. Rivals shrugged his shoulders, and without even looking at him, went on: —

" It is I who tell you so, Madame."

He pointedly addressed himself to Charlotte, who was singularly embarrassed by this appeal to her repressed feelings.

" Your child cannot possibly endure a life of this sort. You surely know him, you who are his mother. You know that his nature is a refined and delicate one, and that it will be unable to resist fatigue. And here I only speak of the physical pain. But do you not know what terrible sufferings a child so gifted, with a mind so capable and ready to receive all kinds of knowledge, will feel in the forced inaction, the death of intellectual faculties to which you are about to condemn him? "

" You are mistaken, Doctor," said D'Argenton, who was getting very angry. " I know the fellow better than any one. I have tried him. He is only fit for manual labor. His aptitudes lie there, and there only. And when I furnish him with the means of developing his aptitudes, when I put into his hands a magnificent profession, instead of thanking me, my fine gentleman goes off complaining to strangers, seeking protectors outside of his own home."

Jack was going to protest. His friend, however, saved him the trouble.

" He did not come to complain. He only informed me of your decision, and I said to him what I now repeat to him before you all: — ' Jack, my child, do not let them do it. Throw yourself into the arms of your parents, of your

mother who loves you, of your mother's husband, who for her sake must love you. Entreat them, implore them. Ask them what you have done to deserve to be thus degraded, to be made lower than themselves!' "

"Doctor," exclaimed Labassindre, bringing his fist heavily down upon the table, making it tremble and shake, "the tool does not degrade the man, it ennobles him. The tool is the regenerator of mankind. Christ handled a plane when he was ten years of age."

"That is indeed true," said Charlotte, who at once conjured up the vision of her little Jack dressed for the procession of the Fête-Dieu as the child Jesus, armed with a little plane.

"Don't be taken in by such balderdash, Madame," said the exasperated doctor. "To make a workman of your son is to separate him from you forever. If you were to send him to the other end of the world, he could not be further from your mind, from your heart; for you would have, in this case, means of drawing together again, whereas social cleavages are irremediable. You will see. The day will come when you will be ashamed of your child, when you will find his hands rough, his language coarse, his sentiments totally different from yours. He will stand one day before you, before his mother, as before a stranger of higher rank than himself — not only humbled, but degraded."

Jack, who had hitherto not uttered a word, but had listened attentively from a corner near the sideboard, was suddenly alarmed at the idea of any possible disagreement springing up between his mother and himself.

He advanced into the middle of the room, and steadying his voice: —

"I will not be a workman," he said in a determined manner.

"O Jack!" murmured Charlotte, faltering.

This time it was D'Argenton who spoke.

"Oh, really! you will not be a workman? Look at this fine gentleman who will or who will not accept a thing that I have decided. You will not be a workman, eh? But you are quite willing to be clothed, fed, and amused. Well, I solemnly declare that I have had enough of you, you horrid little parasite; and that if you do not choose to work, I for my part refuse to be any longer your victim."

He stopped abruptly, and passing from his mad rage to the chilly manner which was habitual to him: —

"Go up to your room," he said; "I will consider what remains to be done."

"What remains to be done, my dear D'Argenton, I will soon tell you."

But Jack did not hear the end of Monsieur Rivals' phrase, D'Argenton with a shove having thrust him out.

The noise of the discussion reached him in his room, like the various parts in a great orchestra. He distinguished and recognized all the voices, but they melted one into the other, united by their resonance, and made a discordant uproar through which some bits of phrases were alone intelligible.

"It is an infamous lie."

"Messieurs! Messieurs!"

"Life is not a romance."

"Damned workman, *beûh! beûh!*"

At last old Rivals' voice could be heard thundering as he crossed the threshold: —

"I'll be hanged if ever I put my foot in your house again!"

Then the door was violently slammed, and a great silence fell on the dining-room, broken only by the clatter of knives and forks.

They were breakfasting.

"You wish to degrade him, to make him something lower than yourself." The child remembered that phrase, and he felt that this was indeed his enemy's intention.

Well, no; a thousand times no — he would not be a workman.

The door opened, and his mother came in.

She had cried a great deal, had shed real tears, tears such as furrow the cheek. For the first time, a mother showed herself in that pretty woman's face, an afflicted and sorrowing mother.

"Listen to me, Jack," she said, striving to appear severe; "I must speak very seriously to you. You have made me very unhappy by putting yourself in open rebellion against your real friends, and by refusing to accept the situation they offer you. I am well aware that there is in the new existence —"

While she spoke, she carefully avoided meeting the child's eyes, for they had such an expression of desperate grief and heartfelt reproach that she would not have been able to resist their appeal.

"— That there is, in the new existence we have chosen for you, an apparent inconsistency with the life you have hitherto been leading. I confess that I was myself at first rather startled by it, but you heard, did you not, what was said to you? The position of a workman is no longer what it used to be; oh no! not at all the same thing, not at all. You must know that the time of the workingman has now come. The middle classes have had their day, the aristocracy likewise. Although, I must say, the aristocracy — Moreover, is it not more natural at your age, to allow yourself to be guided by those who love you, and who are experienced?"

A sob from the child interrupted her.

"Then you too send me away; you too send me away."

This time the mother could no longer resist. She took him in her arms, clasped him passionately to her heart: —

"I send you away? How can you imagine such a thing? Is it possible? Come, be calm; don't tremble and give way like that. You know how I love you, and how, if it only depended on me, we would never leave each other. But we must be reasonable, and think a little of the future. Alas! the future is already dark enough for us."

And in one of those outbursts of words that she still had sometimes when freed from the presence of the master, she endeavored to explain to Jack,

with all kinds of hesitations and reticences, the irregularity of their position.

"You see, my darling, you are still very young; there are many things you cannot understand. Some day, when you are older, I will reveal to you the secret of your birth; quite a romance, my dear! Some day I will tell you the name of your father, and the unheard-of fatality of which your mother and yourself have been the victims. But for the present, what you must know and thoroughly comprehend, is that nothing here belongs to us, my poor child, and that we are absolutely dependent on him. How can I therefore oppose your departure, especially when I know that he wants you to leave for your good? I cannot ask him for anything more. He has already done so much for us. Besides, he is not rich, and this terrible artistic career is so expensive! He could not undertake the expense of your education. What will become of me between you two? We must come to a decision. Remember that it was a profession you were being given. Would you not be proud of being independent, of gaining your own livelihood, of being your own master?"

She saw at once by the flash in the child's eye that she had struck home; and in a low tone, in the caressing, coaxing voice of a mother, she murmured: —

"Do it for my sake, Jack; will you? Put yourself in a position that will enable you soon to gain your livelihood. Who knows if some day I may not be obliged myself to have recourse to you as my only protector, my only friend?"

Did she really believe what she said? Was it a presentiment, one of those sudden glimpses into the future which unfold to us our destiny and reveal the failure and disappointments of our existence? Or had she been merely carried away in the whirlwind words of her impulsive sentimentality?

In any case she could not have found a better argument to convince that generous little spirit. The effect was instantaneous. The idea that his mother might want him, that he could help her by his work, suddenly decided him.

He looked her straight in the face.

"Swear that you will aways love me, that you will never be ashamed of me when my hands are blackened!"

"If I shall love you, my Jack!"

Her only answer was to cover him with kisses, hiding her agitation and her remorse under her passionate embraces; but from that moment the wretched woman knew remorse, knew it for the rest of her life; and could never think of her child without feeling a stab in her heart.

He, however, as though he understood all the shame, uncertainty, and terror concealed under these caresses, dashed towards the stairs, to avoid dwelling on it.

"Come, mamma, let us go down. I am going to tell him I accept his offer."

Downstairs the "Failures" were still at table. They were all struck by the grave and determined look on Jack's face.

"I beg your pardon," he said to D'Argenton. "I did wrong in refusing your proposal. I now accept it, and thank you."

THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC

THE rapid recovery of France after the terrible disasters of 1870–1871 was a phenomenon which surprised the whole of Europe — and not least her triumphant enemy, Germany. The people as a whole responded in the finest possible manner to the heavy demands made upon them: they paid off the war indemnity to Germany before the time appointed and so got rid of the forces which had been occupying their territory; they tried to forget the horrors of the Commune at Paris; and they turned with hopefulness to the task of finding a form of government that would secure domestic peace and development.

The three political parties which struggled for the control of France's destinies up to 1875 were the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and the Republicans. Further to complicate matters, the Royalist adherents were divided into Legitimists, who wished to set the Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles X, on the throne, and the Orleanists, who supported the Count of Paris, grandson of Louis-Philippe. When these two groups joined forces in 1873, with the understanding that the Comte de Chambord should be made king, and after him, as he had no children, the Count of Paris, it seemed almost certain that the Royalist cause would prevail. Early in that year, Marshal MacMahon, leader of the Royalists, was elected president, and this pointed clearly to their triumph; but, unexpectedly, the Comte de Chambord refused to become king unless the ancient white flag and lilies of the Bourbons were adopted as the national emblem. The Orleanists, and the people of France with them, would not yield up the tri-color, under which so many glorious victories had been won. And so the opportunity went by. The Republicans, while their opponents remained inactive, gathered strength, and when in 1875 a new constitution was drawn up it was Republican in character. Four years later, MacMahon had to resign; the new president, Grévy, was a man devoted to Republican principles; since that date the government of France has been controlled by the Republicans.

During the years which followed, the educational system was improved, freedom of the press was established, and the workingmen were given the right to form unions (1884). Meanwhile France had embarked on an aggressive colonial policy. She already held, in North Africa, the rich province of Algeria; she now established a protectorate over Tunis (1881), thus offending Italy, whose eyes had been for some time drawn to this conveniently-placed district. By throwing Italy into an alliance with the Teutonic powers, Germany and Austria, the occupation of Tunis had far-reaching effects on the history

of Europe. Then Tonkin, in Indo-China, was subdued and added to the French colonies; so were Madagascar, off the east coast of Africa, and the great territory of the French Congo.

THE BOULANGER CRISIS AND THE DREYFUS CASE

While the Republic appeared thus to be prospering abroad, however, the discontent with it at home had been only hushed for a while. The anti-clerical policy pursued by some of its leaders caused the Roman Catholics to wish for its overthrow, while a series of scandals connected with its administration weakened its position with the voters. In 1890, a crisis arrived. General Boulanger, a brilliant army leader, won a tremendous personal popularity by his appearance and his speeches, and called for a revision of the Constitution. The Monarchists and Bonapartists supported him as the enemy of the Republic, and for a time there seemed to be every likelihood of his attempting a *coup d'état* like that of Napoleon III. At the crucial moment, when summoned to appear before the Senate on a charge of plotting against the State, Boulanger lost his nerve and fled from the country to Belgium. Two years later he committed suicide there.

Scarcely had the excitement created by this affair quieted down, when an even greater disturbance was caused in the minds of Frenchmen by a military scandal, the famous "Dreyfus case." A Jewish officer, Captain Dreyfus, was in 1894 convicted by court-martial of treason, degraded, and sent to Devil's Island, a penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana. His friends, convinced of his innocence, interested public opinion in the case; many prominent men of letters, chief among them Émile Zola, took up the cudgels in behalf of Dreyfus, and demanded a new trial. The army, fearful for its prestige, remained obdurate. At last, in 1899, a second court-martial found Dreyfus guilty "with extenuating circumstances," and he was soon after pardoned. But this satisfied no one. In 1906 the Court of Cassation quashed the verdict and declared Dreyfus innocent. The significance of the case, which created a terrific stir throughout the country, was very great. It amounted to a battle between the Republicans and their enemies, in which the former triumphed.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

At about the same time as the rehabilitation of Dreyfus, an event took place in France which threatened to raise another storm. This was the separation effected by the Combes government between the State and the Roman Catholic Church. Up to 1905 the relations between the two had been regulated by the Concordat of Napoleon I, which had satisfied neither party. During the opening years of the century, the Republicans had more and more resented the influence of clericalism; at last, in 1902 and 1903, they suppressed

most of the religious orders, and shortly after prohibited all teaching even by those which remained. In 1905, the Concordat was ended, and State and Church separated. The religious edifices, since 1789 the property of the nation, were left open for worship, but managed by lay associations. Two years later a law provided that the prefects of the various districts should take charge of them and make contracts with the clergy governing their use. Thus the civil ownership of churches was safeguarded. A great deal of criticism was leveled at the government by members of the clerical party, but so far no important change in the situation has been produced.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS — THE AGADIR INCIDENT

Meanwhile, the foreign policy of the Republic had been transformed. A close alliance with Russia, conceived of their common hostility to Germany, was followed by the Entente Cordiale with England (1904), a triumph for the diplomacy of Edward VII and his advisers. Up to that year, the two hereditary enemies had been on very cool terms; in 1898 war had very nearly broken out over a clash of interests in the Sudan, and during the Boer War the French press had severely criticized England. Now, however, nothing was to be heard on either side but affirmations of friendship. Over against the Triple Entente formed by France, England, and Russia there was arrayed the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. These two groups of powers maintained a precarious peace in Europe up to 1914.

The first serious threat to this peace since the opening of the century came in 1905, when Germany objected to the expansion of France's interests in Morocco. A conference met at Algeciras in Spain, and while France was given a free hand in exercising police power, she had to guarantee Morocco's independence. In 1911 Germany nearly precipitated a war by sending the cruiser "Panther" to Agadir, on the Moroccan coast. On this occasion France had her way, although she had to give up to Germany part of her Congo possessions; in 1912 she established a protectorate over Morocco.

THE WAR AND AFTER

In 1914, the assassination at Sarajevo of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria led to the bloodiest conflict Europe has ever seen; France, as everyone knows, played a heroic part in that conflict, and emerged victorious, with her allies, over the Central European powers. By the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, she regained the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, found a valuable ally, Poland, and established control over a part of Syria. Since that time she has shown extraordinary vitality in recovering from the wounds of war. Colonial troubles both in Morocco and in Syria have been settled, and in spite of some severe criticism leveled at it on the occasion of each outbreak, the Third Re-

public seems to be firmly established. The Royalist party, headed by the mercurial Léon Daudet and by Charles Maurras, still has supporters among the Sorbonne students and the clerical group, but is no longer a serious force in French politics.

FRENCH NATURALISM

The literary movement which dominated France during the period 1870–1885 and which was known as naturalism was clearly a development of realism as initiated and practised by Flaubert; it was but a step, though to many a critic it seemed a disastrous step, from the realist conception of the novel as a true representation of life to Zola's conception of it as life itself. Hence naturalism had its greatest growth and obtained its maximum of notoriety in the field of prose fiction. After 1870, as before that year, there were writers who continued in the realist vein, uncompromisingly frank as Flaubert had been, but never making for their books any of the high-flown claims put forward by Zola. These, however, were either submerged in time by the rising tide of the newer tendencies, or were by the critics and the public confounded with the naturalistic authors; so that the realistic novelists of this post-war period are usually lumped with Zola and his fellows unless so strikingly opposed to them as to make this impossible.

If it was about the prose novel that the chief efforts of the naturalists centered, it must not be forgotten that there were clear echoes of their doctrines in the poetry of their generation and in the French drama of a slightly later period, after 1885. In fact, different in many ways as are the poetry of the Parnassians, the novels of the Goncourts and of Huysmans' first period, and the plays of the Théâtre Libre, they are all akin in essential respects. What they all lack may best be called *spirituality;* this was studiously filtered out of most of the Parnassian work by the theories of "plasticity" and impersonality held by the poets of that group, and excluded from the naturalistic prose by a fierce concentration on the external life of man, while his internal life with all its wavering lights and shadows was rarely touched.

THE NATURALIST NOVEL

Naturalism as it appeared in the French novel after 1870 might be termed the scientific intoxication of certain disciples of Flaubert. That master of fiction himself had never laid claim to more than the power to reproduce the effects of life as he saw it. His naturalistic followers, chief among whom was Émile Zola, believed they could create it — could by the artificial combination of observed facts and established laws bring to pass experiences which should have all the validity of actual ones. The novel became, according to their conception, an experiment like those carried out in a scientific laboratory.

Zola (1840–1903), deriving most of his ideas from Taine, from the his-

torian Claude Bernard, and from Letourneau's 'Physiology of the Passions,' set himself the task of tracing the fortunes of a whole family under the Second Empire. His vast series of novels, the 'Rougon-Macquart,' was conceived before 1869, although the first member did not appear until 1871. The terrible picture of drunkenness provided in 'L'Assommoir' (1877) made a great impression on the reading public; 'Nana,' which followed it in 1880, won a real success and had an enormous sale. Meanwhile, in 1878, Zola had associated with himself a whole group of young writers who professed a similar literary belief: the most prominent were J. K. Huysmans (1848–1907), Guy de Maupassant (1840–1893), Paul Alexis (1847–1901), Léon Hennique (1852–), and Henry Céard (1851–). These brought out in 1880 a volume of short stories, 'The Evenings of Médan,' which was frankly naturalistic and served as a manifesto of the new school.

For about ten years, naturalism seemed to triumph. The political situation, which had its repercussion in the world of letters, favored it. It was generally felt, among the advocates of the Republic, that a close application to hard scientific facts could alone suffice to bring the nation through its post-war crisis. Hence they decried idealism, and praised the naturalistic novel and play as showing a proper deference to science. The public, without perceiving the glaring discrepancies between Zola's claims and what he accomplished, accepted what he said of naturalism at its face value, and admired the boldness with which he wrote on themes which previously had been considered unfit for literature.

NATURALISM ON THE STAGE

The great wave of naturalism, as it swept through French literature, produced changes in the drama as it had in other forms of expression. As early as 1865 the Goncourt brothers had tried to bring out their play 'Henriette Maréchal,' composed in the naturalistic vein; it was an utter failure, but this was largely because of political hostility towards the authors. The piece was not judged upon its own merits. Zola, too, did his best to place his early stories upon the boards (for example, 'Therèse Raquin,' 1873), but lacking natural dramatic ability or experience he failed; later, by calling in collaborators, he was able to produce 'L'Assommoir' (1879), 'Nana' (1881), and other plays based on the Rougon-Macquart series with some success indeed, but without achieving the triumph he hoped for. Meanwhile, his critical essays, published in various periodicals and collected in 1881 as 'Le Naturalisme au Théâtre,' had created far more discussion. His pleas for absolute freedom in the choice and treatment of dramatic themes, in the face of middle-class prejudice and not infrequently of common-sense, were violently rejected by most of the academic critics, and the impressionists were alienated by what they considered was his want of art. According to Zola, the play should be a series of pictures of life, or "slices of life," without elaborate plot; the details of cos-

tume and setting should be carefully attended to, for upon them partly depended the illusion of reality. The naturalist conception of the stage, then, was that of a room one wall of which had been cut away, allowing the audience to be present at the action going on within it as an observer is present at the scurryings of an opened ant-hill.

The triumph of this naturalistic drama was long deferred. Its greatest exponent, Henry Becque, produced his 'Les Corbeaux' [The Vultures] on September 14, 1882, at the Comédie Française; the play, which pictured in a masterly way the sordid tragedy of a bourgeois household, was received as 'Hernani' had been received half a century before. On this occasion, however, the cries of execration drowned the applause, and 'Les Corbeaux' was withdrawn from the boards after only three nights. Even in 1897, when it was revived, there were murmurs against the lack of noble sentiments and the banality of the conversations. Not until the winter of 1924–25 did this studiously restrained and grimly realistic piece of writing receive its full meed of praise; there was then hardly a dissenting voice to be heard amid the chorus of approbation. Becque had been dead twenty-five years.

His second "naturalistic" play, 'La Parisienne' (1885), had more success, but even so did not represent the victory of the cause he championed. As a result of its composition, Becque became the recognized leader of the naturalist forces in the dramatic world, as Zola was in the world of fiction. But the task of spreading their views abroad and winning over the public was to be accomplished by other hands.

ANTOINE AND LE THÉÂTRE LIBRE

In the spring of 1887, M. André Antoine presented four one-act plays before a small audience, brought together by invitation; this experiment, which inaugurated the famous Théâtre Libre, was a thorough success. Encouraged by the result, Antoine organized a society of subscribers, who were invited to attend all performances; by this means the censorship, then fairly stringent, was evaded, for such spectacles could not technically be called public ones. Consequently Antoine was able to bring out at his Théâtre Libre plays and sketches which would have had small chance of acceptance elsewhere. Among them were many works by foreigners, little known or misunderstood at Paris, such as Ibsen, Strindberg, and Hauptmann. But the type of play which became increasingly common upon the boards of Antoine's theater was what was known as the "comédie rosse," or "comedy of the streets." Such dramas were often brutally realistic, and full of degraded characters, and most of them are forgotten today. Among the early writers for the Théâtre Libre, however, were several who later won their way to fame — Maurice Barrès, Brieux, De Curel, and Porto-Riche, for example.

Interest in the Théâtre Libre, after the first few years, gradually declined,

and in 1896 the venture was abandoned. The "comédie rosse" had failed to justify its existence. Yet the good accomplished by M. Antoine and his collaborators was great and lasting. The old theatrical tricks and stilted action, the exaggerated declamation, and the antiquated scenery, which had caused stage production in France to lag behind that of other countries, were very nearly swept away. Antoine had schooled his actors to conceal their art, not to make a parade of it, and French acting after his experiment became a subtler and a more convincing thing.

DECLINE OF NATURALISM

It was not long, however, before the naturalistic school underwent several assaults, and this although two at least of its members, Maupassant and Huysmans, had far more of literary genius than Zola. Adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, disgusted at what they felt was the immorality of naturalism, attacked its exponents vigorously. A group of academic critics, the chief of whom were Brunetière, a Roman Catholic, and Schérer and J.-J. Weiss, Protestants, also waged war on Zola and his disciples on similar grounds. Impressionist writers like Anatole France saw in the immense masses of pseudo-erudition poured forth in the "documentary" novels an essentially inartistic method, and therefore joined in protesting with the others. Finally, in 1887, five youthful authors, who had at first formed part of the naturalist forces, issued a pamphlet known as 'The Manifesto of the Five,' in which they repudiated Zola and his ideas. Two years later, Paul Bourget, in his novel 'The Disciple,' painted a startling picture of the deadly effect which might be produced on an impressionable mind by the doctrines of Taine, Renan, and other preachers of determinism. At about the same time, men began to speak about "the bankruptcy of science," meaning by this phrase that the rosy future foretold by the early enthusiasts of scientific method had failed to come into being, and thus the fault must lie with science. Bergson the philosopher brought out books (like the 'Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness') in which he showed that life was incessant change, that the determinism which had satisfied the previous generation was not tenable, and that intuition might be considered a source of our knowledge no less than reason.

It is not surprising, then, that near the end of the century there was a strong revulsion from naturalism, which ceased entirely to attract young writers. The works of foreign authors, most of whom represented tendencies unlike those of the naturalistic school, were eagerly read and translated. In place of science, writers turned to established religion, to various forms of mysticism, or to a thorough-going scepticism, abandoning the attempt to produce a literature which should be one with experience. The doctrine of "Art for Art's sake," once derided, had its revenge; prose writers and poets alike ceased to be inter-

ested first and foremost in the public, and composed books as their fancy dictated. This reaction continued almost to the outbreak of the war in 1914.

THREE MASTERS OF FICTION

Among those who opposed the naturalists, although on very different grounds, Anatole France and Paul Bourget have already been mentioned. Each of these novelists represented an idealistic tendency to which the rather crass realism of Zola was repugnant. In Anatole France we have a supremely gifted Epicurean, with a broadly tolerant outlook, who saw man as eternally the same under an appearance of continual change. To him, the efforts of the naturalists to re-create life, an inexplicable mystery which by the wise man can only be accepted, were as foolish as their emphasis upon purely ephemeral characteristics of human nature.

Bourget gave himself heart and soul to the analysis of man's interior life, his states of mind; to such a writer the naturalistic "documentation," its painting only of what can be seen, could not but be insufficient. Bourget, too, showed a strong inclination to moralize in his novels. He frankly disapproved of the impersonal, detached attitude of the naturalistic writers, and made his books the vehicles of his beliefs.

With Anatole France and Bourget, outside the influence of naturalism, must be placed Pierre Loti, a true "evoker" of the romantic kind. Loti pictured foreign lands and peoples with exquisite deftness and clarity, but he touched nothing that he did not transfigure; a slavish copy of the original was far from his thoughts. These three great novelists taken in combination demonstrate, as perhaps nothing else can, the inadequacy of the naturalistic novel as a representation of life, though without dimming the luster of the successes attained by its exponents in their own chosen field.

THE LITERATURE OF CRITICISM

Meanwhile, the august traditions of French criticism were being carried on by several authors of importance. Melchior de Vogüé made himself the apostle of Russian idealism in France, and did much to make Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoyevsky known to French readers, Brunetière, the hard-headed logical thinker who defended the classic ideal and condemned the decadent romanticism of Baudelaire and the naturalist novel of Zola alike, was just enough tinged by the thought of the last half-century to attempt a discussion of the evolution of literary types, treating them as though they were flowers or guinea-pigs. It is easy not to point out the exaggerations and irrelevancies of such a method of criticism, but the reader must not forget how new and how stimulating to many minds the idea of evolution was at the time; it at first

appeared to those outside the scientific schools of thought that change of every kind could be explained in evolutionary terms.

Another totally different kind of criticism, well represented by the work of Anatole France and Lemaître, was the impressionism which made no attempt to place literary works in water-tight compartments, but contented itself with expressing the manner in which they affected the critic. "The good critic is he who makes you comprehend the adventures of his own soul in the midst of masterpieces. There can be no objective criticism, as there can be no objective art. Whoever imagines that he puts into his work anything whatever except himself is the victim of illusion. We can never get outside ourselves," said Anatole France, and his words are as good a summary of the impressionistic method as can be found. Nothing less like the "scientific" sort of handling prescribed by the whole generation preceding him could be imagined. Perhaps the views of the two schools taken together express the whole truth; certainly the impressionist critics made their mark in French literature, and have as disciples today the vast majority of those who judge the works of others.

NATURALISM IN POETRY — "PARNASSE"

The literary tendencies towards scientific precision and impersonality which mark the second half of the last century in France, had a curious outlet in poetry. The attitude of the romantic writers, it will be remembered, and of Baudelaire, who in this respect was of their number, was that in his verses the poet should set himself down without concealment. The cry of the "ego" is constantly present in their work. After 1850, the work of Théophile Gautier, in 'Emaux et Camées' (1852) and of Leconte de Lisle, in 'Poèmes Antiques' (1853) and 'Poèmes Barbares' (1862) showed utterly different characteristics. While expending the utmost care upon details of stylistic correctness, these poets preserved as impersonal an attitude as possible towards their subject-matter; the poet, according to their view, should paint objectively. In their poetry we experience a certain cramping effect, the inevitable result of a mighty flowering of scientific thought, which had thrust into the background the hints and half truths and intuitive flashes on which lyrical poetry feeds. Leconte de Lisle made himself the particular spokesman of this literary doctrine: his poems took up such general ideas as the progress of man's religious thought, working away from the Christian attitude of the romantic writers, even of Baudelaire, towards a pantheism which regarded all human creeds in the same light, as beautiful but unavailing. Leconte de Lisle, too, in his later poems was more and more touched by the scientific trend of contemporary thought; his erudition was great, and enabled him to bring into his verses themes taken from all literatures, Occidental and Oriental.

With him as leader, a school grew up known as the 'Parnasse,' after the name given a collection of poems published by them in 1866, and added to in

1869 and 1876. The Parnassian writers showed strikingly similar characteristics, although each brought to the common performance his specific contribution of thought and manner; they all laid great emphasis on forms of expression, and tried to make of their poetry something as like plastic art as possible. The outlines of what they depicted were sharp and clear, the verses rang out full melodies, there was nothing of a halting or uncertain tone about them. Sully-Prudhomme (1839–1908) cultivated the field of philosophical poetry, Théodore de Banville (1823–1891) played delicately with the old French poetical forms of ballade and rondel, Hérédia (1842–1906) produced superbly chiseled medallions of the past, Coppée (1842–1908) made neat, but sometimes artificial, pictures of humble Parisian life. Each was much admired and praised in his time, and each has seemingly his secure niche in the Pantheon of French letters. But there was nothing "haunting" about any of their music, and none of them tried to carry any further the reform of the traditional French versification begun by Hugo; on the contrary, they observed with the utmost strictness the rules which had long ago been formulated, and against some of which the great romanticist had fulminated.

Jean Richepin, who sprang into fame with his book of poems 'La Chanson des Gueux' [The Beggars' Song] in 1876, tried to revive the manner of the romanticists, while often treating subjects like those dear to the naturalistic school; he had few followers in this path, and cannot be said to have exerted an influence.

VERLAINE

For an entirely new note in French poetry we have to turn to the exquisite songs of Paul Verlaine, who had in his early days as a poet formed one of the Parnassian group. Verlaine is probably the best known outside of France of the later nineteenth century poets; his influence both at home and abroad has been very great. Among his verses, and notably in the collection 'Sagesse,' lovers of melody in poetry have found the very "haunting" notes which the Parnassians somehow missed. Verlaine is the poet of the nuance, the delicate half-tone; his poems were often written in measures entailing a use of lines with an odd number of syllables; the ear trained to the full round echo of an even line finds such verses, when well-handled, singularly sweet, graceful, and musical. Verlaine handled them supremely well. Sometimes he was led into extravagance in his dislike for mediocrity and stupid conformity to convention; parts of his 'Art Poétique,' in which he embodied most of his poetical creed, are too severe upon the traditionalists. But in the main the use he made of assonance and alliteration, the freedom with which he treated the line and its divisions, and the emphasis he laid on music rather than attempted "plasticity" as the essential, worked for the good of French poetry.

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1871 Peace signed between France and Prussia; France loses Alsace-Lorraine, and pays heavy indemnity. Commune set up at Paris, and repressed after a bloody fight	1871–93 Zola, the *Rougon-Macquart* series
	1872 Coppée, *Les Humbles*
1873 Napoleon III dies in England	
	1874 Verlaine, *Romances sans Paroles*
1875 Republican Constitution promulgated	1876 Richepin, *La Chanson des Gueux;* Mallarmé, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*
1881 French conquer Tunis, offending Italians	1881 A. France, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard;* Verlaine, *Sagesse*
	1882 H. Becque, *Les Corbeaux*
	1883 Maupassant, *Une Vie*
	1884 Leconte de Lisle, *Poèmes Tragiques;* J.-K. Huysmans, *A Rebours*
	1885 *Manifeste des Cinq* appears
	1886 P. Loti, *Pêcheur d'Islande*
	1888 H. Bergson, *Essai sur les Données Immédiates de la Conscience;* Sully-Prudhomme, *Le Bonheur*
	1889 P. Bourget, *Le Disciple*
1890–91 "Boulanger Affair" creates excitement throughout France	1890 F. Brunetière, *Questions de Critique*
1891 France and Russia form an alliance	
	1892 Maeterlinck, *Pelléas et Mélisande*
	1893 J.-M. de Hérédia, *Les Trophées*
1894 Famous Dreyfus case opened	1897 E. Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac;* Paul Fort, *Ballades Françaises*
1898 British and French come into conflict over Fashoda Incident	
	1900 Brieux, *Le Robe Rouge*
	1901 F. Jammes, *Poésies*

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
	1902 H. de Regnier, *La Cité des Eaux*
1903 The Anglo-French "Entente" formed	1904–12 R. Rolland, *Jean-Christophe*
1905 Separation between Church and State in France. France allowed a free hand in Morocco at Algeciras Conference	
	1907 H. Bergson, *L'Evolution Créatrice*
	1908 A. France, *L'Île des Pingouins*
	1909 M. Barrès, *Colette Baudoche;* A Gide, *La Porte Étroite*
1911 Agadir Incident nearly precipitates a European war	
1914 The World War breaks out. Jean Jaurès, French Socialist leader, assassinated	

PAUL DÉROULÈDE

PAUL DÉROULÈDE was born in Paris in 1846. He was educated at the lycée of Versailles and the Paris Law School. But from boyhood the poetic instinct was strong in him, and the success of his uncle Émile Augier, the dramatist, aroused his enthusiasm so that he neglected the Codes and began to publish verse under the pen name of Jean Rebel. His first considerable work was 'Juan Strenner' (1869), a one-act drama which was not a success.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German war of 1870, Paul Déroulède tried to enlist and was twice rejected. Accepted at last, he soon won his stripes, and was a second lieutenant in the Zouaves when he was made prisoner. Undaunted, he immediately began to plan for escape, and after several unsuccessful attempts succeeded. He then joined a regiment of Algerian sharpshooters and gave such an excellent account of himself that he was several times mentioned in dispatches and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. A wound near the close of hostilities took him from the field; and it was during the retirement thus enforced that he wrote the lyrics, 'Songs of the Soldier' (1872), that first made him famous throughout his native country.

Not since the days of the 'Marseillaise' had the fighting spirit of the French people found such sympathetic expression; his songs were read and sung all over the country; they received the highest honor of the Academy, and their popularity continued long after peace was declared, nearly one hundred and fifty editions having been exhausted up to 1895. Déroulède now devoted himself to literature and politics. 'New Songs of the Soldier' (1875) and a volume of 'Songs of the Peasant' (1894), almost as popular as the war songs, were interspersed with dramatic works also in verse, 'L'Hetman' (1877) and 'La Moabite' (1880), which were received on the stage with great favor. A cantata, 'Vive la France,' also written in 1880, was set to music by Gounod. Two other dramas, 'Messire Duguesclin' (1895) and 'La Mort de Hoche' (1897), met with a large measure of success. Déroulède wrote a novel and several works in prose which did not attract special attention.

In 1882 Déroulède had organized the 'Ligue des Patriotes' and in 1887 entered politics, joining the party of General Boulanger. Several times deputy, he made himself conspicuous in the Chamber by his eloquence and his violence. In 1899 he tried without success to start a revolution, was arrested, prosecuted, and acquitted. Re-arrested shortly after, he was charged with conspiracy against the state, and banished from France for ten years (January 1900). Pardoned by the President in 1905, he haughtily declined the favor, and came back only when the Chamber had voted a general amnesty (No-

vember 2, 1905). He was defeated at the election of 1906, and abandoned active politics, but he was a born leader, and remained, until his death in 1914, the idol of his followers. A statue of Déroulède was unveiled in 1927 in the Place de Laborde, but his most fitting memorial was set up six months after he died, when French soldiers erected over his grave a frontier-post torn from the soil of the lost provinces during the early days of the Great War.

Déroulède's best verses are distinguished by inspiration and genuine enthusiasm. Careless of form and finish, not always stopping to make sure of his rhymes or perfect his meter, he gave the freest vent to his emotions. Some of the heart-glow which makes the exhilaration of Burns's poems infectious is found in his songs, but they are generally so entirely French that its scope is limited in a way that the Scotch poet's, despite his vernacular, was not. The Frenchman's sympathy is always with the harder side of life. In the 'Songs of the Soldier' he plays on chords of steel. These verses resound with the blast of the bugle, the roll of the drum, the flash of the sword, the rattle of musketry, the boom of the cannon; and even in the 'Songs of the Peasant' it is the corn and the wine, as the fruit of toil, that appeal to him, rather than the grass and the flowers embellishing the fields.

THE HARVEST

From 'Chants du Paysan'

THE wheat, the hardy wheat is rippling on the breeze.
'Tis our great mother's sacred mantle spread afar,
Old Earth revered, who gives us life, in whom we are:
We the dull clay the living God molds as he please.

The wheat, the hardy wheat bends down its heavy head,
Blessèd and consecrate by the Eternal hand;
The stalks are green although the yellow ears expand:
Keep them, O Lord, from 'neath the tempest's crushing tread!

The wheat, the hardy wheat spreads like a golden sea
Whose harvesters — bent low beneath the sun's fierce light,
Stanch galley-slaves, whose oar is now the sickle bright —
Cleave down the waves before them falling ceaselessly.

The wheat, the hardy wheat, ranged in its serried rows,
Seems like some noble camp upon the distant plain.
Glory to God! — the crickets chirp their wide refrain;
From sheaf to sheaf the welcome bread-song sweeping goes.

Translated for this series by Thomas Walsh

IN GOOD QUARTERS

From 'Poèmes Militaires'

MIREBEAU, 1871

GOOD old woman, bother not,
Or the place will be too hot:
You might let the fire grow old —
Save your fagots for the cold:
I am drying through and through.

But she, stopping not to hear,
Shook the smoldering ashes near:
"Soldier, not too warm for you!"

Good old woman, do not mind;
At the storehouse I have dined:
Save your vintage and your ham,
And this cloth — such as I am
Are not used to — save it too.

But she heard not what I said —
Filled my glass and cut the bread:
"Soldier, it is here for you!"

Good old woman — sheets for me!
Faith, you treat me royally:
And your stable? on your hay?
There at length my limbs to lay?
I shall sleep like monarchs true.

But she would not be denied
Of the sheets, and spread them wide:
"Soldier, it is made for you!"

Morning came — the parting tear:
Well — good-by! What have we here?
My old knapsack full of food!
Dear old creature — hostess good —
Why indulge me as you do?

It was all that she could say,
Smiling in a tearful way:
"I have one at war like you!"

Translated for this series by Thomas Walsh

"GOOD FIGHTING!"

From 'Poèmes Militaires'

THE Kroumirs leave their mountain den;
Sing, bullets, sing! and bugles, blow!
Good fighting to our gallant men,
And happy they who follow, when,
Brothers in arms so dear, these go.

Yea, happy they who serve our France,
And neither pain nor danger fly;
But in the front of war's advance
Still deem it but a glorious chance,
To be among the brave who die!

No splendid war do we begin,
No glory waits us when 'tis past;
But marching through the fiery din,
We see our serried ranks grow thin,
And blood of Frenchmen welling fast.

French blood! — a treasure so august,
And hoarded with such jealous care,
To crush oppression's strength unjust,
With all the force of right robust,
And buy us back our honor fair; —

We yield it now to duty's claim,
And freely pour out all our store;
Who judges, frees us still from blame;
The Kroumirs' muskets war proclaim; —
In answer let French cannon roar!

Good fighting! and God be your shield,
Our pride's avengers, brave and true!
France watches you upon the field.
Who wear her colors never yield,
For 'tis her heart ye bear with you!

Translated for this series by Katherine Hillard

LAST WISHES

From 'Poèmes Militaires'

A GRAVE for me — a grave — and why?
I do not wish to sleep alone:
Let me within the trenches lie,
Side by side with my soldiers thrown.

Dear old comrades of wars gone by,
Come, 'tis our final "halt" is nigh:
Clasp your brave hearts to my own.

A sheet for me — a sheet — and why?
Such is for them on their beds who moan:
The field is the soldier's place to die,
The field of carnage, of blood and bone.

Dear old comrades of wars gone by,
This is the prayer of my soul's last sigh:
Clasp your brave hearts to my own.

Tears for me — these tears — and why?
Knells let the vanquished foe intone!
France delivered! — I still can cry,
France delivered — invaders flown!

Dear old comrades of wars gone by,
Pain is nothing, and death — a lie!
Clasp your brave hearts to my own!

Translated for this series by Thomas Walsh

CHARLES MARIE RENÉ LECONTE DE LISLE

LECONTE DE LISLE, according to the judgment of his fellow-poets, will live in French literature for the classic perfection of his verse. Yet he has never been popular, although he longed to touch men's hearts. His distinction is the rare imaginative pleasure he offers those who can enjoy abstract beauty.

Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle was born in 1818 on the Island of Bourbon, where the luxuriance of the tropics fostered his passion for natural beauty. His education finished, his father wished him to become a planter like himself; but the son longed to see the world. He went to France; studied law at Rennes; traveled for some time; and when nearly thirty, settled at Paris. He was an ardent classicist. To his knowledge of antique art and literature he had added his personal impressions of many lands, many peoples, and many religions. Now he became intimately acquainted with agitated, worldly Paris; and she repelled him.

His circumstances added to his depression. His parents had never understood his impractical aspirations; and possibly the determined self-repression evident in his poems results in part from his lack of home sympathy. Soon after his arrival in Paris, he vigorously supported an insurrection of slaves in his island home. This rash generosity provoked his father to stop his allowance, and he was obliged to teach for his living.

The remainder of his life was outwardly uneventful — its chief events the distinctions which gradually came to him. Created an officer of the Legion of Honor, in 1886 he was chosen to the French Academy as the successor of Victor Hugo. Nine years earlier, when defeated, he had proudly declared that the vote received from Hugo meant as much to him as election. From 1873 until his death in 1894 he was assistant librarian at the Library of the Luxembourg; and there, in the fine old palace set in the ancient garden, he drew congenial friends about him and spoke with the authority of a master to young disciples in poetry.

He first became known for his skilful translations of Homer, Theocritus, Horace, and Sophocles, for which he was not well paid. But the reputation they brought him induced Napoleon III to offer him a handsome pension if he would dedicate his work to the Prince Imperial. This Leconte de Lisle refused to do; and he was then granted a pension of three hundred francs a month, which he drew until the fall of the Empire. With a brilliant group of

young poets, who, surfeited with the exaggerated romanticism which had had its day, were seeking finer, more artistic forms of expression, he published in 1866 'Le Parnasse Contemporain' [The Modern Parnassus], several volumes of verse, which gained for its authors the title of Parnassians, and constituted theirs a distinct school of poetry. Its primary tenet was the impersonality of art. The Parnassians maintained that Rousseau-like confessions of joys and sins and sufferings — egotistic demands for sympathy — should not be thrust upon the public. They agreed that the emotional element in poetry did not mean individual vagaries, but universal human experience expressed with all possible beauty and delicacy of form, and with convincing truth. This creed was abused; but unquestionably 'Le Parnasse Contemporain' refined public taste and inspired poets with more definite ideals.

Among the first to note Leconte de Lisle's merit was Sainte-Beuve, who gave a reception in his honor, and introduced him to the poet Laprade; from whom, as well as from Gautier, he learned the lesson of vivid description, and of the exquisite precision which, as Brunetière says, makes his verse as imperishable as marble.

He was too painstaking a craftsman to compose rapidly; and even after they were written, the 'Poèmes Antiques' awaited a publisher for several years. From its appearance in 1852, however, this volume received distinguished treatment from critics and fellow-poets. In it, as in 'Poèmes et Poésies (1854), 'Poèmes Barbares' (1862) — to which the Academy awarded the Jean Regnard prize of ten thousand francs — and 'Poèmes Tragiques' (1884), Leconte de Lisle sought his theme in the remote; for he had a bitterly disillusioned spirit, and knew the solitary suffering of a nature unfitted for modern society. It was because he was tortured by self-consciousness that this "first of the Impassives" longed to forget himself, and make his poems an impersonal reflection of universal life. Hence the relief with which his imagination escapes to the mere physical sensation of brute creation. Hence the glowing power with which he draws the dying lion, the sleeping condor, and the stealthy beasts of the jungle.

Because he could not bear the imperfection of his actual environment, he searched in Greece and India, in the far north and in southern seas, among primitive savages as in ancient art, for a nourishing dream of beauty. He loved the simple, positive beauty of color and form in the outward world. He is a poet of nature; not Nature personified, but rather a great resistless energy which was one day to absorb him. Beauty was his only religion; for his modern science denied him faith, while making him crave truth at all costs. He was a savant as well as a poet, and his researches led him, in spite of his own wishes, to regard all religions as transitory stages in human development. Like Renan, he had sympathy for the underlying ideal of each; his imagination helped him to experience temporary self-forgetfulness in each, although he could find nothing final.

THE MANCHY

From 'Poèmes Barbares'

CLOTHED in your filmy muslin gown,
Every Sunday morning, you
Would come in your manchy of bamboo
Down the footpaths to the town.

The church-bell rang out noisily;
The salt breeze waved the lofty cane;
The sun shook out a golden rain
On the savannah's grassy sea.

With rings on wrist and ankle flat,
And yellow kerchief on the crown,
Your two telingas carried down
Your litter of Manila mat.

Slim, in tunics white, they sang
As 'neath the pole of bamboo bent,
With hands upon their hips, they went
Steadily by the long Etang.

Past banks where Creoles used to come
To smoke their ancient pipes; past bands
Of blacks disporting on the sands
To the sound of the Madagascar drum.

The tamarind's breath was on the air;
Out in the glittering surf the flocks
Of birds swung through the billow's shocks
And plunged beneath the foaming blare.

While hung — your sandal loosed — the tips
Of one pink foot at the manchy's side,
In the shade of the letchi branching wide
With fruit less purple than your lips;

While like a flower, a butterfly
Of blue and scarlet fluttered on
Your skin an instant, and was gone,
Leaving his colors in good-by.

We saw between the cambric's mist
  Your ear-rings on the pillows lain;
  While your long lashes veiled in vain
Your eyes of somber amethyst.

'Twas thus you came, those mornings sweet,
  With grace so gentle, to High Mass,
  Borne slowly down the mountain pass
By your faithful Hindoos' steady feet.

But now where our dry sand-bar gleams
  Beneath the dog-grass near the sea,
  You rest with dead ones dear to me,
O charm of my first tender dreams!

PAN

From 'Poèmes Antiques'

ROISTERING Pan, the Arcadian shepherd's god,
Crested like ram and like the wild goat shod,
Makes soft complaint upon his oaten horn.
When hill and valley turn to gold with morn,
He wanders joying with the dancing band
Of nymphs across the moss and flowering land.
The lynx-skin clothes his back; his brows are crowned
With hyacinth and crocus interwound,
And with his glee the echoes long rejoice.
The barefoot nymphs assemble at the voice,
And lightly by the crystal fountain's side,
Surrounding Pan in rhythmic circles glide.
In vine-bound grottoes, in remote retreats,
At noon the god sleeps out the parching heats
Beside some hidden brook, below the domes
Of swaying oaks, where sunlight never comes.
But when the night, with starry girdle bound,
Wafts her long veils across the blue profound,
Pan, passion-flushed, tracks through the shadowy glade
In swift pursuit the nimble-footed maid;
Clasps her in flight, and with exulting cries
Through the white moonlight carries off his prize.

THE BULLS

From 'Poèmes Barbares'

THE sea's broad desert makes a bar of gold
Against the blue of heaven's unruffled fold.
Alone, a roseate loiterer in the sky
Wreathes like a languid reptile stretched on high
Above the surging of the mountain-chain.
O'er the savannah breathes a dreamy strain
To where the bulls, with massive horns high dressed
And shining coat, deep eye, and muscled breast,
Crop at their will the salt grass of the coast.
Two negroes of Antongil, still engrossed
In the long day's dull stupor, at their ease
With chin in hands and elbows on their knees,
Smoke their black pipes. But in the changing sky
The herd's fierce chieftain scents the nightfall nigh,
Lifts his square muzzle flecked with silver foam
And bellows o'er the sea his summons home.

Translated for this series by Thomas Walsh

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HÉRÉDIA

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HÉRÉDIA was born on November 22, 1842, near Santiago de Cuba. He began his studies at the college of St. Vincent at Senlis, in France, and continued them at the University of Havana, and in Paris at the École des Chartes. He translated and edited Bernal Diaz's 'Conquests in New Spain,' with notes which gave him a reputation for acute and scrupulous research and intelligent application of it. From the year 1862 he had, beginning with the Revue de Paris, contributed to the leading Parisian periodicals, including the Temps, the Journal des Débats, and the Revue des Deux Mondes. He disappointed the hopes of admirers who thirsted for the results of his studies in the École des Chartes and wanted more light on South American history; but he delighted the literary circles by his poems 'Les Trophées' and 'Les Conquérants' (1893). The volume containing these poems was not long in reaching its fifteenth edition.

Such a demand for verse of no "popular" quality is remarkable. In truth, Hérédia despised what is called "popularity." He made no concessions to it, and kept himself as much as possible in the mood of Maurice de Guérin, who disliked to have a poem read outside of his intimate circle. He seemed to rejoice in overcoming difficulties in form for the sake of overcoming them, and at the same time making his thought or mood permeate the form. The divisions of 'Les Trophées' show the specially literary quality of the mind of Hérédia. It opens with 'Greece and Sicily'; this series of sonnets including 'Hercules and the Centaurs,' 'Artemis and the Nymphs,' and 'Perseus and Andromeda.' The series that follows is called 'Rome and the Barbarians,' including the sonnets suggested by Catullus in the group 'Hortorum Deus.' Then come 'The Middle Ages and the Renaissance,' 'The Orient and the Tropics,' and 'Les Conquérants.' 'The Conquerors of Gold' and 'Romancero' are not in the sonnet form.

Some of the most exquisite sonnets written in France are to be found in 'Les Trophées.' It was no surprise to the readers of Hérédia when he was elected to the Academy — which, although Daudet might parody it and outsiders revile it, cared more for quality than quantity. But to most of the English-speaking world it was a matter of amazement. The London critics, anxious to celebrate the new Academician, were at first in doubt as to who he was. They were equally amazed to find that this slim book, 'Les Trophées,' had gone through at least ten editions; but after his election Hérédia became better known, and his poems are now everywhere admired by those who love to see human knowledge and human feeling preserved like roses in a block of imperishable crystal, carved in a thousand forms of beauty.

Hérédia died in October 1905, at the Château of Bourdonné in the department of Seine-et-Oise, near Houdan, while visiting his friend M. Ytasse with whom he was spending his vacation.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE CONQUERORS

FALCONS fierce they are from charnel nest,
Weary of flight and burdens of their woe;
From Palos of Moguer they spellbound go,
Heroic dreams and coarse their minds invest.
Far in deep mines the precious gold-veins rest
Waiting for them; and as the trade-winds blow
Filling their sails, they drive them all too slow
To that mysterious shore — world of the West.
The phosphorescent blue of tropic seas
Colored their dreams when in the languid breeze
They slept each eve in hope of morrows bright —
Of epic morrows; or in unknown skies,
Leaning entranced, they saw from carvels white
From out the ocean, strange new stars arise.

THE SAMURAI

"It was a man with two swords"

THE bîva in her hand claims thought no more;
Some sounds she thrums, as through the lattice light
Of twist' bamboo, she sees, where all is bright
On the flat plain, her love and conqueror.
Swords at his sides comes he — her eyes adore —
His fan held high, red girdle: splendid sight!
Deep scarlet on dark armor; and unite
Great blazons on his shoulder, feared in war.
Like huge crustacean, shining black and red,
Lacquer and silk and bronze from feet to head,
Plated and brilliant is this lovèd one.
He sees her — smiles beneath his bearded masque;
And as he hastens, glitter in the sun
The gold antennæ trembling on his casque.

ON AN ANTIQUE MEDAL

THE wine which gave the antique ecstasy
To great Theocritus, in purple gold
Still ripens on Mount Ætna; — none can hold
The gracious girls he sang in Sicily!
Greek Arethusa, slave or mistress free,
Lost the pure profile of ancestral mold,
Mixed in her veins of Angevin, proud and bold,
And Saracenic, burning furiously.
Time goes; all dies; marble itself decays;
A shadow Agrigentum! Syracuse
Sleeps, still in death, beneath her kind sky's shades; —
But the hard metal guards through all the days —
Silver grown docile unto love's own use —
The immortal beauty of Sicilian maids.

SUNSET

THE sunlit brush light to the dark rock lends,
And gilds the summit of the mountain dome
Where sets the sun; beyond — a bar of foam —
The endless sea begins where the earth ends:
Beneath me, night and silence; tired man wends
To where the smoking chimney marks his home.
The Angelus, deadened by the mists that roam,
In the vast murmur of the ocean blends.
As from the depth of an abyss, the sound
Of far-off voices in the space around
Comes from belated herdsmen with their clan.
The western sky is clothed in shadows gray;
The sun on rich dark clouds sinks slow away
And shuts the gold sticks of his crimson fan.

"'TIS NOON; THE LIGHT IS FIERCE"

TIS noon; the light is fierce; the air is fire;
The ancient river rolls its waves of lead;
Direct from heaven day falls overhead —
Phra covers Egypt in relentless ire.
The eyes of the great sphinx that never tire —
The sphinx that bathes in dust of golden-red —
Follow with mystic looks the unmeasurèd
And needle-pointed pyramidal spire.
A darkened spot is on the sky of white —
An endless flight of circling vulture wings;
A flame immense makes drowsy all earth's things.
The ardent soil is sparkling; full in sight
A brass Anubis, silent, still, and stark,
Turns to the sun its never-ending bark.

Translated for this series by Maurice Francis Egan

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

AMONG those writers of the later nineteenth century whose influence on French letters was strongly felt, François Coppée occupied a prominent place. Indeed, poets of the "naturalist" generation looked up to him as a master and took him for a model. Born in 1842, at the age of twenty-four he first began to draw attention by the publication in 1866 of a number of poems, collected under the name of 'Le Reliquaire' [The Reliquary or Shrine]. From that time he went on writing poems, plays, and novels; but it is on his work as a poet that his reputation was chiefly based. We cannot do better than turn to one of his books, not for his biography alone, but also for the manner of thinking and feeling of this author. 'Toute une Jeunesse' [An Entire Youth] (1890) is not strictly an autobiography; but Coppée informs us that the leading character in this work, Amédée Violette, felt life as he felt it when a child and young man.

Here we learn that Coppée's father was a clerk in the War Offices, earning barely enough to keep his family. The boy was of weakly constitution, nervous and sentimental. The mother died; François grew up with his three sisters, two of whom painted for a living, while the third kept house. Then the father died, and his son also obtained employment in the government offices.

François's boyhood and part of his youth were spent in sadness, almost in misery; and the shadow cast over his life by this gloomy period of his existence is very plainly perceptible in the poet's writings. It did not, however, make him a cynic, a pessimist, or a rebel against the existing social conditions. To be sure, his verse is not infrequently ironical; but it is the irony of fate that the poet makes you keenly feel, although he touches it with a light hand. His life, he tells us, was composed of desires and reveries. His only consolation was in his literary work. He felt the inclination and the need of expressing in a way both simple and sincere what passed under his eyes; of extracting what humble ideal there might be in the small folk with whom he had lived, in the melancholy landscapes of the Parisian suburbs where his childhood had been spent — in short, of painting from nature. He made the attempt, felt that he was successful, and lived then the best and noblest hours of his life; the hours in which the artist, already a master of his instrument and having still a youthful abundance and vivacity of sensations, wrote the first work that he felt to be good, and wrote it with complete disinterestedness, without even thinking that others would see it. Every night found him up until twelve at his writing-table. The whole of Sunday was given to his favorite occupation of writing verse.

Such a continuous effort, he says, kept up in his mind that ardor, spirit, and excitement without which no poetical production is possible.

Such was Coppée's life until, his name becoming known, he earned enough with his pen to give himself up entirely to his art. Then came his success with 'Le Passant' [The Passer-by] (1869), a one-act play; and the following year, the war and the siege of Paris, through which Coppée served in the militia. 'Amédée Violette' had now become famous, and his reputation as a poet rested upon the sincerity of his work. He was esteemed for the dignity of his life, wholly taken up with art; and in the world of French letters his place was in the very first rank. He lived out of the world, in the close intimacy of those he loved, and knew nothing of the wretchedness of vanity and ambition. Like many writers and thinkers of the present day, he felt the weariness of life, and found oblivion in the raptures of poetry and dreams. Such was the man: a wonderfully delicate organization, of a modest shrinking nature — notice the name of *Violette* he gave himself — sensitive to a degree of morbidness.

The Academy elected him a member in 1884. And as this crowned his literary career, let us now consider him as a writer. The general character of Coppée's poetry is tender and melancholy, and the greater part of his work may be summed up as the glorification of the lowly, the weak, the ill-favored by nature or fortune; his heroes are chosen by preference among those who fill the humblest stations in life. One naturally associates poetry with a higher order of things than those presented to our eyes by the contemplation of daily events; but Coppée possesses the art of extracting from the humblest creature, from the meanest occupation, the beautiful, the poetic, the ideal. In the treatment in familiar verse of those commonplace subjects, Coppée is an accomplished master; and therein lies his originality, and there also will be found his best work. The poems comprised in the collections called 'Les Humbles' (1872), 'Contes et Poésies,' and certain stanzas of 'Promenades et Intérieurs' (1872), contain the best specimens of this familiar and sympathetic style of poetry.

Among the various well-known poems of this writer, the fame of which was increased by their being recited in Parisian salons by skilled artists, should be mentioned 'Les Aïeules' [The Grandmothers]; 'La Grève des Forgerons' [The Blacksmiths' Strike]; 'Le Naufragé' [The Shipwrecked Sailor]; and 'La Bénédiction,' an episode of the taking of Saragossa by the French in 1809.

François Coppée wrote much for the stage; but he was too elegiac, too sentimental a poet to be a first-class playwright, although some of his plays did meet with great success: 'Le Passant' [The Passer-by] (1869), a one-act comedy whose great charm lies in the expression of suffering love; 'Le Luthier de Crémone' [The Musical-Instrument Maker of Cremona] (1876), probably the best of his dramatic compositions, a one-act comedy in which the leading character is again one of the humble — Filippo the hunchback, whose

deformity covers a brave heart and a magnanimous spirit; and 'Pour la Courronne' [For the Crown] (1895), a five-act drama with more action than is usually found in Coppée's plays.

In common with other modern French writers, with Daudet, Maupassant and the rest, Coppée excelled in the writing of tales. His prose is remarkable for the same qualities that appear in his poetical works: sympathy, tenderness, marked predilection for the weak, the humble, and especially a masterly treatment of subjects essentially Parisian and modern. In 1898 he published 'La Bonne Souffrance,' an outcome of his reconversion to the Roman Catholic Church. Henceforth he took an active part in public affairs and was a leader in organizing popular opinion against the prisoner during the agitations of the Dreyfus case. He died on May 23, 1908.

ROBERT SANDERSON

THE SUBSTITUTE

From 'Ten Tales,' by François Coppée. Copyright 1890, by Harper and Brothers

HE was scarcely ten years old when he was first arrested as a vagabond. He spoke thus to the judge: —

"I am called Jean François Leturc, and for six months I was with the man who sings and plays upon a cord of catgut between the lanterns at the Place de la Bastille. I sang the refrain with him, and after that I called, 'Here's all the new songs, ten centimes two sous!' He was always drunk and used to beat me. That is why the police picked me up the other night. Before that I was with the man who sells brushes. My mother was a laundress; her name was Adèle. At one time she lived with a man on the ground-floor at Montmartre. She was a good workwoman and liked me. She made money, because she had for customers waiters in the cafés, and they use a good deal of linen. On Sundays she used to put me to bed early, so that she could go to the ball. On week-days she sent me to Les Frères, where I learned to read. Well, the sergeant-de-ville whose beat was in our street used always to stop before our windows to talk with her — a good-looking chap, with a medal from the Crimea. They were married, and after that everything went wrong. He didn't take to me, and turned Mother against me. Every one had a blow for me, and so to get out of the house I spent whole days in the Place Clichy, where I knew the mountebanks. My father-in-law lost his place, and my mother her work. She used to go out washing to take care of him; this gave her a cough — the steam. . . . She is dead at Lariboisière. She was a good woman. Since that I have lived with the seller of brushes and the catgut scraper. Are you going to send me to prison?"

He said this openly, cynically, like a man. He was a little ragged street-arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop of yellow hair.

Nobody claimed him, and they sent him to the Reform School.

Not very intelligent, idle, clumsy with his hands, the only trade he could learn there was not a good one — that of reseating straw chairs. However, he was obedient, naturally quiet and silent, and he did not seem to be profoundly corrupted by that school of vice. But when in his seventeenth year he was thrown out again on the streets of Paris, he unhappily found there his prison comrades, all great scamps, exercising their dirty professions: teaching dogs to catch rats in the sewers, and blacking shoes on ball nights in the passages of the Opera; amateur wrestlers, who permitted themselves to be thrown by the Hercules of the booths; or fishing at noontime from rafts: all of these occupations he followed to some extent, and some months after he came out of the House of Correction, he was arrested again for a petty theft — a pair of old shoes prigged from a shop window. Result: a year in the prison of Sainte Pélagie, where he served as valet to the political prisoners.

He lived in much surprise among this group of prisoners — all very young, negligent in dress, who talked in loud voices, and carried their heads in a very solemn fashion. They used to meet in the cell of one of the oldest of them, a fellow of some thirty years, already a long time in prison and quite a fixture at Sainte Pélagie; a large cell, the walls covered with colored caricatures, and from the window of which one could see all Paris — its roofs, its spires, and its domes — and far away the distant line of hills, blue and indistinct upon the sky. There were upon the walls some shelves filled with volumes and all the old paraphernalia of a fencing-room: broken masks, rusty foils, breast-plates, and gloves that were losing their tow. It was there that the "politicians" used to dine together, adding to the everlasting "soup and beef," fruit, cheese, and pints of wine which Jean François went out and got by the can; a tumultuous repast, interrupted by violent disputes, and where, during the dessert, the 'Carmagnole' and 'Ça Ira' were sung in full chorus. They assumed, however, an air of great dignity on those days when a new-comer was brought in among them, at first entertaining him gravely as a citizen, but on the morrow using him with affectionate familiarity and calling him by his nickname. Great words were used there: "Corporation," "responsibility," and phrases quite unintelligible to Jean François — such as this, for example, which he once heard imperiously put forth by a frightful little hunchback who blotted some writing-paper every night: —

"It is done. This is the composition of the Cabinet: Raymond, the Bureau of Public Instruction; Martial, the Interior; and for Foreign Affairs, myself."

His time done, he wandered again around Paris, watched afar by the police, after the fashion of cockchafers made by cruel children to fly at the end of a string. He became one of those fugitive and timid beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turn; something like those platonic

fishers who, in order that they may not exhaust their fish-pond, throw immediately back in the water the fish which has just come out of the net. Without a suspicion on his part that so much honor had been done to so sorry a subject, he had a special bundle of memoranda in the mysterious portfolios of the Rue de Jérusalem. His name was written in round hand on the gray paper of the cover, and the notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leturc"; "The prisoner Leturc"; and at last, "The criminal Leturc."

He was two years out of prison — dining where he could, sleeping in night lodging-houses and sometimes in lime-kilns, and taking part with his fellows in interminable games of pitch-penny on the boulevards near the barriers. He wore a greasy cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers, and a short white blouse. When he had five sous he had his hair curled. He danced at Constant's at Montparnasse; bought for two sous to sell for four at the door of Bobino, the jack of hearts or the ace of clubs serving as a countermark; sometimes opened the door of a carriage; led horses to the horse-market. From the lottery of all sorts of miserable employments he drew a goodly number. Who can say if the atmosphere of honor which one breathes as a soldier, if military discipline might not have saved him? Taken in a cast of the net with some young loafers who robbed drunkards sleeping on the streets, he denied very earnestly having taken part in their expeditions. Perhaps he told the truth, but his antecedents were accepted in lieu of proof, and he was sent for three years to Poissy. There he made coarse playthings for children, was tattooed on the chest, learned thieves' slang and the penal code. A new liberation, and a new plunge into the sink of Paris; but very short this time, for at the end of six months at the most he was again compromised in a night robbery, aggravated by climbing and breaking — a serious affair, in which he played an obscure rôle, half dupe and half fence. On the whole, his complicity was evident, and he was sent for five years at hard labor. His grief in this adventure was above all in being separated from an old dog which he had found on a dung-heap and cured of the mange. The beast loved him.

Toulon, the ball and chain, the work in the harbor, the blows from a stick, wooden shoes on bare feet, soup of black beans dating from Trafalgar, no tobacco money, and the terrible sleep in a camp swarming with convicts: that was what he experienced for five broiling summers and five winters raw with the Mediterranean wind. He came out from there stunned, was sent under surveillance to Vernon, where he worked some time on the river. Then, an incorrigible vagabond, he broke his exile and came again to Paris. He had his savings — fifty-six francs — that is to say, time enough for reflection. During his absence his former wretched companions had dispersed. He was well hidden, and slept in a loft at an old woman's, to whom he represented himself as a sailor, tired of the sea, who had lost his papers in a recent shipwreck, and who wanted to try his hand at something else. His tanned face

and his calloused hands, together with some sea phrases which he dropped from time to time, made his tale seem probable enough.

One day when he risked a saunter in the streets, and when chance had led him as far as Montmartre, where he was born, an unexpected memory stopped him before the door of Les Frères, where he had learned to read. As it was very warm, the door was open, and by a single glance the passing outcast was able to recognize the peaceable school-room. Nothing was changed: neither the bright light shining in at the great windows, nor the crucifix over the desk, nor the rows of benches with the tables furnished with inkstands and pencils, nor the table of weights and measures, nor the map where pins stuck in still indicated the operations of some ancient war. Heedlessly and without thinking, Jean François read on the blackboard the words of the Evangelist which had been set there as a copy: —

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance."

It was undoubtedly the hour for recreation, for the Brother Professor had left his chair, and sitting on the edge of a table, he was telling a story to the boys who surrounded him with eager and attentive eyes. What a bright and innocent face he had, that beardless young man, in his long black gown, and a white necktie, and great ugly shoes, and his badly cut brown hair streaming out behind! All the simple figures of the children of the people who were watching him seemed scarcely less childlike than his; above all when, delighted with some of his own simple and priestly pleasantries, he broke out in an open and frank peal of laughter which showed his white and regular teeth — a peal so contagious that all the scholars laughed loudly in their turn. It was such a sweet simple group in the bright sunlight, which lighted their dear eyes and their blond curls.

Jean François looked at them for some time in silence, and for the first time in that savage nature, all instinct and appetite, there awoke a mysterious, a tender emotion. His heart, that seared and hardened heart, unmoved when the convict's cudgel or the heavy whip of the watchman fell on his shoulders, beat oppressively. In that sight he saw again his infancy; and closing his eyes sadly, the prey to torturing regret, he walked quickly away.

Then the words written on the blackboard came back to his mind.

"If it wasn't too late, after all!" he murmured; "if I could again, like others, eat honestly my brown bread, and sleep my fill without nightmare! The spy must be sharp who recognizes me. My beard, which I shaved off down there, has grown out thick and strong. One can burrow somewhere in the great anthill, and work can be found. Whoever is not worked to death in the hell of the galleys comes out agile and robust, and I learned there to climb ropes with loads upon my back. Building is going on everywhere here, and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day! I never earned so much. Let me be forgotten, and that is all I ask."

He followed his courageous resolution; he was faithful to it, and after three months he was another man. The master for whom he worked called him his best workman. After a long day upon the scaffolding in the hot sun and the dust, constantly bending and raising his back to take the hod from the man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the cook-shop, tired out, his legs aching, his hands burning, his eyelids stuck with plaster, but content with himself and carrying his well-earned money in a knot in his handkerchief. He went out now without fear, since he could not be recognized in his white mask, and since he had noticed that the suspicious glances of the policeman were seldom turned on the tired workman. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sound sleep of fatigue. He was free.

At last — oh supreme recompense! — he had a friend!

He was a fellow-workman like himself, named Savinien, a little peasant with red lips who had come to Paris with his stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the end of it, fleeing from the wine-shops and going to mass every Sunday. Jean François loved him for his piety, for his candor, for his honesty, for all that he himself had lost, and so long ago. It was a passion, profound and unrestrained, which transformed him by fatherly cares and attentions. Savinien, himself of a weak and egotistical nature, let things take their course, satisfied only in finding a companion who shared his horror of the wine-shop. The two friends lived together in a fairly comfortable lodging, but their resources were very limited. They were obliged to take into their room a third companion, an old Auvergnat, gloomy and rapacious, who found it possible out of his meager salary to save something with which to buy a place in his own country. Jean François and Savinien were always together. On holidays they together took long walks in the environs of Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of those small country inns where there are a great many mushrooms in the sauces and innocent rebuses on the napkins. There Jean François learned from his friend all that lore of which they who are born in the city are ignorant: learned the names of the trees, the flowers and the plants; the various seasons for harvesting; he heard eagerly the thousand details of a laborious country life — the autumn sowing, the winter chores, the splendid celebrations of harvest and vintage days, the sound of the mills at the water-side and the flails striking the ground, the tired horses led to water and the hunting in the morning mist, and above all the long evenings, shortened by marvelous stories, around the fire of vine-shoots. He discovered in himself a source of imagination before unknown, and found a singular delight in the recital of events so placid, so calm, so monotonous.

One thing troubled him, however: it was the fear lest Savinien might learn something of his past. Sometimes there escaped from him some low word of thieves' slang, a vulgar gesture — vestiges of his former horrible existence — and he felt the pain one feels when old wounds reopen; the more because he fancied that he sometimes saw in Savinien the awakening of an unhealthy

curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers to the poorest, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean François feigned ignorance and turned the subject; but he felt a vague inquietude for the future of his friend.

His uneasiness was not without foundation. Savinien could not long remain the simple rustic that he was on his arrival in Paris. If the gross and noisy pleasures of the wine-shop always repelled him, he was profoundly troubled by other temptations, full of danger for the inexperience of his twenty years. When spring came he began to go off alone, and at first he wandered about the brilliant entrance of some dancing-hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each others' waists, talking in low tones. Then one evening, when lilacs perfumed the air and the call to quadrilles was most captivating, he crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean François observed a change, little by little, in his manners and his visage. He became more frivolous, more extravagant. He often borrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to repay. Jean François, feeling that he was abandoned, jealous and forgiving at the same time, suffered and was silent. He felt that he had no right to reproach him, but with the foresight of affection he indulged in cruel and inevitable presentiments.

One evening, as he was mounting the stairs to his room, absorbed in his thoughts, he heard, as he was about to enter, the sound of angry voices, and he recognized that of the old Auvergnat who lodged with Savinien and himself. An old habit of suspicion made him stop at the landing-place and listen to learn the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," said the Auvergnat angrily, "I am sure that some one has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three louis that I had hidden in a little box; and he who has done this thing must be one of the two companions who sleep here, if it were not the servant Maria. It concerns you as much as it does me, since you are the master of the house, and I will drag you to the courts if you do not let me at once break open the valises of the two masons. My poor gold! It was here yesterday in its place, and I will tell you just what it was, so that if we find it again nobody can accuse me of having lied. Ah, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I can see them as plainly as I see you! One piece was more worn than the others; it was of greenish gold, with a portrait of the great emperor. The other was a great old fellow with a queue and epaulettes; and the third, which had on it a Philippe with whiskers, I had marked with my teeth. They don't trick me. Do you know that I only wanted two more like that to pay for my vineyard? Come, search these fellows' things with me, or I will call the police! Hurry up!"

"All right," said the voice of the landlord; "we will go and search with Maria. So much the worse for you if we find nothing, and the masons get angry. You have forced me to it."

Jean François' soul was full of fright. He remembered the embarrassed

circumstances and the small loans of Savinien, and how sober he had seemed for some days. And yet he could not believe that he was a thief. He heard the Auvergnat panting in his eager search, and he pressed his closed fists against his breast as if to still the furious beating of his heart.

"Here they are!" suddenly shouted the victorious miser. "Here they are, my louis, my dear treasure; and in the Sunday vest of that little hypocrite of a Limousin! Look, landlord, they are just as I told you. Here is the Napoleon, the man with a queue, and the Philippe that I have bitten. See the dents? Ah, the little beggar with the sanctified air! I should have much sooner suspected the other. Ah, the wretch! Well, he must go to the convict prison."

At this moment Jean François heard the well-known step of Savinien coming slowly up the stairs.

"He is going to his destruction," thought he. "Three stories. I have time!"

And pushing open the door he entered the room, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the servant stupefied in a corner, while the Auvergnat, on his knees in the disordered heap of clothes, was kissing the pieces of gold.

"Enough of this," he said, in a thick voice; "I took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too bad. I am a thief, but not a Judas. Call the police; I will not try to escape, only I must say a word to Savinien in private. Here he is."

In fact, the little Limousin had just arrived; and seeing his crime discovered, believing himself lost, he stood there, his eyes fixed, his arms hanging.

Jean François seized him forcibly by the neck, as if to embrace him; he put his mouth close to Savinien's ear, and said to him in a low, supplicating voice: —

"Keep quiet."

Then turning towards the others: —

"Leave me alone with him. I tell you I won't go away. Lock us in if you wish, but leave us alone."

With a commanding gesture he showed them the door. They went out.

Savinien, broken by grief, was sitting on the bed, and lowered his eyes without understanding anything.

"Listen," said Jean François, who came and took him by the hands, "I understand! You have stolen three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That costs six months in prison. But one only comes out from there to go back again, and you will become a pillar of police courts and tribunals. I understand it. I have been seven years at the Reform School, a year at Sainte Pélagie, three years at Poissy, five years at Toulon. Now, don't be afraid. Everything is arranged. I have taken it on my shoulders."

"It is dreadful," said Savinien; but hope was springing up again in his cowardly heart.

"When the elder brother is under the flag, the younger one does not go," replied Jean François. "I am your substitute, that's all. You care for me a

little, do you not? I am paid. Don't be childish — don't refuse. They would have taken me again one of these days, for I am a runaway from exile. And then, do you see, that life will be less hard for me than for you. I know it all, and I shall not complain if I have not done you this service for nothing, and if you swear to me that you will never do it again. Savinien, I have loved you well, and your friendship has made me happy. It is through it that since I have known you I have been honest and pure, as I might always have been — perhaps if I had had, like you, a father to put a tool in my hands, a mother to teach me my prayers. It was my sole regret that I was useless to you, and that I deceived you concerning myself. Today I have unmasked in saving you. It is all right. Do not cry, and embrace me, for already I hear heavy boots on the stairs. They are coming with the *posse,* and we must not seem to know each other so well before those chaps."

He pressed Savinien quickly to his breast, then pushed him from him, when the door was thrown wide open.

It was the landlord and the Auvergnat, who brought the police. Jean François sprang forward upon the landing, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said, laughing, " Forward, bad lot! "

Today he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an incorrigible.

SULLY-PRUDHOMME

SULLY-PRUDHOMME, born in Paris, May 16, 1839, is the poet who best represents in France the last third of the nineteenth century. But he represents it as a poet; that is, in beauty and in nobleness, in its most intimate aspirations, in its purest sorrows, in its most beautiful impulses.

The spirit so freely poured out in romantic lyricism seemed, after an enchanted rest in the picturesque poetry of Théophile Gautier and the fantasy of Théodore de Banville, to reawaken and come to itself again. After the period during which it found the fullest expression, and that during which it had seemed to forget its own existence, behold it meditating in the midst of tumult, and seeking illumination to guide its way henceforth more prudently. Leconte de Lisle examines the history of the beliefs of humanity, and sets forth the different forms of the Divine dream and of man's conception of life, in the 'Poèmes Antiques' (1853) and the 'Poèmes Barbares' (1859); which made him, in the absence of Victor Hugo, then in exile, the acknowledged master of French poetry. Around him are grouped the poets who were soon to take the name of "Parnassians," after the publication of their verses by the publisher Lemerre in the collection 'Parnasse Contemporain' (1866). Sully-Prudhomme, younger by twenty years, trod another path. In him a very tender sensibility was united to very serious reflection. His education had favored these natural tendencies. Reared by a mother in mourning, who was never consoled for the death of an adored husband — for whom she had waited ten years, and whom she lost after four years of marriage — the child had been placed in school very young, and had already suffered from "the first loneliness." Later, preparation for the École Polytechnique had developed in him a taste for the sciences, and had revealed to him the secrets of their exact methods. A malady of the eyes obliged him to abandon his studies just as they were about to be crowned with success. But his mind retained their imprint. The deepest feeling and the most scrupulous thinking henceforth shared his inspiration; or to express it better, mingled in and imbued an original poetry which is both analytic and living, scholarly and emotional. Now sentiment dominates, illuminated by a ray of careful thought (see 'L'Agonie,' which we cite); now it is the idea, developed, but colored, warmed, penetrated by feeling. Such are the delightful collections of the first fifteen years: 'Stances et Poèmes' (1865), 'Les Épreuves' [The Tests] (1866), 'Les Solitudes' (1869), 'Les Vaines Tendresses' [Vain Affections] (1875).

But the philosophical thinking of Sully-Prudhomme did not find satisfaction in the close analyses or penetrating intuitions which these poems trans-

lated. The modern conflict of reason and the heart tortured the poet. He resolved to consecrate to it his most vigilant efforts. From this noble determination two grand philosophical poems resulted: 'La Justice' and 'Le Bonheur' (1888). No doubt philosophical poetry already existed in French literature: 'Jocelyn' and the 'Chute d'un Ange,' some parts of the 'Contemplations,' 'Eloa,' 'Moïse,' and 'Les Destinées,' are masterpieces. But Sully-Prudhomme has done something different. For the imaginative dreams of philosophy he has substituted methodical investigation; slow, prudent, but always anxious, and hence worthy of poetry. And his ambition has been to reconcile poetry with scientific research. In order to adapt himself to the difficulties of this task — "to demand from the strongest and most exact of poets the secret of subjecting the verse to the idea" — he began by translating line by line with rigorous exactness and without altering its strong beauty, the first book of Lucretius. Then he began his great poem, 'La Justice.' This poem, very symmetrical in construction, comprised eleven "vigils," preceded by a prologue and followed by an epilogue. After seeking justice in the universe without finding it, the poet discovers it at last in the heart of man, which is its inviolable and sacred temple. The first six vigils form the first part of the volume 'Silence au Cœur' [Heart, Be Silent]; the last five are grouped in a second part entitled 'Appel au Cœur' [Appeal to the Heart]. Each vigil is a dialogue between "The Seeker," who pitilessly analyzes every idea or every fact in a sonnet, and "A Voice," which consoles and reassures him by revealing the divine aspect of all things.

'Le Bonheur' [Happiness] is a symbolical epic. Faustus and Stella, set free from earth, seek the happiness which they had vainly pursued here below. Neither emotional "Intoxication" nor "Thought" can realize this ideal so imperiously claimed by all hearts. The third part, 'Le Suprême Essor' [The Supreme Flight], shows us that sacrifice alone can elevate us to a true felicity.

Doubtless there are laborious verses in these two long-winded works, in which Sully-Prudhomme has attempted the difficult reconciliation of pure thought with poetry. But there are incomparable and entirely novel beauties. Never has philosophic poetry been more rigorous, while retaining more of beauty; never has the fusion been so close of thought, sentiment, and image.

Sully-Prudhomme published in prose a remarkable study in esthetics, 'L'Expression dans les Beaux-Arts' [Expression in the Fine Arts] (1884); 'Réflexions sur l'Art des Vers' [Reflections on the Art of Versification] (1892); a philosophical volume (1895) on the nature, the limitations, and the extent of our learning, 'Que Sais-je?' [What Do I Know?]; and 'La Vraie Religion selon Pascal' [Pascal's View of True Religion] (1905). He was awarded the Nobel prize in 1901, and died in 1907.

FIRMIN ROZ

THE MISSAL

A MISSAL of the first King Francis' reign,
Rusted by years, with many a yellow stain,
And blazons worn, by pious fingers pressed —
Within whose leaves, enshrined in silver rare
By some old goldsmith's art in glory dressed,
Speaking his boldness and his loving care,
This faded flower found rest.

How very old it is! you plainly mark
Upon the page its sap in tracery dark.
"Perhaps three hundred years?" What need be said?
It has but lost one shade of crimson dye;
Before its death it might have seen *that* flown:
Needs naught save wing of wandering butterfly
To touch the bloom — 'tis gone.

It has not lost one fiber from its heart,
Nor seen one jewel from its crown depart;
The page still wrinkles where the dew once dried,
When that last morn was sad with other weeping;
Death would not kill — only to kiss it tried,
In loving guise above its brightness creeping,
Nor blighted as it died.

A sweet but mournful scent is o'er me stealing,
As when with memory wakes long-buried feeling;
That scent from the closed casket slow ascending
Tells of long years o'er that strange herbal sped.
Our bygone things have still some perfume blending,
And our lost loves are paths, where roses' bloom,
Sweet e'en in death, is shed.

At eve, when faint and somber grows the air,
Perchance a lambent heart may flicker there,
Seeking an entrance to the book to find;
And when the Angelus strikes on the sky,
Praying some hand may that one page unbind,
Where all his love and homage lie —
The flower that told his mind.

Take comfort, knight, who rode to Pavia's plain
But ne'er returned to woo your love again;
Or you, young page, whose heart rose up on high
To Mary and thy dame in mingled prayer!
This flower which died beneath some unknown eye
Three hundred years ago — you placed it there,
And there it still shall lie.

AT THE WATER'S EDGE

TO sit and watch the wavelets as they flow,
Two — side by side;
To see the gliding clouds that come and go,
And mark them glide;

If from low roofs the smoke is wreathing pale,
To watch it wreathe;
If flowers around breathe perfume on the gale,
To feel them breathe;

If the bee sips the honeyed fruit that glistens,
To sip the dew;
If the bird warbles while the forest listens,
To listen too;

Beneath the willow where the brook is singing,
To hear its song;
Nor feel, while round us that sweet dream is clinging,
The hours too long;

To know one only deep o'ermastering passion —
The love we share;
To let the world go worrying in its fashion
Without one care —

We only, while around all weary grow,
Unwearied stand,
And midst the fickle changes others know,
Love — hand in hand.

IF YOU BUT KNEW

IF you but knew the tears that fall
For life unloved and fireside drear,
Perhaps, before my lonely hall,
You would pass near.

If you but knew your power to thrill
My drooping soul by one pure glance,
One look across my window-sill
You'd cast perchance.

If you but knew what soothing balm
One heart can on another pour,
Would you not sit — a sister calm —
Beside my door?

And if you knew I loved you well,
And loved you too with all my heart,
You'd come to me, with me to dwell,
And ne'er depart.

SEPARATION

WE wandered down, at dawn of day,
A narrow path — heart close to heart;
At noon, upon the world's highway,
I walk to right, you left — apart.

No more we have our heaven together.
How bright is yours! How black is mine!
Your choice is still the sunniest weather,
I keep the side where naught will shine.

Where'er you walk, gleams round you play —
The very sand has diamond beads;
No beams e'er light with gladdening ray
The cold gray soil my footstep treads.

Bird-songs and whispers full of sweets,
  Caressing, woo your eye and ear;
Your hair the breeze, adoring, greets;
  Your lip the bee, entranced, draws near.

And I — I can but sing and sigh;
  My heart's deep wound is ill at ease;
From leaf-hid nests the fondling cry
  Disturbs me more than it can please.

But, Love! a sky forever bright
  May make too keen our mortal joy;
The air's embrace has too much might;
  The incense e'en of flowers may cloy.

Then yearns the soul for that calm rest
  That closes round at closing day,
With half-shut eye, on some true breast
  To watch Life's fever ebb away.

Will you not come and take your seat
  By that highway at evening-fall?
I'll wait you there. We two shall meet
  Where one deep shadow wraps it all.

THE DEATH AGONY

YE who are watching when my end draws near,
    Speak not, I pray!
'Twill help me most some music faint to hear,
    And pass away.

For song can loosen, link by link, each care
    From life's hard chain.
So gently rock my griefs; but oh, beware!
    To speak were pain.

I'm weary of all words: their wisest speech
    Can naught reveal;
Give me the spirit-sounds minds cannot reach,
    But hearts can feel.

Some melody which all my soul shall steep,
As tranced I lie,
Passing from visions wild to dreamy sleep —
From sleep to die.

Ye who are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
Some sounds of music murmuring in my ear
Will smooth my way.

My nurse, poor shepherdess! I'd bid you seek;
Tell her my whim:
I want her near me, when I'm faint and weak
On the grave's brim.

I want to hear her sing, ere I depart,
Just once again,
In simple monotone to touch the heart
That Old World strain.

You'll find her still — the rustic hovel gives
Calm hopes and fears;
But in this world of mine one rarely lives
Thrice twenty years.

Be sure you leave us with our hearts alone,
Only us two!
She'll sing to me in her old trembling tone,
Stroking my brow.

She only to the end will love through all
My good and ill;
So will the air of those old songs recall
My first years still.

And dreaming thus, I shall not feel at last
My heart-strings torn,
But all unknowing, the great barriers past,
Die — as we're born.

Ye who are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
'Twill help me most some music faint to hear,
And pass away.

Translated by E. and R. E. Prothero

PAUL VERLAINE

JUSTICE, for Paul Verlaine, came only with death. He was assuredly one of the greatest French poets of the nineteenth century. But the strangeness of his life, and of some parts of his work, injured his glory. Severe critics treated him as "bohemian" and "decadent," and believed they had thus fairly judged him. He was, according to his own expression, "an accursed poet." Only now does time throw over the wrongs of the man and the errors of the writer the forgetfulness necessary to conceal what was not truly noble and glorious. And the name of Paul Verlaine has its place in the luminous train marked by the names of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny, and Leconte de Lisle across the history of French letters.

Paul Verlaine was born at Metz in 1844. His father was officer of a regiment of engineers in that city. When, in 1851, he retired from the army, he established himself in Paris. The future poet followed him there, and then pursued his classical studies. He scarcely distinguished himself except for an impatient eagerness to read all the poets both ancient and modern. As soon as he had left school, he yielded to his poetic instinct, abandoned the different employments to which they wished to attach him, and joined a group of young poets who had published their first verses with conspicuous success, and who were forming a kind of literary association called the "Parnasse." It was to the Parnasse that in 1866 he carried his initial work, 'Les Poèmes Saturniens.' The book was distinguished for the gracious and harmonious freedom of its rhythms, and for the charm of its tender melancholy. From that time the young author became the friend of the "Parnassians": of Leconte de Lisle, of Sully-Prudhomme, of Léon Dierx, of Catulle Mendès, and especially of François Coppée.

In 1867, the 'Fêtes Galantes' appeared. The novelty and the poetic daring of this work were warmly discussed. Then Verlaine went away from literary environments, and lived a life of mad debauchery. He returned to letters in 1870 with a volume entitled 'La Bonne Chanson,' in which some of his best pieces are to be found.

Married in the same year to a young girl of sixteen, he made her very unhappy by the eccentricities of his character. Moreover, having allowed himself to be drawn into the revolutionary movement of the Commune of Paris in 1871, he was obliged to leave France and take refuge in London. This separation completed the disunion between the poet and his young wife. Henceforth it was impossible for them to establish a good understanding with

each other. This domestic misfortune certainly seems to have been the primary cause of all the miseries and disorders of Verlaine's existence.

In his forlorn condition he bound himself in close friendship with the young poet, Arthur Rimbaud. As the two friends were traveling together in Belgium, Paul Verlaine, carried away by a sudden inexplicable fit of wrath, drew a revolver and shot his companion twice. The court of Brussels condemned him to two years' imprisonment.

It was then, from 1873 to 1875, that he wrote in the prison of Brussels 'Romances sans Paroles' [Romances without Words]; and that in the prison of Mons, he pondered over the poems which were to compose his masterpiece, 'Sagesse.' This last book was not published, however, until 1881. Meantime Verlaine had exiled himself to England, not having dared to revisit his friends in France, and had earned his living as a teacher of French and of the classics. These years were, he says in the preface of 'Sagesse' [Wisdom], "six years of austerity, of meditation, of obscure labor." Converted by the good counsels of the chaplain of the Mons prison, he felt reviving in him the Christian faith of his childhood.

But on returning to Paris, he abandoned himself to debauchery again, and lived in the greatest distress. His friends gave him some assistance; and when he no longer had bread, or when disease succeeded long privations, he went to the hospital. For fifteen years he was the "poor Lélian" ("Pauvre Lélian" was his anagram upon his own name).

He died on January 8, 1896. His end was without suffering; death was gentler than life had been to him. All the poets, and the poets only, accompanied his coffin to the church and to the cemetery. He received no official honors. And the noble simplicity of this funeral was a touching spectacle, well befitting "poor Lélian."

Before his tomb, François Coppée thus began his address of farewell to the dead: "Let us bow over the bier of a child; let us respectfully salute the tomb of a true poet." A child in his life, a true poet in his work: such indeed was Paul Verlaine. Like a child, he had a tender heart, a candid and changeable spirit, a weak and capricious character. According to chance, sometimes evil carried him away, and sometimes good. One might almost say that good and evil sprang up within him in a kind of dim half-consciousness, but that he did not do either good or evil. If he had a sinful life, it was a life without perversity. And his repentance, apparently childish, attained the grandeur of holy tears. He remained a child always; and a child whose natural goodness was better than its existence. Even by this he was the poet. Like all true poets, he spoke out the sincerity of his soul. His poetry is a cry of the soul. It is a song of faith, or a complaint; it is the free fancy of a being who is happy or who weeps. By a kind of art, involuntary, spontaneous, and yet refined and supremely delicate, he wrote exquisite little songs; and also the most serious, most Christian poems of the last century.

VICTOR CHARBONNEL

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

From 'Fêtes Galantes'

YOUR soul is a sealed garden, and there go
With masque and bergamasque fair companies
Playing on lutes and dancing and as though
Sad under their fantastic fripperies.

Though they in minor keys go caroling
Of love the conqueror and of life the boon
They seem to doubt the happiness they sing
And the song melts into the light of the moon,

The sad light of the moon, so lovely fair
That all the birds dream in the leafy shade
And the slim fountains sob into the air
Among the marble statues in the glade.

Translated by Arthur Symons

WOMAN AND CAT

From 'Poèmes Saturniens'

THEY were at play, she and her cat,
And it was marvelous to mark
The white paw and the white hand pat
Each other in the deepening dark.

The stealthy little lady hid
Under her mittens' silken sheath
Her deadly agate nails that thrid
The silk-like dagger-points of death.

The cat purred primly and drew in
Her claws that were of steel filed thin:
The devil was in it all the same.

And in the boudoir, while a shout
Of laughter in the air rang out,
Four sparks of phosphor shone like flame.

Translated by Arthur Symons

PUPPETS

SCARAMOUCHE waves a threatening hand
To Pulcinella, and they stand,
Two shadows, black against the moon.

The old doctor of Bologna pries
For simples with impassive eyes,
And mutters o'er a magic rune.

The while his daughter, scarce half-dressed,
Glides slyly 'neath the trees, in quest
Of her bold pirate lover's sail;

Her pirate from the Spanish main,
Whose passion thrills her in the pain
Of the loud languorous nightingale.

Translated by Arthur Symons

TWO SELECTIONS FROM 'SAGESSE'

I

THE little hands that once were mine,
The hands I loved, the lovely hands,
After the roadways and the strands,
And realms and kingdoms once divine,

And mortal loss of all that seems
Lost with the old sad pagan things,
Royal as in the days of kings
The dear hands open to my dreams.

Hands of dream, hands of holy flame
Upon my soul in blessing laid,
What is it that these hands have said
That my soul hears and swoons to them?

Is it a phantom, this pure sight
Of mother's love made tenderer,
Of spirit with spirit linked to share
The mutual kinship of delight?

Good sorrow, dear remorse, and ye,
Blest dreams, O hands ordained of heaven
To tell me if I am forgiven,
Make but the sign that pardons me!

II

Slumber dark and deep
Falls across my life;
I will put to sleep
Hope, desire, and strife.

All things pass away,
Good and evil seem
To my soul today
Nothing but a dream;

I a cradle laid
In a hollow cave,
By a great hand swayed:
Silence, like the grave.

Translated by Arthur Symons

ON THE ICE

From 'Fêtes Galantes'

WE were the victims, you and I,
Madame, of mutual self-deceits;
And that which set our brains awry
May well have been the summer heats.

And the spring too, if I recall,
Contributed to spoil our play,
And yet its share, I think, was small
In leading you and me astray.

For air in springtime is so fresh
That rosebuds Love has surely meant
To match the roses of the flesh
Have odors almost innocent;

And even the lilies that outpour
Their biting odors where the sun
Is new in heaven, do but the more
Enliven and enlighten one,

So stealthily the zephyr blows
A mocking breath that renders back
The heart's rest and the soul's repose
And the flowers aphrodisiac,

And the five senses peeping out,
Take up their station at the feast,
But, being by themselves, without
Troubling the reason in the least.

That was the time of azure skies,
(Madame, do you remember it?)
And sonnets to my lady's eyes,
And cautious kisses not too sweet.

Free from all passion's idle pother,
Full of mere kindliness, how long,
How well we liked, not loved each other,
Without one rapture or one wrong!

Ah, happy hours! But summer came;
Farewell, fresh breezes of the spring!
A wind of pleasure like a flame
Leapt on our senses wondering.

Strange flowers, fair crimson-hearted flowers,
Poured their ripe odors over us,
And evil voices of the hours
Whispered above us in the boughs.

We yielded to it all, ah me!
What vertigo of fools held fast
Our senses in its ecstasy
Until the heat of summer passed?

There were vain tears and vainer laughter,
And hands indefinitely pressed,
Moist sadnesses and swoonings after,
And what vague void within the breast?

But autumn came to our relief,
Its light grown cold, its gusts grown rough,
Came to remind us, sharp and brief,
That we had wantoned long enough,

And led us quickly to recover
The elegance demanded of
Every quite irreproachable lover
And every seemly lady-love.

Now it is winter, and alas,
Our backers tremble for their stake;
Already other sledges pass
And leave us toiling in their wake.

Put both your hands into your muff,
Sit back now, steady! off we go.
Fanchon will tell us soon enough
Whatever news there is to know.

Translated by Arthur Symons

TEARS FALL WITHIN MY HEART

TEARS fall within my heart,
As rain upon the town:
Whence does this languor start,
Possessing all my heart?

O sweet fall of the rain
Upon the earth and roof,
Unto an heart in pain,
O music of the rain.

Tears that have no reason
Fall in my sorry heart:
What, there was no treason?
This grief hath no reason.

Nay, the more desolate,
Because, I know not why,
(Neither for love nor hate)
Mine heart is desolate.

Translated by Ernest Dowson

THE FAUN

AN ancient terra-cotta Faun,
A laughing note in 'mid the green,
Grins at us from the central lawn,
With secret and sarcastic mien.

It is that he foresees, perchance,
A bad end to the moments dear,
That with gay music and light dance
Have led us, pensive pilgrims, here.

Translated by Gertrude Hall

THE SPELL

Son joyeux, importun, d'un clavecin sonore. — Pétrus Borel

THE keyboard, over which two slim hands float,
Shines vaguely in the twilight pink and gray,
Whilst with a sound like wings, note after note
Takes flight to form a pensive little lay
That strays, discreet and charming, faint, remote,
About the room where perfumes of Her stray.

What is this sudden quiet cradling me
To that dim ditty's dreamy rise and fall?
What do you want with me, pale melody?
What is it that you want, ghost musical,
That fades toward the window waveringly,
A little open on the garden small?

Translated by Gertrude Hall

FROM 'BIRDS IN THE NIGHT'

THE sky-blue smiles above the roof
Its tenderest;
A green tree rears above the roof
Its waving crest.

The church-bell in the windless sky
Peaceably rings;

A skylark soaring in the sky
Endlessly sings.

My God, my God, all life is there,
Simple and sweet;
The soothing beehive murmur there
Comes from the street!

What have you done, O you that weep
In the glad sun —
Say, with your youth, you man that weep,
What have you done?

Translated by Gertrude Hall

AFTER THREE YEARS

WHEN I had pushed the narrow garden-door,
Once more I stood within the green retreat;
Softly the morning sunshine lighted it,
And every flower a humid spangle wore.

Nothing is changed. I see it all once more:
The vine-clad arbor with its rustic seat;
The water-jet still plashes silver sweet,
The ancient aspen rustles as of yore.

The roses throb as in a bygone day,
As they were wont; the tall proud lilies sway.
Each bird that lights and twitters is a friend.

I even found the Flora standing yet,
Whose plaster crumbles at the alley's end —
Slim, 'mid the foolish scent of mignonette.

Translated by Gertrude Hall

THE NIGHTINGALE

LIKE to a swarm of birds, with jarring cries
Descend on me my swarming memories;
Light 'mid the yellow leaves, that shake and sigh,
Of the bowed alder — that is even I! —
Brooding its shadow in the violet
Unprofitable river of Regret,

They settle screaming. Then the evil sound,
By the moist wind's impatient hushing drowned,
Dies by degrees, till nothing more is heard
Save the long singing of a single bird,
Save the clear voice — O singer, sweetly done! —
Warbling the praises of the Absent One.
And in the silence of a summer night
Sultry and splendid, by a late moon's light
That sad and sallow peers above the hill,
The humid hushing wind that ranges still
Rocks to a whispered sleep-song languidly
The bird lamenting and the shivering tree.

Translated by Gertrude Hall

EXQUISITE HOUR

THE white moon now
Shines through the wood;
Beneath each bough
Soft voices brood
Mid the leaf-twine
Belovéd mine!

The pool gives back
From glimmering deeps
The willow black
Where the wind weeps
— Dream with me, dear;
The hour is here.

A vast calm seems
Shed on our love,
Like opal gleams
The star above
In tender power
— Exquisite hour!

Translated by A. Smillie Noad

MINOR POETS OF THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A SELECTION from the works of a few writers of poetry who, while not in the first rank, are not to be ignored by the lover of French literature, will suffice to show the fashion in which the main tendencies of this period worked themselves out.

In Villiers de l'Isle-Adam we have the continuation of the "Satanic," the wilfully perverse and shocking note sounded by Baudelaire; like Baudelaire, Villiers underwent the influence of Poe. This irregular genius never had full expression, and most of his works are rightly enough neglected today. Banville well represents the numerous members of the Parnassian school for whom we have been unable to find a place. Rimbaud, the prodigious boy-poet, as a forerunner of the Symbolists, cannot be altogether passed over, and Jules Laforgue, with his prose poems, helped to set the fashion for a whole school of French writers.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE was born at Moulins of a good Royalist stock in 1823. His family traditions and his upbringing were such as to inculcate in him a strong contempt for the upstart and newly-rich classes, with their opportunism and time-serving; he held himself aloof from them, and fell naturally in with the Parnassian poets, whose doctrine of impassivity and hatred for "popular art" chimed with his own beliefs. After studying law at Paris, Banville deserted his professional career for poetry; in 1842 his first work, 'Les Cariatides,' created a good deal of surprised comment through its precocious mastery of versification. In later collections, published as his art ripened, Banville developed a vein which he made his own. His easy, musical, pointed verses played about the most trivial subjects, but always with charm. Occasionally, as in the 'Odes Funambulesques' (1857), there was more than a tinge of satire to them.

No one has ever surpassed Banville in mastery over the traditional forms of French verse, such as the Rondel and the Ballade; he perfectly caught the manner of the old craftsmen in these types of composition. In addition, he showed a thorough grasp of the theory which lay behind their practice by

publishing in 1872 a 'Petit Traité de Versification Française' [Little Treatise on French Versification] which was, in its way, a masterpiece.

Banville was the author of a number of light graceful plays, without any depth of thought or any bearing on contemporary life, but full of delightfully harmonious verse. He died in 1891.

BALLADE ON THE MYSTERIOUS HOSTS OF THE FOREST

From 'The Caryatids'

STILL sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
Beneath the shade of thorn and holly-tree;
The west wind breathes upon them pure and cold,
And still wolves dread Diana roving free,
In secret woodland with her company.
'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite
When now the wolds are bathed in silver light,
And first the moonrise breaks the dusky gray;
Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
And through the dim wood, Dian thrids her way.

With water-weeds twined in their locks of gold
The strange cold forest-fairies dance in glee;
Sylphs over-timorous and over-bold
Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be,
The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy:
Then, 'mid their mirth and laughter and affright,
The sudden goddess enters, tall and white,
With one long sigh for summers passed away;
The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

She gleans her sylvan trophies; down the wold
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee,
Mixed with the music of the hunting rolled,
But her delight is all in archery,
And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
More than the hounds that follow on the flight;
The tall nymph draws a golden bow of might,
And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay;
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

ENVOI

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight;
Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray
There is the mystic home of our delight,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

Translated by Andrew Lang

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM

DESCENDED from an ancient Breton family, Count Villiers de l'Isle-Adam was throughout his life a victim of megalomania. Eccentric and morbid, he published practically nothing before 1880, when his 'Contes Cruels' appeared, a collection of tales strongly reminiscent of the work of Edgar Allan Poe. Before his death in 1889, he brought out 'L'Eve Future' (1886), a long romance centering about the creation of an artificial woman and full of pseudo-science, 'Tribulat Bonhomet' (1887), a decidedly ghastly tale, and two more collections of short stories. His poems and plays are generally full of weird fantasy and cloudy speculation, giving evidence of an original mind which has been allowed to range utterly uncontrolled.

VOX POPULI

GRAND review at the Champs-Elysées that day!

Twelve years have been suffered since that vision. A summer sun shattered its long arrows of gold against the roofs and domes of the ancient capital. Thousands of panes reflected its dazzling rays; the people, bathed in a powdery light, thronged the streets to gaze at the army.

Sitting upon a high wooden stool before the railing of the parvis of Notre Dame, his knees folded under black rags, his hands joined under the placard that legally sanctioned his blindness, the centenarian beggar, patriarch of the Misery of Paris — a mournful face of ashen tint, with skin furrowed by wrinkles of the color of earth — lent his shadowy presence to the *Te Deum* of the surrounding festival.

All these people, were they not his brethren? The joyous passers-by, were they not his kin? Were they not human, like him? Besides, that guest of the sovereign portal was not entirely destitute: the State had recognized his right to be blind.

Clothed with the title and respectability implied in the official right to receive alms, enjoying, moreover, a voter's privilege, he was our equal — except in light.

And that man, forgotten, as it were, among the living, articulated from time to time a monotonous plaint — evident syllabification of the profound sighs of his whole lifetime:

"Have pity on the blind, if you please!"

Around him, beneath the powerful vibrations fallen from the belfry — outside, yonder, beyond the wall of his eyes — the trampling of cavalry, the intermittent braying of trumpets, acclamations mingled with salvoes of artillery from the *Invalides* with the proud shouts of command, the rattle of steel, and the thunder of drums scanning the interminable march of the passing infantry, a rumor of glory reached him! His trained hearing caught even the rustle of the floating standards whose heavy fringes brushed against the cuirasses. In the mind of the old captive of obscurity a thousand flashes of sensation evoked visions foreknown yet indistinct. A sort of divination informed him of what fevered the hearts and thoughts of the city.

And the people, fascinated, as always, by the prestige that comes from strokes of boldness and fortune, clamored its prayer of the moment:

"Long live the Emperor!"

But during the lulls of the triumphal tempest a lost voice arose in the direction of the mystic railing. The old man, his neck thrown back against the pillory of bars, rolling his dead eyeballs towards the sky, forgotten by that people of which he seemed alone to express the genuine prayer, the prayer hidden under the hurrahs, the secret and personal prayer, droned, like an augural interceder, his now mysterious phrase:

"Have pity on the blind, if you please!"

Grand review at the Champs-Elysées that day!

Now ten years have flown since the sun of that festival — same sounds, same voices, same smoke. A sordine, however, tempered the tumult of the public rejoicings. A shadow weighed on the eyes of all. The ceremonial salvoes from the platform of the Prytaneum were crossed this time by the distant growls of the batteries in our forts; and straining their ears, the people sought already to distinguish in the echoes the answer of the enemy's approaching cannon.

The Governor, borne by the ambling trot of his thoroughbred, passed, smiling upon all. The people, reassured by the confidence which an irreproachable demeanor always inspires, alternated with patriotic songs the military applause with which they honored the presence of the soldier.

But the syllables of the furious cheer of yore had been modified; the distracted people preferred the prayer of the moment:

"Long live the Republic!"

And yonder, in the direction of the sublime threshold, could still be distinguished the solitary voice of Lazarus. The sayer of the hidden thought of the people did not modify the rigidity of his fixed plaint. Sincere soul of the festival, uplifting his extinguished eyes to the sky, he cried out, during the silences, with the accent of one making a statement:

"Have pity on the blind, if you please."

Grand review at the Champs-Elysées that day!

Now nine months have been endured since that troubled sun. Oh! same rumors, same clashing of arms, same neighing of horses, more muffled, however, than the previous year, but yet noisy.

"Long live the Commune!" shouted the people to the passing wind.

And the voice of the secular Elect of Misfortune still repeated, yonder upon the sacred threshold, his refrain that connected the unique thought of the people. Raising his trembling head to the sky, he moaned in the shadow:

"Have pity on the blind, if you please!"

And two moons later, when, to the last vibrations of the tocsin, the generalissimo of the regular forces of the State reviewed his two hundred thousand guns, still smoking, alas! from the sad civil war, the terrified people shouted, while gazing upon the edifices flaming afar:

"Long live the Marshal!"

Yonder, in the direction of the pure enclosure, the immutable voice of the veteran of human misery mechanically repeated his dolorous and piteous observation:

"Have pity on the blind, if you please!"

And since then, from year to year, from review to review, from vociferations to vociferations, whatever might be the name thrown to the hazards of space by the cheering people, those who listen attentively to the sounds of the earth have always distinguished, above the revolutionary clamors and the warlike festivals that followed, the far-away Voice, the true Voice, the intimate Voice of the terrible symbolical beggar, of the incorruptible sentinel of the citizens' conscience, of him who restores integrally the occult prayer of the Crowd and expresses its sighs.

Inflexible Pontiff of fraternity, that authorized titulary of physical blindness, has never ceased, like an unconscious mediator, to invoke the divine charity upon his brethren in intelligence.

And when, intoxicated with fanfares, with peals of bells and with artillery, the people, dazed by the flattering uproar, endeavors vainly, under whatever syllables falsely enthusiastic, to hide from itself its veritable prayer, the beggar, groping through the sky, his arms uplifted, his face towards the heavy darkness, arises on the eternal threshold of the church, and continues to cry

his prophetic rectification in tones more and more lamentable which seem, however, to carry beyond the stars:

"Have pity on the blind, if you please!"

From 'Pastels in Prose,' translated by Stuart Merrill. Published by Harper & Brothers, and reprinted by their permission.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD

THE name of Arthur Rimbaud, by the average reader of French literature, is coupled with two events: the quarrel with Verlaine, as a result of which that poet shot Rimbaud twice, and was imprisoned, and the composition of 'Le Bateau Ivre,' that strange and gorgeously-colored poem. These in themselves are enough to give the name a flavor out of the ordinary; but the grotesque impression is only heightened by a closer study of the man and his work. What is one to think of a poet who, after writing a number of admirable poems before the age of nineteen, suddenly thereafter breaks off his literary career, and after a series of wild adventures in foreign parts, brings up in Africa as an ivory-trader and purveyor of smuggled arms to the King of Abyssinia? And it is a fact that Rimbaud never willingly published a line of his poetry, and in his later days referred to it with a great deal of contempt. None the less, a genuine poet he was, and one whose influence on the Symbolists who followed him can be clearly traced.

He was born in 1854 of a military family, and passed a turbulent youth, running away from home more than once. His poems were chiefly written between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. After the escapade with Paul Verlaine, he traveled abroad, gave up writing, and became a soldier of fortune. In 1884, Verlaine wrote enthusiastically in 'Les Poètes Maudits' of his youthful work, and quoted from it. The literary world began to talk of Rimbaud. Some friends of his, among them Gustave Kahn, collected and published a number of poems and prose pieces as 'Les Illuminations' (1886), against the wishes of the poet. Five years later, Rimbaud arrived at Marseilles with an injured and infected leg. Amputation failed to save him, and he died in November 1891. A volume of collected poems was brought out by Verlaine in 1895.

VOWELS

A BLACK, *E* white, *I* red, *U* green, *O* blue,
One day I'll tell the secret whence you rise.
A, the black hairy belts of buzzing flies
That flash about some cruel reeking stew,
And gulfs of shade; *E*, bright clouds, canvas new,
Proud glacier-pikes, pale kings, flowers rocked wave-wise;
I, crimson, blood spat forth, and laughing lies
Of lips that rage or penitent frenzy drew.
U, throb divine of green returning seas,
The peace of pasture sown with flocks, the peace
Of mighty brows, deep-lined for learning's sake.
O, royal trumpet of strange strident cries,
Vast silence only Worlds and Angels break
— Omega, the blue ray shot from Her Eyes.

JEAN RICHEPIN

JEAN RICHEPIN, one of the last French writers to keep up the romantic tradition, was born in 1849 and died in 1926. His literary activity was prodigious; he produced over fifty volumes of verse, fiction, drama, and criticism. In 1876 his most famous work, 'La Chanson des Gueux' [The Song of the Beggars], appeared, and so offended the authorities by the frankness of its language and imagery that the author was imprisoned. In this work Richepin exploited a new vein in modern French literature, the brutal, sordid, but thoroughly human poetry of the beggar and the social outcast. His direct progenitor was François Villon, whom Richepin himself called his master. In the field of the drama his most successful work was 'Le Chemineau' [The Tramp] (1897), a glorification of the vagabond, the gay, shiftless wanderer.

THE TRAMP'S LIFE

From 'Le Chemineau,' Act V, Scene 3

THE poor tramp counts his home by the hundreds,
By the thousands, while we have one only;
He finds home and his country wherever
A friend's voice gives him neighborly welcome.

His the land of the grape and the apple,
His the land of the hills and low valleys,
All whose songs he learns while passing through them.
So the great big wide world is his country,
And for him every path leads straight homeward.
He is rich beyond dreams of the wealthy —
What belongs to no one he possesses —
Heaths and wastes, slumbering ponds, pathless thickets,
Which speak to him with intimate murmur,
Wild ravines, and the sweet-scented moorlands,
The lone song of the wind in the rushes,
Shade and sunshine, the flowers and the waters,
All the birds of the hedges and forests!

JULES LAFORGUE

AMONG the younger writers of the generation of 1885, none gave fairer promise as a poet and critic than Jules Laforgue, then twenty-five years of age. He had been born at Montevideo in 1860, and educated at Tarbes in the south of France, and at Paris. While still a mere boy he struck up a friendship with Gustave Kahn, another young poet, and the two were full of schemes for the reform of French prosody. After suffering from poverty and ill-health, Laforgue in 1881 was lucky enough to obtain the post of reader to the Empress Augusta of Berlin. There he remained for a time, but soon pined for France. He gave up his post in 1886, married an English lady, and settled at Paris. But Laforgue was already doomed; consumption had made its appearance, and before he could be removed to a milder climate, he died in 1887. Unfortunately, in spite of the great ability shown in his 'Complaintes' (1885) and other collections of short poems and "prose poems," Laforgue left no complete work of any length. The compositions published since his death have done little to heighten his reputation.

ONE BOOK MORE

YET one more book. Home I would be
— Far from this mob of vulgar trash,
Far from the bows and clinking cash,
Far from our phrases glib and free.

Yet one more of my Pierrots dead;
Dead of a chronic lack of care.
There was a soul most debonair —
Touched with the moon — in that queer head.

Godheads go and codheads endure.
Ugh! it grows worse with every day;
I've served my time and I'm away
— Off to the inclusive Sinecure.

ÉMILE ZOLA

WHOEVER wishes to study Émile Zola and his work impartially is immediately impressed with one fact, that of their immense notoriety. It defies all comparison. Unquestionably the most resounding name of French literature at the end of the nineteenth century was that of the author of 'L'Assommoir.' His books found admission and readers everywhere. Considering their diffusion alone, it might be supposed that the spirit of the country of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, of Mérimée and Octave Feuillet, was especially represented in the eyes of the world by the talent least corresponding to the established conception of its essential traditions and its genius.

The creed of naturalism which is associated for all time with Zola's name is an offshoot of the mechanistic and deterministic science which during his lifetime seemed to be carrying all before it in the intellectual and literary circles of Europe. It was the application — or misapplication — to literary production of the principles of observation and experiment which had done so much for scientific progress and were expected to do so much more than they actually achieved. As a literary creed it fell in with the prevailing intellectual fashions of the day, and its influence, not only in France but in Germany, in Scandinavia, in Italy, and in England, was widespread. Even the writers who condemned Zola and ridiculed his methods fell to some extent under the sway of his theories.

This result proclaims a power. One would willingly find this in an undeniable talent which rests on an astonishing obstinacy of labor and conviction. But the author does not leave us free to separate his work from the doctrine on which he flatters himself he has established it. He constrains us to consider the artist only after we measure the theorist — a position fraught with trouble and perplexity. A work of art cannot be conceived as beautiful and fruitful except as it proceeds from an emotion. Emotion alone creates its life. What becomes of it if it must be adapted, subordinated to a system?

Now it is evident that all the production, all the literary development of Émile Zola, are characterized by methodical systematization. Even his vocation of authorship seems not to have revealed itself spontaneously. At least the hardships of life were the determining cause which engaged him in the profession of letters.

His origins were complex. His father was an engineer — an inventor, of Venetian stock, who had become cosmopolitan. His mother was French, the descendant of a Chartrain family. He may be considered as having inherited

from his father the exuberance of his imagination, and from his mother his intellect and taste for the realities of life.

For a long time he allowed himself to be supposed a southerner. In reality he was born at Paris, April 2, 1840. But about the same time, circumstances obliged his family to move to Aix in Provence. It was there that he passed his infancy and adolescence, returning to Paris at seventeen. His youth was shaped in the midst of the privations and rancors of poverty. Twice refused at the examination for the baccalaureate, it was only after hard experiences and painful seekings for the way that he finally found suitable employment in the large publishing-house of Hachette. His beginnings there were modest. Soon, however, a place was made for him which brought him before the public. Little by little, ambition had awakened within him. In his days of enforced idleness and destitution, he had secretly accumulated a stock of mediocre verses which betrayed an ingenuous taste for Musset. Among these manifold attempts, in which the drama had its place, he began the 'Contes à Ninon' which appeared in 1864. In this initial volume, with its rather affected fancy and sentimentality, none of the distinctive characteristics of his future talent are revealed. However, several newspapers now opened their columns to his nimble wits; while, thanks to his duties, he had facilities for reading, by which he profited. Above all, he found himself in contact with several distinguished men, and more especially with Hippolyte Taine.

This is the first name to remember in explaining his development. Deprived of serious instruction and of philosophical education, naturally inclined toward materialistic rationalism, Émile Zola found himself already prepared to submit to the influence of this robust spirit; an influence indeed scarcely recognizable except through the medium of the master's works. They doubtless inspired in large measure the partiality, vehement but vigorous, of Zola's artistic and literary polemics; which, like the daring and pessimistic narratives, 'Thérèse Raquin' (1866) or 'Madeleine Férat,' attached a certain notoriety to his name. They contributed to the formation of his taste, among modern authors, for Balzac, Stendhal, and Flaubert, in whom successively he thought to have discovered himself. Balzac amazed him as a Michelangelo, who recreated in his brain a world more striking and in a sense truer than the actual world. Stendhal showed him, he thought, how "to see clearly what is." Flaubert stood to him for minute observation, contemptuous individuality in a cold detachment. The Goncourts initiated him into those refinements of style that correspond with the nervous exaltation expressed in so much contemporary writing. At the same time, he ventured, mistakenly self-taught, into the half-explored regions of sociology and physiology with the Auguste Comtes, the Darwins, the Claude Bernards, the Spencers, and the Ribots. Thus he improvised a determinism of his own, according to which he came to consider the science of life, individual or social, as he would have considered chemistry or physics, which depend upon a single kind of study and investigation, the

experimental method, the one touchstone of all truth. The experimental method! In his fervor as a neophyte, Émile Zola not only saw in this the revivification of certain kinds of knowledge, but anticipated a revolution of human intellect. It was to have its equivalent and prolongation in literature. Idealism, romanticism, realism even, had had their day. To naturalism fell the glorious mission of rejuvenating the old form of the novel, and of adapting it to the definitive conception of the universe, in order to make it the supreme form for the art of the future! Moreover, the question was no longer one of giving, with more or less talent, a transcript of reality more or less esthetic but simply picturesque. The innovator proclaimed an ambition certainly unforeseen. He assumed the office of continuing "the business of the physiologist." Henceforth the novel would not be merely "an observation, showing the combinations of life"; it would become "an experiment which seeks to bring forth facts and to disengage a law." How could this unheard-of prodigy be possible? Émile Zola did his best to show this by example as well as by theory. Thus was first conceived the project of a "natural and social history of a family under the Second Empire"; thus from year to year, according to the needs of his cause, appeared the warlike manifestoes which proclaimed the title of the 'Roman Experimental' [Experimental Novel] to final supremacy.

It was in 1869 that Émile Zola determined the plan of a cycle of studies in which he would have the life of the Second Empire "recounted by its personages with the aid of their individual dramas." For this purpose he imagined a family, the family of the Rougon-Macquart. He began by making it spring from diseased physical conditions; and basing his work upon studies that pushed to their extreme consequences the doctrines of heredity, he proposed to develop "the slow succession of nervous and sanguineous accidents which declare themselves in a race after a first organic lesion." In one single family, then, he would show all the physiological states; he would show there at the same time all the social conditions. In this way too he would retrace, after Taine, the 'Origines de la France Contemporaine.'

To this end, while retaining the means of inquiry proposed by Taine, he would seek from Claude Bernard the processes for extracting the laws of life and codifying them into formulas which are constantly being added, one by one, to the ever-growing catalogue of the inalienable acquisitions of science. The race, the environment, the moment, completed by the action of the dominant inherited instinct, should furnish him with the elements of a true experimentation, as admissible, as well proved, as that of the physiologist in his laboratory. At least so he imagined. And here is his manner of effecting it: — Let it be well understood in the first place that all the functions of life are due to simple organic phenomena, to a simple continuity of reflex action. It will then be easy, all freewill being suppressed, to "undo and put together, piece by piece, the mechanism of the human machine; make it work under the influence of environment"; seek, in short, "from the point of view of the individ-

ual and of society, what such a passion, in such an environment and in such given circumstances, will produce." Will not these results be really experiences in the rigorous sense of the word?

As a fact, science proceeds only upon tangible realities; upon given phenomena, which, always identical, she reproduces at will. She questions nature; she does not dictate the responses. The novelist, on the contrary, has before him only imaginary creatures whom he manœuvers by entirely arbitrary conceptions. But Émile Zola was never willing to admit that his pretended experiences limited themselves to pure hypothesis, having neither existence nor consistency outside of his brain. He said that he verified these hypotheses outside of himself. While directing the phenomena, he piqued himself upon maintaining in them a character of absolute necessity, upon preserving their proportions and their relations. He would not allow himself to see the impossibilities, the contradictions. Up to the end of his 'Histoire Naturelle et Sociale des Rougon-Macquart,' he persisted in this attitude. In 'Le Docteur Pascal,' the last narrative of the famous series, by the mouth of the hero of the book, his own proxy, he solemnly bears witness to himself: "Is this not fine," he exclaims — "such a whole, a document so definite, so complete, in which there is not one gap?" And he says elsewhere: "I do not know work nobler or of larger application. To be master of good and ill, to rule society, to resolve in time all the problems of socialism; above all, to furnish solid foundations for justice by furnishing answers through experience, to the questions of criminality — is not this to be among the most useful and most moral workers in the human workshop?"

Here and there, however, one surprises in him a prudent reserve, almost a confession. Apropos of "those new sciences — in which hypothesis stammers," he is not far from confessing that the rôle of the "poet" is a rôle of divination. But is it not in the foregleams of emotion only that this divination can be sought and found? And emotion makes things more true to human nature only as it makes them less exacting. In reproducing them, it re-shapes them according to the genius of the artist. Zola himself, interpreting the old definition of Bacon, has written this express phrase: "Art is a corner of nature seen through a temperament." There is then, according to his own statement, an artistic truth which is not the scientific truth. The two do not contradict each other: it is even indispensable that the first should ask direction from the second. But in no respect are they one.

Thus in the application of his system, Émile Zola can only show himself continually inconsequential with himself. Not only, indeed, does he fail — and with reason — to obey the rules of scientific experimentation, but he does not always trouble himself to conform to the precepts of literary observation. He has been reproached, and justly, with having undertaken many a subject after insufficient preparation. That he might describe and narrate, he has often contented himself with superficial impressions. He has frequently employed

mere second-hand documents; thus demonstrating that the truth he thought to discover and reveal, he sought chiefly in himself. Moreover, the vast programme which the inventor of the Rougon-Macquart scheme undertook to fill, involved inevitably the obligation of working in great measure upon borrowed material. The first novels exhausted his stock of recollections of his childhood and youth, which for example so vivify several Provençal descriptions in 'La Fortune des Rougon' (1871) or certain pictures of suburban customs in 'L'Assommoir' (1877). Consequently the scruples of Zola the observer grew more and more feeble. On the other hand, a kind of enormous lyricism developed and blossomed in him. Already, in copying the real from nature, he had exhibited a tendency toward amplification and excess. He had exaggerated the proportions, over-emphasized contours, accentuated colors. Now he abandoned himself more and more to this kind of transposition. It is what he would define as "adding the personal expression to the sense of the real."

Unhappily, in him the personal expression does not assert itself alone in the necessity of enlarging things according to the traditions of the romantic school, to which in part he belongs in spite of himself. It is still further manifested in a surprising and abnormal predilection for the ugly and the trivial. He frankly glories in having established ignominy in literature, as in having made us receive a Billingsgate vocabulary. He has thrown his work open to "the human brute let loose." For man — according to his doctrine, at the mercy of heredity, of collectivity, of environment, of interests, and of passions — man appears to him habitually an ape of a particularly malevolent species. So that he has presented to us, as average products of French society under the Second Empire, a most astonishing collection of brute beasts, of criminals, of madmen, and of sick people. With such a predetermination, what becomes of noble virtues, of delicate qualities? What becomes of all that makes the honor and value of life? Everywhere and in everything Zola saw only states of matter. Therefore he did not achieve success in drama, which must exhibit action controlled by will. A bad habit, a mania, a physical defect, are not enough to constitute a type on the stage. Now, these are the very attributes by which alone Zola ordinarily portrays and characterizes his personages. The sign once chosen, the novelist applies himself to giving it the effect of an obsession, of a fixed idea; he recalls it ceaselessly; he shows it on all occasions, under all lights: and this simplification of description usually produces a kind of puppets who are much more symbolic than real. Of that highest form of nature which is mind, of that intelligence by which all action, even instinctive action, is, as it were, kneaded, the author of the 'Ventre de Paris' [The Belly of Paris] perceives no appreciable traces in the combination of blind forces which to him represents the world.

The unity of his narratives, then, is wholly external. They have no soul, and they lack love. For he has no right to degrade the name of love to describe that fierce desire whose aberrations and eccentricities he especially delights in de-

scribing. It is mere brute instinct, an abettor of miseries and crimes, a fatal scourge; and not that "collaboration to the ends of the universe" of which Renan spoke. In Zola's work, love does not become normal, except in a few healthy, well-poised beings. For to him, virtue is physical health, and moral imperfection is only a resultant of organic imperfection. There is no other ruling principle than a "tranquil belief in the energies of life." Moreover, he evidently prefers brute nature to human nature. But he assures us that under his pen, licentious or repugnant pictures become austere clinical studies. He asserts that in discovering the evil he renders it wholesome. And he sees evil everywhere. There is in fact nothing less consolatory, nothing more discouraging, than this nightmarish work. In art there is nothing vivifying, as there is nothing living, nothing true, except the beautiful. Yet this sense of the beautiful is what Zola lacks.

Does his work afford us in return that documentary value which the author claims for it? Rather, the whole is vitiated by the spirit of the system, and the detail is deformed by the temperament of the writer. Moreover, upon many points even his relative exactness is more than doubtful. The greater part of his work is devoted to a historical period, from which the march of events has suddenly and completely separated us in all respects. The fall of the Second Empire, coming just as Zola was beginning the series of the Rougon-Macquart, condemned him to a labor henceforth as arduous as it was fruitless. In order to paint society before 1870, it happened that he was forced to utilize more recent notes and events; so that he ends by giving a true account neither of the epoch in which he was interested, nor of the subsequent years.

It were wearisome to enumerate the flagrant errors, which, among charming landscapes, vigorously brushed in, and scenes exhibited in intense relief, swarm across the pages of 'La Curée' (1871), 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret' (1875), 'Son Excellence, Eugène Rougon' (1876), and 'Nana' (1880). 'Pot Bouille' (1882) proclaims the ambition to present to the bourgeois world a faithful image of the bourgeoisie. The artifice of the composition, and the incongruity of many of its episodes, are constantly emphasized by a crudity of language as far as possible removed from the hypocritically decent habits of his models. Nor is he more veracious in 'La Terre' (1888), when he attributes to the peasants of Beauce a speech of an exaggerated obscenity little in keeping with their customary crafty discretion. Moreover, he has scarcely been conscious of their simple dignity. He has regarded them with a gaze clouded by reading the judgments of criminal courts. He sets forth to discover in the atmosphere of their farms and stables a strange ferment of overflowing lubricity. This he dwells upon in his book with a tranquil wantonness which provokes universal disgust, and which drove many of his chief disciples away from him. When, forcing his talent, a little later he attempted to show himself capable of a flight in the serene regions of purity — in 'Le Rêve' (1888) — he succeeded only in involving himself in childish improbabilities. In 'La

Bête Humaine' (1890), Lombroso, one of the masters of whom he thinks himself emulous, pointed out the weakness of his portraits of criminals; 'Le Docteur Pascal' (1893) completely established the nullity of his initial assertions. The 'Histoire Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le Second Empire' represented in fact a something dead which had never lived.

For some time indeed the novelist had evinced premonitory symptoms of a certain evolution. In the new cycle of 'Trois Villes' [Three Cities], he did not show himself in absolute contradiction with himself. But it seems as if a kind of candid optimism had attenuated his former black pessimism, as if some vague belated sensibility had come to him. "Perhaps," he murmurs, "all is right!" At least he does not seem far from the belief that all will become so. "Let nature work," he counsels, "let us live!" And henceforth he seems to wish to apply himself to the task of disengaging the factors of a better future. 'Lourdes' (1894) is the cry of eternal suffering, wringing from the heart of ignorant man a pitiful appeal to hopes hidden in mystery: it is the phase of superstition. 'Rome' (1896) is the appeal to the supernatural, the second state of human evolution; the age of faith hardened into routine, into convention, under the administrative genius of a pontificate which seems to have inherited from ancient Rome the dream of a universal empire. 'Paris' (1898), the third novel of the series, is the proclamation of the arrival of the positive and universal reign of science. In the 'Trois Villes,' as in the 'Rougon-Macquart,' the usual faults of the author are seen side by side with his least disputed merits. Into the mass of hastily gathered technical details, into the confusion of notions generated by a superficial vulgarization of knowledge, he has managed to put order and movement. He sketches with an alert touch; and above all he succeeds in giving wing to his hyperbolical imagination, eager for the abnormal and fantastic.

The whole is massively but firmly established in that spirit of simplification which inspired him in composing an action or in delineating a type. To a vast and ample outline, usually in a somber atmosphere, where are projected distorted silhouettes, he contributes numerous reiterated touches, often heavy additions. Accumulation, repetition — therein lies his whole method. Unlike the Goncourts, for him word or epithet is not the overruling preoccupation. His style, at the beginning rather hesitating, afterward surer and richer, is at last both vigorous and careless, often monotonous — with a frequent mixture of trivial locutions and sonorous adjectives. In short, the heavy rhythm of the sentences, the crude violence of the colors, correspond with the inspiration of his great melodramatic frescoes, of his swarming dioramas. At a distance, the falseness of detail appears less; the exaggeration less shocking. There is visible a mass animated with a dense collective life, like a monstrous organism. The masses, the crowd, have always found in Zola an almost Homeric singer of their tumults and furies. Their elementary and quite instinctive psychology puts him at ease. The unacknowledged romanticism within him evokes them

with a somber lyricism. He contemplates them with a visionary eye, he makes them stir and move in compact phalanxes with their outcries and their typical way of behavior. In 'Germinal' (1885), the novel of the proletariat and of socialism, and in 'La Débâcle' (1892), the novel of the army and of war, he has in this respect exercised a powerful mastery. Elements, natural forces, even material objects, receive from him an obscure and mysterious vitality. Under his pen the Sea, the Tavern, the Cathedral, the Store, the Machine, become real and redoubtable existences.

Zola was a born fighter and found a signal opportunity for exhibiting his zeal and devotion for what he conceived to be the truth in connection with the famous Dreyfus case. His pamphlet 'J'Accuse' (1901) was the most sensational literary incident of a long series of extraordinary events. He was prosecuted by the Government, and having, on advice of his counsel, fled to England, was condemned in his absence to a heavy fine. Ultimately Zola and his supporters triumphed, and he became a popular idol. He made the struggle the subject of 'Vérité,' one of the novels of his last cycle, 'The Four Gospels,' of which he succeeded in completing only three before his death, owing to an accident, on September 29, 1902. The other two "Gospels," 'Fecondité' and 'Travail,' enforcing his favorite doctrines of population and co-operative industry, are frankly romantic in character, and suggest that he had finally abandoned the theories upon which his main work claims to be based.

ROBERT VALLIER

THE ATTACK ON THE MILL

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I

OLD Merlier's mill was in high feather that fine summer evening. In the courtyard they had set out three tables, end to end, ready for the guests. All the country knew that on that day Merlier's daughter Françoise was to be betrothed to Dominique — a fellow who had the name of being an idle loafer, but whom the women for eight miles round looked at with glistening eyes, so well-favored was he.

This mill of old Merlier's was a real delight. It stood just in the middle of Rocreuse, at the point where the highway makes a sharp turn. The village has only one street — two rows of hovels, one row on each side of the road: but there at the corner the fields spread out wide; great trees, following the course of the Morelle, cover the depths of the valley with a magnificent shade. There is not in all Lorraine a more lovely bit of nature. To the right and left, thick woods of century-old trees rise up the gentle slopes, filling the horizon with a

sea of verdure; while towards the south the plain stretches out marvelously fertile, unfolding without end its plots of land divided by live hedges. But what above all else gives Rocreuse its charm, is the coolness of this green nook in the hottest days of July and August. The Morelle comes down from the Gagny woods, and it seems as if it brought with it the coolness of the foliage beneath which it flows for miles: it brings the murmuring sounds, the icy and sequestered shade, of the forests. And it is not the only source of coolness: all sorts of running water babble beneath the trees; at every step, springs gush forth; you feel, while following the narrow paths, as if subterranean lakes were forcing their way through the moss, and taking advantage of the smallest fissures, at the foot of the trees, between rocks, to overflow in crystalline fountains. The whispering voices of these brooks rise so multitudinous and high that they drown the bullfinches' song. You would think yourself in some enchanted park, with waterfalls on every hand.

Below, the meadows are soaking wet. Gigantic chestnuts cast their black shadows. Along the edge of the fields, long lines of poplars spread out their rustling drapery. There are two avenues of huge sycamore maples rising across the fields, up toward the old château of Gagny, now in ruins. In this perpetually watered soil the weeds grow rank. It is like a flower-garden lying between two wooded hillsides; but a natural garden, in which the lawns are fields, and giant trees trace out colossal flower-beds. When the sun at noon casts its rays straight down, the shadows turn blue, the scorched weeds slumber in the heat, while an icy shudder runs along beneath the foliage.

It was there that old Merlier's mill enlivened a nook of rank green growth with its clacking. The building, of planks and mortar, seemed as old as the world. Half of it dipped into the Morelle, which at this point widens out into a clear, rounded basin. A dam was contrived to let the water fall from a height of several meters upon the mill-wheel, which turned creaking with the asthmatic cough of a faithful servant grown old in the household. When people advised old Merlier to change it for a new one, he would shake his head, saying that a young wheel would be lazier and not so well up in its business; and he mended the old one with everything that came to hand — staves of casks, bits of rusty iron, zinc, lead. The wheel seemed all the gayer for it — its outline grown strange, all beplumed with weeds and moss. When the water beat against it with its silver stream, it would cover itself with beads; you saw it deck out its strange carcass with a sparkling bedizenment of mother-of-pearl necklaces.

The part of the mill that thus dipped into the Morelle looked like a barbarous ark stranded there. A good half of the structure was built on piles. The water ran in under the board floor; there too were holes, well known in the country for the eels and enormous crawfish caught there. Above the fall, the basin was as clear as a mirror; and when the wheel did not cloud it with its foam, you could see shoals of large fish swimming there with the deliberateness

of a naval squadron. A broken flight of steps led down to the river, near a stake to which a boat was moored. A wooden balcony ran above the wheel. Windows opened upon it, cut at irregular distances. This pell-mell of corners, little walls, L's added as an afterthought, beams and bits of roof, gave the mill the appearance of an old dismantled citadel. But ivy had grown there; all sorts of climbing vines had stopped up the too wide cracks and thrown a cloak of green over the old dwelling. Young ladies who passed by would sketch old Merlier's mill in their albums.

Towards the road the house was stouter. A stone gateway opened upon the main courtyard, which was bordered on the right by sheds and stables. Near a well a huge elm covered half the courtyard with its shade. At the farther end, the house showed the line of its four first-story windows, surmounted by a pigeon-house. Old Merlier's only bit of dandyism was to have its wall white-washed every ten years. It had just been whitened, and dazzled the village when the sun lighted it up in the middle of the day.

For twenty years old Merlier had been mayor of Rocreuse. He was esteemed for the fortune he had managed to make. He was supposed to be worth something like eighty thousand francs, laid up sou by sou. When he married Madeleine Guillard, who brought him the mill as her dowry, he hardly possessed anything but his two arms; but Madeleine never repented her choice, so well did he manage the affairs of the household. Now that his wife was dead, he remained a widower with his daughter Françoise. No doubt he might have taken a rest, left his mill to sleep in the moss; but he would have been too much bored, and the house would seem dead to him. He kept on working for the fun of it.

Old Merlier was then a tall old man, with a long, silent face, never laughing, but very jolly internally nevertheless. He had been chosen for mayor on account of his money; and also for the fine air he knew how to assume when he married a couple.

Françoise Merlier was just eighteen. She did not pass for one of the beauties of the countryside: she was too puny. Up to the age of eleven, she was even ugly. No one in Rocreuse could understand how the daughter of father and mother Merlier — both of them ruggedly built — could grow up so ill, and, so to speak, grudgingly. But at fifteen, although still delicate, she had the prettiest face in the world. She had black hair, black eyes, and at the same time was all rosy; a mouth that laughed all the time, dimpled cheeks, a clear brow on which there seemed to rest a crown of sunshine. Although puny for the neighborhood, she was not thin — far from it; people only meant that she could not shoulder a sack of grain: but she grew very plump with time, and stood a good chance of ending by being round and dainty as a quail. Only her father's long spells of speechlessness had made her thoughtful at an early age. If she was always laughing, it was to give others pleasure. At bottom she was serious.

Naturally all the country-side courted her — even more for her dollars than for her niceness. And at last she made a choice that had just scandalized the country. On the other side of the Morelle lived a young fellow named Dominique Penquer. He did not belong in Rocreuse. Ten years before, he had come there from Belgium, to take possession of a legacy from an uncle of his who owned a little piece of property on the very outskirts of the Gagny forest, just opposite the mill, within a few gunshots. He came to sell this property, he said, and go home again. But the country fascinated him, it seems, for he did not stir. He was seen tilling his bit of field — picking a few vegetables, on which he lived. He fished, he went shooting; several times the gamekeepers just missed catching him and reporting him to the authorities. This free life, the material resources of which the peasants could not well account for, had at last given him a bad name. He was vaguely spoken of as a poacher. At all events he was lazy, for he was often found asleep in the grass at times when he ought to have been at work. The hut in which he lived, under the first trees of the forest, did not look like an honest fellow's dwelling either. If he had had business with the wolves of the old ruins of Gagny it would not have surprised the old women. Yet the girls would, now and then, have the audacity to stand up for him; for this suspicious man was a superb fellow, tall and supple as a poplar, with a very white skin, fair beard, and hair that shone like gold in the sun. So one fine morning, Françoise declared to her father that she loved Dominique, and that she would never consent to marry any one else.

You can imagine what a blow old Merlier received that day. He said nothing, as usual. He always looked thoughtful in the face; only his internal jollity stopped sparkling in his eyes. The two did not speak for a week. Françoise too was very grave. What bothered old Merlier was to make out how in the world that rascal of a poacher could have bewitched his daughter. Dominique had never come to the mill. The miller began to watch him, and espied the gallant on the other side of the Morelle, lying in the grass and pretending to be asleep. The thing was clear: they must have fallen in love, making sheep's-eyes at each other across the mill-wheel.

Meanwhile another week passed by. Françoise looked more and more solemn. Old Merlier still said nothing. Then one evening he brought Dominique home with him, without a word. Françoise was just setting the table. She did not seem astonished; she only added another plate and knife and fork: but the little dimples appeared once more in her cheeks, and her laugh came back again. That morning old Merlier had gone after Dominique to his hut on the outskirts of the wood. There the two men had talked for three hours, with closed doors and windows. No one ever knew what they found to say to each other. What was certain was, that on coming out, old Merlier already treated Dominique like his own son. No doubt the old man had found the man he was after — a fine fellow — in this lazybones who lay in the grass to make the girls fall in love with him.

All Rocreuse gossiped. The women in the doorways did not run dry of tittle-tattle about old Merlier's folly in taking a scapegrace into his household. He let them talk on. Perhaps he remembered his own marriage. Neither had he a red sou, when he married Madeleine and her mill; but that did not prevent his making a good husband. Besides, Dominique cut the gossip short by going to work with such a will that the whole country marveled at it. It so happened that the miller's boy had just been drafted; and Dominique would never hear of his hiring another. He carried the sacks, drove the cart, struggled with the old wheel when it had to be begged hard before it would turn; and all with such a will that people would come to look at him, for sheer pleasure. Old Merlier laughed his quiet laugh. He was very proud of having scented out this fellow. There is nothing like love for putting heart into young people.

In the midst of all this hard work, Françoise and Dominique adored each other. They hardly ever spoke, but they looked at each other with smiling tenderness. So far, old Merlier had not said a single word about the marriage; and they both respected this silence, awaiting the old man's pleasure. At last, one day about the middle of July, he had three tables set out in the courtyard under the big elm, inviting his friends in Rocreuse to come and take a drink with him in the evening. When the courtyard was full, and every one had his glass in his hand, old Merlier raised his very high, saying: —

"This is for the pleasure of announcing to you that Françoise will marry that fellow there in a month, on St. Louis' day."

Then they clinked glasses noisily. Everybody laughed. But old Merlier, raising his voice, went on: —

"Dominique, kiss your intended. That must be done."

And they kissed each other, very red, while the crowd laughed still louder. It was a real jollification. A small cask was emptied. Then when only the intimate friends were left, they chatted quietly. Night had come — a starlit and very clear night. Dominique and Françoise, sitting side by side on a bench, said nothing. An old peasant spoke of the war the Emperor had declared with Prussia. All the boys in the village were already gone. The day before, troops had passed through. There would be hard knocks going.

"Bah!" said old Merlier, with a happy man's egoism. "Dominique is a foreigner — he won't go. And if the Prussians come, he will be here to defend his wife."

This notion that the Prussians might come seemed a good joke. They were to be given an A 1 thrashing, and it would be soon over.

"I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em," the old peasant said over and over again.

There was a silence. Then they clinked glasses once more. Françoise and Dominique had heard nothing; they had taken each other softly by the hand, behind the bench, so that no one could see them; and it seemed so good that they stayed there, their eyes lost in the depths of the darkness.

How warm and splendid a night! The village was falling asleep on both

sides of the road, tranquil as a child. You only heard from time to time the crowing of some cock, waked too soon. From the great woods hard by came long breaths that passed like caresses over the roofs. The meadows with their black shadows put on a mysterious and secluded majesty, while all the running waters that gushed forth into the darkness seemed to be the cool and rhythmic breathing of the sleeping country. At moments the mill-wheel, fast asleep, seemed to be dreaming, like those old watch-dogs that bark while snoring. It creaked, it talked all by itself, lulled by the falls of the Morelle, whose sheet of water gave forth the sustained and musical note of an organ-pipe. Never had more wide-spread peace fallen over a happier corner of the earth.

II

Just a month later, day for day, on St. Louis' eve, Rocreuse was in dismay. The Prussians had beaten the Emperor, and were advancing toward the village by forced marches. For a week past, people passing along the road had announced the Prussians — "They are at Lormière; they are at Novelles": and hearing that they were approaching so fast, Rocreuse thought every morning to see them come down by the Gagny woods. Still they did not come: this frightened the inhabitants still more. They would surely fall upon the village at night, and cut everybody's throat.

The night before, a little before daybreak, there had been an alarm. The inhabitants had waked up, hearing a great noise of men on the road. The women were just falling on their knees and crossing themselves, when red trousers were recognized through cracks of windows prudently opened. It was a detachment of French. The captain immediately asked for the mayor of the place, and stayed at the mill, after talking with old Merlier.

The sun rose gaily that day. It would be hot at noon. Over the woods floated a yellow light; while in the distance above the meadows rose white vapors. The clean, pretty village awoke in the cool air; and the country, with its river and springs, had the dew-sprinkled loveliness of a nosegay. But this fine weather made no one laugh. They had just seen the captain walk round about the mill, examine the neighboring houses, cross to the other side of the Morelle, and from there study the country through a spy-glass; old Merlier, who was with him, seemed to be explaining the country to him. Then the captain stationed soldiers behind walls, behind trees, in holes in the ground. The bulk of the detachment was stationed in the courtyard of the mill. So there was to be a fight? And when old Merlier came back, he was plied with questions. He gave a long nod with his head, without speaking. Yes, there was to be a fight.

Françoise and Dominique were in the courtyard, looking at him. At last he took his pipe out of his mouth and said simply: —

"Ah! my poor children, there will be no wedding for you tomorrow!"

Dominique, his lips set, a line of anger across his forehead, raised himself up on tiptoe from time to time, with his eyes fixed on the Gagny woods, as if he longed to see the Prussians come. Françoise, very pale, serious, came and went, supplying the soldiers with what they needed. They were making their soup in a corner of the courtyard, and joking while waiting for their meal.

Meanwhile the captain seemed delighted. He had examined the rooms and the great hall of the mill, looking out upon the river. Now, sitting by the well, he was talking with old Merlier.

"You have a real fortress here," said he. "We ought to hold out till evening. The beggars are late. They should be here by this time."

The miller looked serious. He saw his mill flaming like a torch; but he did not complain, thinking it useless. He only opened his mouth to say: —

"You ought to have some one hide the boat behind the wheel. There is a hole there that will hold her. Perhaps she may be of use."

The captain gave an order. This captain was a handsome man of about forty, tall and with a kindly face. The sight of Françoise and Dominique seemed to please him. He was interested in them, as if he had forgotten the coming struggle. He followed Françoise about with his eyes, and his look told plainly that he found her charming. Then turning to Dominique: —

"So you're not in the army, my boy?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm a foreigner," the young man answered.

The captain seemed only half pleased with this reason. He winked and smiled. Françoise was pleasanter company than cannon. Then, seeing him smile, Dominique added: —

"I'm a foreigner, but I can put a bullet into an apple at five hundred meters. — See, my gun's there, behind you."

"It may be of use to you," the captain replied simply.

Françoise had come up, trembling a little. And without minding the people there, Dominique took both the hands she held out to him, and pressed them in his, as if to take her under his protection. The captain smiled again, but added not a word. He remained sitting, his sword between his legs, his eyes looking at vacancy, as if in a dream.

It was already two o'clock. It was growing very hot. There was a dead silence. In the courtyard, under the sheds, the soldiers had fallen to eating their soup. Not a sound came from the village, in which the people had barricaded their houses, doors, and windows. A dog left alone in the road was howling. From the neighboring woods and meadows, motionless in the heat, came a far-off voice, long sustained, made up of every separate breath of air. A cuckoo was singing. Then the silence spread itself over the country also.

And in this slumbering air a shot suddenly burst forth. The captain sprang up quickly; the soldiers dropped their plates of soup, still half full. In a few seconds every man was at his post for the fight; the mill was occupied from top to bottom. Yet the captain, who had gone out upon the road, could make

out nothing: to the right and left the road stretched out, empty and all white. A second shot was heard, and still nothing, not a shadow; but on turning round, he espied, over towards Gagny, between two trees, a light cloudlet of smoke wafted away like gossamer. The wood was still profoundly quiet.

"The rascals have taken to the forest," he muttered. "They know we are here."

Then the firing kept up, harder and harder, between the French soldiers stationed round the mill and the Prussians hidden behind the trees. The bullets whistled across the Morelle, without occasioning any loss on one side or the other. The shots were irregular, coming from every bush; and all you saw was still the little clouds of smoke gently wafted away by the wind. This lasted for nearly two hours. The officer hummed a tune, as if indifferent. Françoise and Dominique, who had stayed in the courtyard, raised themselves up on tiptoe and looked over the wall. They were particularly interested in watching a little soldier, stationed on the brink of the Morelle, behind the hulk of an old boat; he was flat on his belly, watched his chance, fired his shot, then let himself slide down into a ditch a little behind him, to reload his rifle; and his movements were so droll, so cunning, so supple, that it made one smile to see him. He must have espied the head of some Prussian, for he got up quickly and brought his piece to his shoulder; but before he fired, he gave a cry, turned over upon himself, and rolled into the ditch, where his legs stiffened out with the momentary convulsive jerk of those of a chicken with its neck wrung. The little soldier had received a bullet full in the breast. He was the first man killed. Instinctively Françoise seized hold of Dominique's hand and squeezed it with a nervous grip.

"Don't stay there," said the captain. "The bullets reach here."

As he spoke, a little sharp stroke was heard in the old elm, and a branch fell in zigzags through the air; but the young people did not stir, riveted there by anxiety at the sight. On the outskirts of the wood, a Prussian came out suddenly from behind a tree, as from a side scene, beating the air with his arms, and tumbling over backwards. And then nothing stirred: the two dead men seemed to sleep in the dazzling sunshine; you saw no one in the torpid landscape. Even the crack of the shots stopped. Only the Morelle kept up its silver-toned whispering.

Old Merlier looked at the captain in surprise, as if to ask if it were over.

"Here it comes," the latter muttered. "Look out! Don't stay there."

He had not finished speaking when there came a terrific volley. It was as if the great elm were mowed down; a cloud of leaves whirled about them. Luckily the Prussians had fired too high. Dominique dragged, almost carried Françoise away; while old Merlier followed them, crying out: —

"Go down to the little cellar: the walls are solid."

But they did not mind him; they went into the great hall where ten soldiers or so were waiting in silence, with shutters closed, peeping through the cracks.

The captain had stayed alone in the courtyard, crouched down behind the little wall, while the furious volleys continued. The soldiers he had stationed outside yielded ground only foot by foot. Yet they came in, one by one, crawling on their faces, when the enemy had dislodged them from their hiding-places. Their orders were to gain time, not to show themselves; so that the Prussians might not know what numbers they had before them. Another hour went by; and as a sergeant came up, saying that there were only two or three men left outside, the officer looked at his watch, muttering: —

" Half after two. Come, we must hold out four hours."

He had the gate of the courtyard shut, and all preparations were made for an energetic resistance. As the Prussians were on the other side of the Morelle, an immediate assault was not to be feared. To be sure, there was a bridge, a little over a mile off, but they doubtless did not know of its existence; and it was hardly probable that they would try to ford the river. So the officer merely had the road watched. The whole effort was to be made on the side towards the fields.

The firing had once more ceased. The mill seemed dead beneath the hot sun. Not a shutter was opened, not a sound came from the inside. Little by little, meanwhile, the Prussians showed themselves at the outskirts of the Gagny wood. They stretched forth their heads, grew more daring. In the mill, several soldiers had already leveled their rifles, but the captain cried out: —

" No, no, wait. Let them come up."

They were very cautious about it, looking at the mill with evident distrust. This old dwelling, silent and dismal, with its curtains of ivy, made them uneasy. Still they kept advancing. When there were about fifty of them in the meadow opposite, the officer said a single word: —

" Fire! "

A tearing sound was heard, followed by single shots. Françoise, shaken with a fit of trembling, put her hands up to her ears, in spite of herself. Dominique, behind the soldiers, looked on; and when the smoke had blown away a little, he saw three Prussians stretched on their backs in the middle of the field. The rest had thrown themselves down behind the willows and poplars; and the siege began.

For over an hour the mill was riddled with bullets. They whipped its old walls like hail. When they struck stone, you heard them flatten out and fall back into the water. Into wood they penetrated with a hollow sound. Now and then a cracking told that the wheel had been hit. The soldiers inside husbanded their shots — fired only when they could take aim. From time to time the captain would look at his watch; and as a ball split a shutter and then lodged in the ceiling: —

" Four o'clock," he muttered. " We shall never hold out."

It was true: this terrible firing of musketry was shivering the old mill. A shutter fell into the water, riddled like a piece of lace, and had to be replaced

by a mattress. Old Merlier exposed himself every moment, to make sure of the injury done to his poor wheel, whose cracking went to his heart. It was all over with it this time: never would he be able to repair it. Dominique had implored Françoise to go, but she would stay with him; she had sat down behind a great oak clothes-press, the sides of which gave out a deep sound. Then Dominique placed himself in front of Françoise. He had not fired yet; he held his gun in his hands, not being able to get up to the windows, whose entire width was taken up by the soldiers. At every discharge the floor shook.

"Look out! look out!" the captain cried of a sudden.

He had just seen a whole black mass come out from the wood. Immediately a formidable platoon fire was opened. It was as if a waterspout had passed over the mill. Another shutter gave way; and by the gaping opening of the window the bullets came in. Two soldiers rolled upon the floor. One did not move; they pushed him up against the wall, because he was in the way. The other squirmed on the ground, begging them to make an end of him; but no one minded him: the balls kept coming in; every one shielded himself, and tried to find a loop-hole to fire back through. A third soldier was wounded; he said not a word, he let himself slide down by the edge of a table, with fixed and haggard eyes. Opposite the dead men, Françoise, seized with horror, had pushed her chair aside mechanically, to sit down on the ground next the wall; she felt smaller there, and in less danger. Meanwhile they had gone after all the mattresses in the house, and had half stopped up the window. The hall was getting filled with rubbish, with broken weapons, with gutted furniture.

"Five o'clock," said the captain. "Keep it up. They are going to try to cross the water."

At this instant Françoise gave a shriek. A rebounding ball had just grazed her forehead. A few drops of blood appeared. Dominique looked at her; then stepping up to the window, he fired his first shot, and kept on firing. He loaded, fired, without paying any attention to what was going on near him; only from time to time he would give Françoise a look. For the rest, he did not hurry himself — took careful aim. The Prussians, creeping along by the poplars, were attempting the passage of the Morelle, as the captain had foreseen; but as soon as one of them risked showing himself, he would fall, hit in the head by a ball from Dominique. The captain who followed this game was astonished. He complimented the young man, saying that he would be glad to have a lot of marksmen like him. Dominique did not hear him. A ball cut his shoulder, another bruised his arm; and he kept on firing.

There were two more men killed. The mattresses, all slashed to bits, no longer stopped up the windows. A last volley seemed as if it would carry away the mill. The position was no longer tenable. Still the officer repeated: —

"Stick to it. Half an hour more."

Now he counted the minutes. He had promised his superior officers to hold the enemy there until evening, and would not draw back a sole's breadth before

the time he had set for the retreat. He still had his gracious manner; smiling at Françoise, to reassure her. He himself had just picked up a dead soldier's rifle, and was firing.

There were only four soldiers left in the hall. The Prussians showed themselves in a body on the other bank of the Morelle, and it was evident that they might cross the river at any time. A few minutes more elapsed. The captain stuck to it obstinately, and would not give the order to retreat; when a sergeant came running up saying: —

" They are on the road: they are going to take us in the rear."

The Prussians must have found the bridge. The captain pulled out his watch.

" Five minutes more," said he. " They won't be here for five minutes."

Then at the stroke of six, he at last consented to order his men out by a little door opening upon an alley-way. From there they threw themselves into a ditch; they reached the Sauval forest. Before going, the captain saluted old Merlier very politely, excusing himself; and he even added: —

" Make them lose time. We shall be back again."

Meanwhile Dominique stayed on in the hall. He still kept firing, hearing nothing, understanding nothing. He only felt that he must defend Françoise. The soldiers were gone, without his suspecting it the least in the world. He took aim and killed his man at every shot. Suddenly there was a loud noise. The Prussians, from the rear, had just overrun the courtyard. He fired his last shot, and they fell upon him as his piece was still smoking.

Four men held him. Others shouted round him in a frightful language. They all but cut his throat offhand. Françoise threw herself before him in supplication; but an officer came in and took charge of the prisoner. After a few sentences exchanged in German with the soldiers, he turned to Dominique and said roughly, and in very good French: —

" You will be shot in two hours."

III

It was a rule made by the German staff: every Frenchman not belonging to the regular army, and taken with arms in his hands, should be shot. Even the guerrilla companies were not recognized as belligerents. By thus making terrible examples of the peasants who defended their own firesides, the Germans wished to prevent the uprising of the whole country *en masse,* which they dreaded.

The officer, a tall lean man of about fifty, put Dominique through a brief examination. Although he spoke very pure French, he had quite the Prussian stiffness.

" You belong in these parts? "

" No, I am a Belgian."

" Why have you taken up arms? All this can't be any of your business."

Dominique did not answer. At this moment the officer caught sight of Françoise, standing upright and very pale, listening; her slight wound put a red bar across her white forehead. He looked at the young people, one after the other, seemed to understand, and contented himself with adding: —

" You don't deny that you were firing? "

" I fired as long as I was able," Dominique answered quietly.

This confession was needless; for he was black with powder, covered with sweat, spotted with some drops of blood that had run down from the scratch on his shoulder.

" Very well," the officer repeated. " You will be shot in two hours."

Françoise did not cry out. She clasped her hands together, and raised them in a gesture of mute despair. The officer noticed this gesture. Two soldiers had led Dominique away into the next room, where they were to keep him in sight. The young girl had dropped down upon a chair, her legs giving way under her; she could not cry, she was choking. Meanwhile the officer kept looking at her closely. At last he spoke to her.

" That young man is your brother? " he asked.

She shook her head. He stood there stiff, without a smile. Then after a silence: —

" He has lived a long while in these parts? "

She nodded yes, still dumb.

" Then he must know the woods round here very well? "

This time she spoke.

" Yes, sir," she said, looking at him in some surprise.

He said no more, and turned on his heel, asking to have the mayor of the village brought to him. But Françoise had risen, a faint flush on her face, thinking to have caught the drift of his questions, and seeing fresh hope in them. It was she who ran to find her father.

Old Merlier, as soon as the shots had ceased, had run quickly down the wooden steps to look at his wheel. He adored his daughter, he had a stout friendship for Dominique, his intended son-in-law; but his wheel also held a large place in his heart. As the two young ones, as he called them, had come safe and sound out of the scrimmage, he thought of his other love, and this one had suffered grievously. And bending over the huge wooden carcass, he investigated its wounds, the picture of distress. Five paddles were in splinters, the central framework was riddled. He stuck his fingers into the bullet-holes to measure their depth; he thought over how he could repair all this damage. Françoise found him already stopping up cracks with broken bits of wood and moss.

" Father," she said, " you are wanted."

And at last she wept, telling him what she had just heard. Old Merlier shook his head. You didn't shoot people that way. He must see. And he went back

into the mill with his silent, pacific air. When the officer asked him for victuals for his men, he answered that the people in Rocreuse were not accustomed to being bullied, and that nothing would be got from them by violence. He took everything upon himself, but on the condition of being allowed to act alone. The officer showed signs, at first, of getting angry at this cool manner; then he gave in to the old man's curt and business-like way of talking. He even called him back to ask him: —

"What do you call those woods there, opposite?"

"The Sauval woods."

"And what is their extent?"

The miller looked at him fixedly.

"I don't know," he answered.

And he walked away. An hour later, the contribution of victuals and money required by the officer were in the courtyard of the mill. Night was approaching; Françoise followed the soldiers' movements anxiously. She did not go far from the room in which Dominique was shut up. At about seven she had a poignant emotion: she saw the officer go into the prisoner's room, and for a quarter of an hour she heard their voices raised. One instant the officer reappeared on the threshold, to give an order in German, which she did not understand: but when twelve men came and fell into line in the courtyard with their muskets, she fell a-trembling; she felt ready to die. So it was all over: the execution was to take place. The twelve men waited there ten minutes. Dominique's voice was still raised in a violent refusal. At last the officer came out, slamming the door and saying: —

"Very well; think it over. I give you till tomorrow morning."

And with a motion of his arm, he ordered the twelve men to break ranks. Françoise stayed on in a sort of stupor. Old Merlier, who had not stopped smoking his pipe, while looking at the squad with an air of simple curiosity, came up and took her by the arm with fatherly gentleness. He led her to her room.

"Keep quiet," he said; "try to sleep. Tomorrow it will be daylight, and we will see."

When he withdrew he locked her in, for prudence's sake. It was a principle of his that women were no good, and that they made a mess of it whenever they undertook anything serious. But Françoise did not go to bed: she stayed a long time sitting on her bed, listening to the noises in the house. The German soldiers, encamped in the courtyard, were singing and laughing: they must have been eating and drinking up to eleven, for the noise did not stop for an instant. In the mill itself, heavy steps sounded every now and then: no doubt they were relieving sentries. But what interested her above all were noises that she could not make out, in the room under hers. Several times she lay down on the ground; she put her ear to the floor. This room happened to be the one in which Dominique was locked up. He must have been walking from the wall

to the window, for she long heard the cadence of his steps: then there was a dead silence; he had doubtless sat down. Besides, the noises stopped; everything was hushed in sleep. When the house seemed to her to slumber, she opened the window as softly as possible, and rested her elbows on the sill.

Outside the night was calm and warm. The slender crescent moon, setting behind the Sauval woods, lighted up the country with the glimmer of a night-taper. The elongated shadows of the great trees barred the meadows with black; while the grass, in the unshaded spots, put on the softness of greenish velvet. But Françoise did not stop to note the mysterious charm of the night. She examined the country, looking for the sentinels that the Germans must have stationed on one side. She plainly saw their shadows, ranged like rungs of a ladder along the Morelle. Only a single one stood opposite the mill, on the other side of the river, near a willow whose branches dipped into the water. Françoise saw him distinctly: he was a big fellow, standing motionless, his face turned toward the sky with the dreamy look of a shepherd.

Then when she had carefully inspected the ground, she went back and sat down upon her bed. She stayed there an hour, deeply absorbed. Then she listened again: in the house not a breath stirred. She went back to the window, and looked out; but no doubt she saw danger in one of the horns of the moon, which still appeared behind the trees, for she went back again to wait. At last the time seemed to have come. The night was quite dark: she no longer saw the sentinel opposite; the country lay spread out like a pool of ink. She listened intently for a moment, and made up her mind. An iron ladder ran near the window — some bars let into the wall, leading from the wheel up to the loft, down which the millers used to climb to get at certain cog-wheels; then when the machinery had been altered, the ladder had long since disappeared beneath the rank growth of ivy that covered that side of the mill.

Françoise bravely climbed over the balustrade of her window, grasped one of the iron bars, and found herself in empty space. She began to climb down. Her skirts were much in her way. Suddenly a stone broke loose from the masonry, and fell into the Morelle with a resounding splash. She stopped, chilled with a shudder. But she saw that the waterfall, with its continuous roar, drowned out from afar any noise she might make; and she climbed down more boldly, feeling for the ivy with her foot, making sure of the rungs of the ladder. When she had got on a level with the room that was used as Dominique's prison, she stopped. An unforeseen difficulty nearly made her lose all her courage: the window of the room below was not cut regularly, under the window of her chamber; it was some way from the ladder, and when she stretched out her hand she felt only the wall. Would she have to climb up again, without carrying her plan through to the end? Her arms were getting tired; the murmur of the Morelle beneath her began to make her dizzy. Then she tore off little bits of mortar from the wall, barking her fingers. And her strength

was giving out: she felt herself falling backwards, when Dominique, at last, softly opened his window.

"It's I," she whispered. "Take me quick — I'm falling."

It was the first time she had called him "thou." He caught her, leaning out, and lifted her into the room. There she had a fit of tears, stifling her sobs so as not to be heard. Then by a supreme effort she calmed herself.

"You are guarded?" she asked in a low voice.

Dominique, still dumfounded at seeing her thus, made a simple sign, pointing to his door. They heard a snoring on the other side: the sentinel must have given way to drowsiness, and laid him down on the ground across the doorway, thinking that in this way the prisoner could not get out.

"You must run away," she went on rapidly. "I have come to implore you to run away, and to say good-by."

But he did not seem to hear her. He kept repeating: —

"How — it's you, it's you! — how you frightened me! You might have killed yourself."

He took her hands — he kissed them.

"How I love you, Françoise! You are as brave as you are good. I only had one fear — that of dying without seeing you once more. But you are here, and now they can shoot me. When I have had a quarter of an hour with you, I shall be ready."

Little by little he had drawn her closer to him, and she rested her head upon his shoulder. The danger drew them nearer together. They forgot all in this embrace.

"Ah, Françoise," Dominique went on in a caressing voice, "today is St. Louis' day; our wedding day that we have waited for so long. Nothing has been able to separate us, since we are here, all alone, faithful to our tryst. It's our wedding morn now, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," she repeated, "our wedding morning."

They exchanged a kiss trembling. But of a sudden she broke loose: the terrible reality rose up before her.

"You must run away — you must run away," she stammered out. "Let us not lose a minute."

And as he stretched out his arms once more to take her in the darkness, she again used "thou" in addressing him: —

"Oh! I beg of you, listen to me. If you die, I shall die. In an hour it will be daylight. I wish you to go at once."

Then rapidly she explained her plan. The iron ladder ran down to the wheel; there he could take the paddles and get into the boat, which was in the recess. After that it would be easy for him to reach the other bank of the river and escape.

"But there must be sentinels there?" he said.

"Only one, opposite, at the foot of the first willow."

"And if he sees me, if he tries calling out?"

Françoise shuddered. She put a knife she had brought with her into his hand. There was a silence.

"And your father, and you?" Dominique continued. "But no, I can't run away. When I am gone, maybe these soldiers will slaughter you. You don't know them. They proposed to show me mercy if I would be their guide through the Sauval forest. When they find me gone, they will stick at nothing."

The young girl did not stop to discuss. She simply answered all the reasons he gave with —

"For the love of me, fly. If you love me, Dominique, don't stay here a minute longer."

Then she promised to climb back to her room. They would not know that she had helped him. She at last took him in her arms, kissed him to convince him, in an extraordinary outburst of passion. He was beaten. He asked not a question further.

"Swear to me that your father knows of what you are doing, and that he advises me to run away."

"It was my father sent me." Françoise answered boldly.

She lied. At this moment she felt nothing but a boundless need of knowing him in safety, of escaping from this abominable thought that the sun would give the signal for his death. When he was gone, all mishaps might rush down upon her; it would seem sweet to her as long as he was alive. The selfishness of her love wished him alive before all else.

"Very well," said Dominique: "I will do as you prefer."

Then they said nothing more. Dominique went to open the window again; but suddenly a noise chilled their blood. The door was shaken, and they thought it was being opened. Evidently a patrol had heard their voices; and both of them, standing pressed against each other, waited in an unspeakable anguish. Each gave a stifled sigh; they saw how it was — it must have been the soldier lying across the threshold turning over. And really, silence was restored; the snoring began again.

Dominique would have it that Françoise must first climb back to her room. He took her in his arms; he bade her a mute farewell. Then he helped her to seize the ladder, and grappled hold of it in his turn. But he refused to go down a single rung before he knew she was in her room. When Françoise had climbed in, she whispered, in a voice as light as breath: —

"Au revoir; I love you!"

She stopped with her elbows resting on the window-sill, and tried to follow Dominique with her eyes. The night was still very dark. She looked for the sentinel, and did not see him; only the willow made a pale spot in the midst of the darkness. For an instant she heard the rustling of Dominique's body along the ivy. Then the wheel creaked, and there was a gentle plashing that told that the young man had found the boat. A minute later, in fact, she made out the dark outline of a boat on the gray sheet of the Morelle. Then anguish

stopped her breath. At every moment she thought to hear the sentinel's cry of alarm. The faintest sounds, scattered through the darkness, seemed to be the hurried tread of soldiers, the clatter of arms, the click of the hammers of their rifles. Yet seconds elapsed; the country slept in a sovereign peace. Dominique must have been landing on the other bank. Françoise saw nothing more. The stillness was majestic. And she heard a noise of scuffling feet, a hoarse cry, the dull thud of a falling body. Then the silence grew deeper; and as if she had felt death passing by, she waited on, all cold, face to face with the pitch-dark night.

IV

At daybreak, shouting voices shook the mill. Old Merlier had come down to open Françoise's door. She came down into the courtyard, pale and very calm. But there she gave a shudder before the dead body of a Prussian soldier, which was stretched out near the well, on a cloak spread on the ground.

Around the body, soldiers were gesticulating, crying aloud in fury. Many of them shook their fists at the village. Meanwhile the officer had had old Merlier called, as mayor of the township.

"See here," said he, in a voice choking with rage, "here's one of our men who has been murdered by the riverside. We must make a tremendous example, and I trust you will help us to find out the murderer."

"Anything you please," answered the miller in his phlegmatic way. "Only it will not be easy."

The officer had stooped down to throw aside a flap of the cloak that hid the dead man's face. Then a horrible wound appeared. The sentinel had been struck in the throat, and the weapon was left in the wound. It was a kitchen knife with a black handle.

"Look at this knife," said the officer to old Merlier: "perhaps it may help us in our search."

The old man gave a start. But he recovered himself immediately, and answered, without moving a muscle of his face: —

"Everybody in these parts has knives like that. Maybe your man was tired of fighting, and did the job himself. Such things have been known to happen."

"Shut up!" the officer cried furiously. "I don't know what keeps me from setting fire to the four corners of the village."

His anger luckily prevented his noticing the profound change that had come over Françoise's face. She had to sit down on the stone bench near the wall. In spite of herself her eyes never left that dead body, stretched on the ground almost at her feet. He was a big, handsome fellow, who looked like Dominique, with light hair and blue eyes. This resemblance made her heart-sick. She thought of how the dead man had perhaps left some sweetheart behind, who would weep for him over there in Germany. And she recognized her knife in the dead man's throat. She had killed him.

Meanwhile the officer talked of taking terrible measures against Rocreuse,

when some soldiers came up running. They had only just noticed Dominique's escape. It occasioned an extreme agitation. The officer visited the premises, looked out of the window, which had been left open, understood it all, and came back exasperated.

Old Merlier seemed very much put out at Dominique's flight.

"The idiot!" he muttered: "he spoils it all."

Françoise, who heard him, was seized with anguish. For the rest her father did not suspect her complicity. He shook his head, saying to her in an undertone: —

"Now we are in a fine scrape!"

"It's that rascal! it's that rascal!" cried the officer. "He must have reached the woods. But he must be found for us, or the village shall pay for it."

And addressing the miller: —

"Come, you must know where he is hiding?"

Old Merlier gave a noiseless chuckle, pointing to the wide extent of wooded hillside.

"How do you expect to find a man in there?" said he.

"Oh, there must be holes there that you know of. I will give you ten men. You shall be their guide."

"All right. Only it will take us a week to beat all the woods in the neighborhood."

The old man's coolness infuriated the officer. In fact, he saw the ridiculousness of this battue. It was then that he caught sight of Françoise, pale and trembling on the bench. The young girl's anxious attitude struck him. He said nothing for an instant, looking hard at the miller and Françoise by turns.

"Isn't this young man," he at last brutally asked the old man, "your daughter's lover?"

Old Merlier turned livid; one would have thought him on the point of throwing himself upon the officer and strangling him. He drew himself up stiffly; he did not answer. Françoise put her face between her hands.

"Yes, that's it," the Prussian went on: "you or your daughter have helped him to run away. You are his accomplice. For the last time, will you give him up to us?"

The miller did not answer. He had turned away, looking off into the distance, as if the officer had not been speaking to him.

This put the last touch to the latter's anger.

"Very well," he said: "you shall be shot instead."

And he once more ordered out the firing party. Old Merlier still kept cool. He hardly gave a slight shrug of his shoulders: this whole drama seemed to him in rather bad taste. No doubt he did not believe that a man was to be shot with so little ado. Then when the squad had come, he said gravely: —

"You're in earnest, then? — All right. If you absolutely must have some one, I shall do as well as another."

But Françoise sprang up, half crazed, stammering out: —

"Mercy, monsieur! don't do any harm to my father. Kill me instead. It's I who helped Dominique to escape. I am the only culprit."

"Be quiet, little girl," cried old Merlier. "What are you lying for? She spent the night locked up in her room, monsieur. She lies, I assure you."

"No, I am not lying," the young girl replied ardently. "I climbed down out of the window; I urged Dominique to fly. It's the truth, the only truth."

The old man turned very pale. He saw clearly in her eyes that she was not lying; and the story appalled him. Ah! these children with their hearts, how they spoiled everything! Then he grew angry.

"She's crazy; don't believe her. She is telling you stupid stories. Come, let's have done with it."

She tried to protest again. She knelt down, she clasped her hands. The officer looked quietly on this heartrending struggle.

"Heavens above!" he said at last. "I take your father because I haven't got the other one. Try and find the other one, and your father shall go free."

For a moment she looked at him, her eyes staring wide at the atrocity of this proposal.

"It's horrible," she murmured. "Where do you expect me to find Dominique at this time? He's gone; I don't know where he is."

"Well, choose. Him or your father."

"O my God! how can I choose? But even if I knew where Dominique was, I could not choose! It is my heart you are breaking. I had rather die at once. Yes, it would be soonest over so. Kill me, I beg of you, kill me!"

The officer at last grew impatient at this scene of despair and tears. He cried out: —

"I've had enough of this! I'm willing to be good-natured — I consent to give you two hours. If your sweetheart isn't here in two hours, your father shall pay for him."

And he had old Merlier taken to the room which had been used for Dominique's prison. The old man asked for some tobacco, and fell to smoking. No emotion was detected in his impassive face. Only, when he was alone, two big tears ran slowly down his cheeks. His poor, dear child, how she suffered!

Françoise had stayed in the middle of the courtyard. Some Prussian soldiers passed by, laughing. Some of them called out to her jokes which she did not understand. She stared at the door through which her father had just disappeared. And with a slow movement she raised her hand to her forehead, as if to keep it from bursting. The officer turned on his heel repeating:

"You have two hours. Try to make good use of them."

She had two hours. This sentence kept buzzing in her head. Then, mechanically, she went out of the courtyard, she walked straight before her. Whither should she go? What should she do? She did not even try to decide, because she felt convinced of the uselessness of her efforts. Yet she would have liked to

find Dominique. They would have come to an understanding together; they might perhaps have hit upon an expedient. And amid the confusion of her thoughts, she went down to the bank of the Morelle, which she crossed below the dam, at a place where there were some large stones. Her feet led her under the first willow, at the corner of the field. As she bent down she saw a pool of blood that made her turn pale. That was clearly the place. And she followed Dominique's tracks in the trodden grass: he must have run; a long line of strides was to be seen cutting through the field cornerwise. Then, farther on, she lost the tracks; but in a neighboring field she thought she found them again. This brought her to the outskirts of the forest, where all traces were wiped out.

Françoise plunged in under the trees, notwithstanding. It was a relief to be alone. She sat down for a moment; then, remembering her time was running out, she got up again. How long was it since she had left the mill? Five minutes? half an hour? She lost all consciousness of time. Perhaps Dominique had gone and hidden in a copse she knew of, where one afternoon they had eaten filberts together. She went to the copse and searched it. Only a blackbird flew out, whistling its soft, melancholy tune. Then she thought he had taken refuge in a hollow in the rocks, where he sometimes used to lie in ambush for game; but the hollow in the rocks was empty. What was the use of looking for him? she would not find him: and little by little her desire to find him grew furious; she walked on faster. The notion that he might have climbed up a tree suddenly struck her. From that moment she pushed on with up-turned eyes; and that he might know she was near, she called out to him every fifteen or twenty steps. The cuckoos answered her; a breath of air passing through the branches made her think he was there, and was coming down. Once she even thought she saw him; she stopped, choking, having a good mind to run away. What would she say to him? Had she come, then, to lead him away and have him shot? Oh no, she would not mention these things. She would cry out to him to escape, not to stay in the neighborhood. Then the thought of her father waiting for her gave her a sharp pang. She fell upon the turf, weeping, repeating aloud: —

"My God, my God! why am I here!"

She must have been crazy to come. And as if seized with fright, she ran, she tried to find a way out of the forest. Three times she took the wrong path; and she thought she could not find the mill again, when she came out into a field just opposite Rocreuse. As soon as she caught sight of the village, she stopped. Was she going to return alone?

As she stood there, a voice called to her softly: —

"Françoise! Françoise!"

And she saw Dominique raising his head above the edge of a ditch. Just God, she had found him! So Heaven wished his death? She held back a cry, she let herself slide down into the ditch.

"You were looking for me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, her head buzzing, not knowing what she said.

"Ah! what's going on?"

She looked down; she stammered out: —

"Why, nothing; I was anxious — I wanted to see you."

Then, reassured, he told her that he had not wished to go far. He feared for them. Those rascals of Prussians were just the sort to wreak vengeance upon women and old men. Then all was going well; and he added, laughing: —

"Our wedding will be for this day week, that's all."

Then, as she was still overcome, he grew serious again.

"But what's the matter with you? You are keeping something from me."

"No, I swear to you. I ran to come — "

He kissed her, saying that it was imprudent for either of them to talk any longer; and he wished to get back to the forest. She held him back. She was trembling.

"Listen: perhaps it would be as well for you to stay here, all the same. Nobody is looking for you; you're not afraid of anything."

"Françoise, you are keeping something from me," he repeated.

Again she swore she was keeping nothing from him. Only she had rather know he was near; and she stammered out other reasons besides. She struck him as acting so queerly, that now he himself would not have been willing to leave her. Besides, he believed the French would return. Troops had been sent over Sauval way.

"Ah! let them be in a hurry; let them be here as soon as possible!" he muttered fervently.

At this moment the Rocreuse church clock struck eleven. The strokes came clear and distinct. She sprang up in fright: it was two hours since she had left the mill.

"Listen," she said rapidly: "if we should need you, I will go up to my room and wave my handkerchief."

And she left him, running; while Dominique, very anxious, stretched himself out on the edge of the ditch, to keep his eye on the mill. As she was just running into Rocreuse, Françoise met an old beggar, old Bontemps, who knew the whole country. He bowed to her: he had just seen the miller in the midst of the Prussians; then crossing himself and mumbling some disconnected words, he went his way.

"The two hours are over," said the officer, when Françoise appeared.

Old Merlier was there, sitting on the bench by the well. He was still smoking. The young girl once more implored, wept, fell upon her knees. She wished to gain time. The hope of seeing the French return had grown in her; and while bewailing her fate, she thought she heard the measured tread of an army. Oh! if they had come, if they had delivered them all!

"Listen, monsieur, one hour, one hour more! You can surely grant me one hour!"

But the officer was still inflexible. He even ordered two men to take her in charge and lead her away, that they might proceed quietly with the old man's execution. Then a frightful conflict went on in Françoise's heart. She could not let her father be thus murdered. No, no, she would die with Dominique first; and she was bounding toward her room, when Dominique himself walked into the courtyard.

The officer and soldiers gave a shout of triumph. But he, as if no one but Françoise had been there, stepped up to her quietly, a little sternly.

"That was wrong," said he. "Why didn't you bring me back with you? Old Bontemps had to tell me everything. After all, here I am."

V

It was three o'clock. Great black clouds had slowly filled the sky, the tail of some not distant thunder-storm. This yellow sky, these copper-colored rags, changed the valley of Rocreuse, so cheerful in the sunshine, to a cut-throat den, full of suspicious shadows. The Prussian officer had been content to have Dominique locked up, without saying anything about what fate he had in store for him. Ever since noon, Françoise had been a prey to infernal anguish. She would not leave the courtyard, in spite of her father's urging. She was waiting for the French. But the hours passed by, night was at hand, and she suffered the more keenly that all this time gained did not seem likely to change the frightful catastrophe.

Nevertheless at about three, the Prussians made preparations to go. A minute before, the officer had closeted himself with Dominique, as on the preceding day. Françoise saw that the young man's life was being decided on. Then she clasped her hands and prayed. Old Merlier, beside her, maintained his mute and rigid attitude of an old peasant who does not struggle with the fatality of facts.

"O my God! O my God!" said Françoise brokenly, "they are going to kill him!"

The miller drew her close to him and took her upon his knee, like a child.

Just then the officer came out; while behind him, two men led Dominique.

"Never, never!" cried the latter. "I am ready to die."

"Think of it well," replied the officer. "This service that you refuse us will be done for us by another. I offer you your life; I am generous. It is only to be our guide to Montredom, through the woods. There must be paths."

Dominique made no answer.

"Then you are still obstinate?"

"Kill me, and let us have done with it," he answered.

Françoise, with hands clasped, implored him from across the yard. She had

forgotten all; she would have urged him to some piece of cowardice. But old Merlier grasped her hands, that the Prussians might not see her delirious gesture.

"He is right," he murmured: "it's better to die."

The firing party was there. The officer was waiting for a moment of weakness on Dominique's part. He still counted on winning him over. There was a dead silence. From the distance were heard violent claps of thunder. A sultry heat weighed upon the country; and in the midst of this silence a shriek burst forth: —

"The French! the French!"

It was really they. On the Sauval road, on the outskirts of the wood, you could make out the line of red trousers. Inside the mill there was an extraordinary hubbub. The Prussian soldiers ran about with guttural exclamations. For the rest, not a shot had been fired yet.

"The French! the French!" screamed Françoise, clapping her hands.

She was like mad. She had broken loose from her father's embrace, and she laughed, her arms waving in the air. At last they were coming, and they had come in time, since Dominique was still there, erect!

A terrible volley that burst upon her ears like a thunder-stroke made her turn round. The officer had just muttered: —

"First of all, let us finish this job."

And pushing Dominique up against the wall of a shed with his own hands, he had ordered, "Fire!" When Françoise turned round, Dominique was lying on the ground, his breast pierced with twelve bullets.

She did not weep; she stood there in a stupor. Her eyes were fixed, and she went and sat down under the shed, a few steps from the body. She looked at it; at moments she made a vague and childlike movement with her hand. The Prussians had laid hold of old Merlier as a hostage.

It was a fine fight. Rapidly the officer stationed his men, recognizing that he could not beat a retreat without being overpowered. It was as well to sell his life dearly. Now it was the Prussians who defended the mill, and the French that made the attack. The firing began with unheard-of violence. For half an hour it did not stop. Then a dull explosion was heard, and a shot broke off one of the main branches of the hundred-year-old elm. The French had cannon. A battery drawn up just above the ditch in which Dominique had hidden swept the main street of Rocreuse. From this moment the struggle could not last long.

Ah! the poor mill! Shot pierced it through and through. Half the roofing was carried away. Two walls crumbled. But it was, above all, on the side towards the Morelle that the ruined one was piteous. The ivy, torn from the shattered walls, hung in rags; the river swept away débris of every sort; and through a breach you could see Françoise's room, with her bed, the white curtains of which were carefully drawn. Shot upon shot, the old wheel received

two cannon-balls, and gave one last groan: the paddles were washed away by the current, the carcass collapsed. The mill had breathed out its soul.

Then the French stormed the place. There was a furious fight with the bayonet. Beneath the rust-colored sky, the cut-throat hollow of the valley was filled with slain. The broad meadows looked grim, their rows of poplars streaking them with shadows. To the right and left, the forests were like the walls of a circus, shutting in the combatants; while the springs, the fountains, the running waters, gave forth sounds of sobbing, amid the panic of the country-side.

Under the shed, Françoise had not stirred, crouched down opposite Dominique's body. Old Merlier was killed outright by a spent bullet. Then when the Prussians had been annihilated, and the mill was burning, the French captain was the first man to enter the court-yard. From the beginning of the campaign it was the the only success he had won. And all aglow, drawing up his tall figure to its full height, he laughed with his gracious air of a fine cavalier. And seeing Françoise, imbecile, between the dead bodies of her husband and father, amidst the smoking ruins of the mill, he gallantly saluted her with his sword, crying out: —

"Victory! Victory!"

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

WHEN, after a volume of poetry, 'Des Vers' [Verses] (1880), Guy de Maupassant published in 1881 'Boule de Suif' [Tallow-Ball], he was claimed by the naturalists; and Zola, in an enthusiastic article, introduced the author and the work to the public. It learned that the new-comer to the 'Soirées de Médan' was a robust Norman, proud of his strength, skilled in physical exercises. During ten years, Gustave Flaubert, his godfather, had gradually and patiently taught him his profession of observer and writer. According to some, the pupil equaled the master. He certainly excelled a great number of those who claimed to be enrolled in their ranks.

The documentary school was then in all its glory. It was the heroic time of the so-called realistic novel, composed of slices out of life; of the scientific and psychological novel, in which the study of the passions, the conflicts of reason with instinct — all the old-time psychology, in short — was replaced by the organic dissection of the characters, atavism, the influence of environment and circumstances — all determinism, in a word. In this examination of facts, hearts were neglected; and the novels laboriously constructed according to the positivist method set forth by Zola in 'Le Roman Experimental' — novels in which all must be explained and demonstrated, which attempted to reproduce the very movement of life — were sometimes as false and devoid of life as photographs, which exactly reproduce the details of a face without catching its expression.

By temperament and by education, Guy de Maupassant was first and foremost a realist. He had learned from Flaubert that anything is worthy of art when the artist knows how to fashion it. A country pharmacist, pretentious and commonplace (Bournisien in 'Madame Bovary'), is no less interesting than a scholar, a poet, or a prince. The writer should not accord any preference to one or another of his heroes. His impartiality guarantees the sureness of his observation. His rôle is to express life simply and purely, without seeking its meaning, without choosing this or that form to the exclusion of some other. But if the vulgarity or coarseness of the characters and environment, the crudity of scene and language, aroused the curiosity of the public, and assisted the author's success by winning an admiration not always addressed perhaps to what was truly admirable — the learned, the connoisseurs, were not deceived. They greeted him as a master writer, an unequaled story-teller, who, in spite of Zola, preserved the classic virtues — precision, clearness, artistic composition — which are necessary to the novel, indispensable to the short story. This alone was enough to distinguish Maupassant from the Zolaists and the

De Goncourtists, who were then swarming: his firm, alert prose is so profoundly French, free from neologisms, strong in verbs, sober in adjectives, every sentence standing out with no apparent effort, no excess, like a muscle in the perfect body of a young athlete.

In less than twelve years Guy de Maupassant published ten collections of short stories and tales: 'Mademoiselle Fifi,' 'Miss Harriett,' 'Au Soleil' [In the Sunshine], 'Les Sœurs Rondoli' [The Sisters Rondoli], 'Contes de la Bécasse' [Tales of the Woodcock], 'M. Parent,' 'L'Inutile Beauté [Vain Beauty], and others; and six novels: 'Une Vie' [A Life] (1883), 'Mont-Oriol,' 'Bel-Ami' (1885), 'Pierre et Jean' [Peter and John] (1888), 'Fort comme la Mort' [Strong as Death] (1889), 'Notre Cœur' [Our Heart] (1893).

Guy de Maupassant's place, then, is in the first rank of the realists, and nearer to Flaubert than to the Goncourts and Zola. For the purest expression of naturalism, one must seek him and his master. He has that sense of the real which so many naturalist authors lacked, and which care in details does not replace. Beside the rigid works of that school his work lives, not as a representation of life but as life itself — interior life expressed by exterior life, life of men and of animals, the complex and multiform life of the universe weighed down by eternal fatalities. And in the least important stories — between two phrases of Rachel Rondoli or of M. Parent; through evocation of a sky, a perfume, a landscape — one experiences the disquiet of physical mysteries, the shudder of love or of death. This living realism is absolutely pure with Guy de Maupassant. There is no longer any trace of that romantic heredity which is still apparent in the author of 'Salammbô' and of 'La Tentation de Saint Antoine.' Maupassant was rarely even tempted toward the study and description of what are called the upper classes, or by the luxury which fascinated Balzac. His predilection for ordinary scenes and ordinary types is everywhere evident; he uses all kinds of settings — a café, a furnished room, a farmyard, seen in their actual character without poetic transfiguration, with all their vulgarity, their poverty, their ugliness. And he uses, too, all kinds of characters — clerks, peasants of Normandy, petty bourgeois of Paris and of the country. They live the empty, tragic, or grotesque hours of their lives; are sometimes touching, sometimes odious; and never achieve greatness either in heroism or in wickedness.

They are not gay, these stories; and the kind of amusement they afford is strongly mixed with irony, pity, and contempt. Gaiety, whether brutal, frank, mocking, or delicate, never leaves this bitter taste in the mouth. How pitiful in its folly, in its vanity, in its weakness, is the humanity which loves, weeps, or suffers in the tales of Maupassant! There, virtue if awkward is never recompensed, nor vice if skilful punished; mothers are not always saints, nor sons always grateful and respectful; the guilty are often ignorant of remorse. Then are these beings immoral? To tell the truth, they are guided by their instincts,

by events, submissive to the laws of necessity, and apparently released by the author from all responsibility.

Such is the individual humor of Guy de Maupassant — a humor rarely joyous, without sparkling shocks of repartee; a humor tinged with bitterness and contempt, arising usually from the seriousness of ridiculous people and from the ridiculousness of serious people, and nearly always from the universal powerlessness to advance beyond mediocrity. And if Maupassant is cruel to his heroes, he would doubtless say that it is because life too is cruel, unjust, sad, deceiving; and that beauty, virtue, and happiness are only exceptions.

Thence the pessimistic tendency of his work. Nothing shows this original pessimism — rough and lucid, emotional without lyricism — better than the novel 'Une Vie.' It is the story of a commonplace existence: the life of a country woman, married to a brutal and avaricious country squire, delivered from him through a neighbor's vengeance, deceived by her son as well as by her husband, and fixing her obstinate hope upon the grandchild, who perhaps, if death does not liberate her in time, will add one supreme deception to all the others. This woman, who believes herself the victim of a special fatality, has against her nothing but the chance of a bad choice, and the weakness of her own tender spirit, incapable of struggle or action. She is good, pure, and perhaps more sympathetic than any other of Maupassant's heroines. Her life is like many other lives, and doubtless the sadness which emanates from it widens to infinity.

In the short stories, this pessimistic tendency grows finer and keener so as sometimes to find tragic expression. But with Maupassant the tragic is of very special essence, and not expressed in the grand melodramatic effects or catastrophes beloved of the romanticists. Nor does it consist in the classic debate between duty and passion. It lies rather in a wholly physical emotion, excited by the wretchedness of certain destinies, and evoking in its turn the mysterious menaces which hover over us. Disease, madness, death, are in ambush behind every door of our house; and no one has expressed better than Maupassant the terror of the being who feels their breath or sees them face to face. No one has felt with deeper sorrow, behind this human misery, the frightful solitude of man among men; the black chasm which separates us from those whom we love; the impossibility of uniting two hearts or two thoughts; the slow succession of the little miseries of life; the fatal disorganization of a solitary existence whose dreams have vanished; and the reason for those tragic endings which only nervous, sensitive minds can understand.

This enables us to grasp the very principle of Maupassant's pessimism, and of that disorganization in which his clear and vigorous intellect foundered. Even the verses in his first volume were full of this haunting idea of death, this sadness of the supersensitive soul, harassed and unsatisfied, powerless to take pleasure in the joys which are scattered through the universe. In the two little poems 'La Venus Rustique' [The Country Venus] and 'Au Bord de l'Eau'

[On the Water's Brink], there is an intoxication with life, which at first appears the sane and happy expression of a robust temperament, but which quickly ends in nostalgia and the horror of nothingness. And here is the keynote to Maupassant's sensuality: it is the frantic desire to concentrate in the senses of a single man all that the material world contains of delight — colors, sounds, perfumes, beauty under all its forms; it is the adoration of matter, and it is the despair of a being crushed by the blind, implacable, and eternal divinity which it has chosen. What does feeling become in this pagan joy, this mother of pains and slaveries? It is easy to see; love is as fatal as death. It is a force of nature which we can neither control nor avoid, nor fix according to our wish; and its very nature explains the derangements of hearts, the betrayals, the jealousies, which deck it in fictitious sentimentality. Final conclusion: — our free will, our liberty, are illusions; and morality is suppressed at the same time that remorses, internal conflicts, duties are reduced to mere conventions useful to society.

This is the principle of Maupassant's pessimism. As is evident, it springs directly from his naturalism. His conception of art and his conception of life are closely allied. This pessimism became more and more accentuated from one work to another: from 'Une Vie' (1883) to 'Notre Cœur' (1892). But in the measure of the novelist's more and more profound investigation of life, he imperceptibly substituted psychological study for realism according to Flaubert's formula. This evolution of Guy de Maupassant's talent asserts itself in 'Pierre et Jean' (1888), and is still more clearly apparent in 'Fort comme la Mort' and 'Notre Cœur.' We are far from 'Boule de Suif' and the like. His observation has become acuter, his language more subtly shaded. There is a more flexible precision in the study of more delicate sentiments and of more complicated minds. In 'Fort comme la Mort,' is not the passion of the old painter Bertin for the daughter of the woman he has loved exceptional? It was a ticklish subject; and the author presented it very ably, without brutalities. We cannot help pitying the woman who feels herself growing old, the man who cherished in his friend's daughter the young beauty of the mother whom he once loved. But the charming child is ignorant of the harm she is innocently doing. She marries, and the old painter bears his passion with him in death; while Madame de Guilleroy burns the old letters, their love letters, found in a drawer, and Olivier's resigned agony is lighted up by the reflection of their blazing leaves.

This novel was less successful than its predecessors. The ordinary public, who had enjoyed 'Maître Hauchecorne' and 'Mademoiselle Fifi,' thought that its author had been changed. It asserted that the success of the psychological novel had fascinated Maupassant. Perhaps we should see in this new phase of his talent only a consequence of the modification which years and the events of his intimate life had little by little brought about. 'Notre Cœur' seems to confirm this view. It resembles an autobiography. It is the eternal misunder-

standing between man and woman — drawing near for an instant, never united, and never giving the same words the same meaning. What an exquisitely charming face that of Michelle de Burne is! a costly flower blossoming after centuries of extreme civilization; a positive, gently egoistic being, in whom nothing is left of primitive woman except the need of dazzling others and of being adored. Simple, sincere Elizabeth may console André Mariolle; but neither brilliant orchid nor humble daisy can replace or obscure the other. That is why André, uniting the two in a single bouquet, renounces the torturing dream of one only love. Thus Guy de Maupassant had been led by the progress of his observation and his analysis to penetrate into the intimate regions of the heart, where our most secret and most diverse sentiments hide, struggle, supplicate, and contend with each other. This progress of the novelist is natural. As his observation grows sharper and finer, it penetrates deeper; proceeds from faces to minds, and from gestures to feelings. Psychological analysis appears, and with it reflection. The mind falls back upon itself; the man returns to his own thoughts, his dreams, his emotions. He descends into his own heart, and irony becomes pity and tenderness. His art is perhaps more human.

Neither 'Fort comme la Mort' nor 'Notre Cœur,' Guy de Maupassant's last two novels, shows any trace of insanity. Yet when the world learned in 1893 that this terrible disease had seized the famous novelist, those who had read and studied his work were only half surprised. Some years earlier the reading of 'Le Horla' had made them anxious.

What is the Horla? — It is not a spirit, it is not a phantom of the imagination. It is not any kind of a creature either natural or supernatural. It is not even an illusion of sick senses, a hallucination of fever. No; it is something both more real and less real, less disquieting and more so: it is the unknown hostility surrounding one in the invisible. It is everywhere — in the bed curtains, in the water pitcher, in the fire lighted to drive it from the house. Dream of a madman, whom the wing of insanity had brushed! Already in 1884, in the story entitled 'Lui,' there had been signs of this fear of fears, fear of the spasms of a wandering mind, fear of that horrible sensation of incomprehensible terror: — "I am afraid of the walls, of the furniture, of the familiar objects which seem to me to assume a kind of animal life. Above all I fear the horrible confusion of my thought, of my reason escaping, entangled and scattered by an invisible and mysterious anguish."

Sensuality, pessimism, obsession with the dread of nothingness, grotesque hallucinations — these different states cruelly asserted their logical dependence in the intellectual history of Guy de Maupassant. The mind which had seemed so profoundly sane and free from any morbid germ became disordered, and then shattered entirely. The universe of forms, sounds, colors, and perfumes, to which he had so complaisantly surrendered himself, became uninhabitable. Perhaps it is necessary that in its attitude toward matter the mind should al-

ways retain a kind of distrust, and dominate it without yielding completely to its sorceries and enchantments. To this feast Maupassant had opened all his senses. The day came when he felt his ideas flying around him, he said, like butterflies. With his habitual grasp he still sought to seize them while they were already far from his empty brain. Guy de Maupassant died in 1893, when forty-three years old. His robust constitution had been unable to resist the excessive expenditure of all his energies.

FIRMIN ROZ

THE LAST YEARS OF MADAME JEANNE

From 'A Life'

JEANNE did not go out any more. She hardly bestirred herself. Each morning she got up at the same hour; took notice of the weather outside; and then went down and seated herself before the fire in the hall.

She would remain there whole days, immovable, her eyes fixed upon the flame, giving course to lamentable thoughts, following the melancholy retrospect of her sorrows. Little by little darkness would invade the small room as the day closed, without her having made any other movement than to put more wood on the fire. Then Rosalie would bring the lamp, exclaiming to her, "Come, come, Madame Jeanne! You must shake yourself up a bit, or really you won't have any appetite this evening for supper."

Often, too, she was persecuted by fixed ideas, which besieged and tortured her; by insignificant preoccupations — mere trifles which took on in her dim brain a false importance.

More than anything else she took to living over the past — her past that lay farthest back, haunted by the early days of her life — by her wedding trip, over there in Corsica. Suddenly there would rise up before her landscapes of that island so long forgotten, seen now in the embers of the fireplace: she would recall all the details, all the trivial little episodes, every face once met during that time; the fine head of the guide that they had employed — Jean Ravoli — kept coming before her, and she sometimes fancied that she heard his voice.

Then, too, she would fall into a reverie upon the happy years of her son's childhood, when she and Aunt Lison, with Paul, had worked in the salad-bed together, kneeling side by side in the soft ground, the two women rivals in their effort to amuse the child as they toiled among the young plants.

So musing, her lips would murmur, "Poulet, Poulet! my little Poulet" — as if she were speaking to him; and, her reverie broken as she spoke, she would try during whole hours to write the boy's name in the air, shaping with her

outstretched finger these letters. She would trace them slowly in space before the fire, sometimes imagining that she really saw them, then believing that her eyes had deceived her; and so she would rewrite the capital *P* again, her old arm trembling with fatigue, but forcing herself to trace the name to its end; then when she had finished it she would write it over again. At last she could not write it any more. She would confuse everything — form other words at random, enfeebled almost to idiocy.

All the little manias of those who live solitary lives took hold of her. The least change in her surroundings irritated her.

Rosalie would often insist upon making her walk about, and even take her off to the highroad: but Jeanne at the end of twenty minutes would always end up by saying, "No, I am too tired, my good girl"; and then she would sit down on the edge of the green roadside.

Indeed, movement of any kind was soon distasteful to her, and she would stay in bed in the morning as late as possible. Ever since her infancy one particular habit had remained tenaciously with her — that of jumping up out of bed just as soon as she had swallowed her morning coffee. She was very much set on that way of breakfasting, and the privation would have been felt more than anything else. Each morning she would await Rosalie's arrival at her bedside with an exaggerated impatience, and just as soon as the cup was put upon the table at her side, she would start up and empty it almost greedily, and then begin to dress herself at once.

But now, little by little, she had grown into the habit of dreamily waiting some seconds after she had put back the cup into the plate; then she would settle herself again in her bed; and then, little by little, would lengthen her idleness from day to day, until Rosalie would come back furious at such delay, and would dress her mistress almost by force.

Besides all this, she did not seem to have now any appearance of a will about matters; and each time that Rosalie would ask her opinion as to whether something was to be one way or another, she would answer, "Do as you think best, my girl."

She fancied herself directly pursued by obstinate misfortune, against which she made herself as fatalistic as an Oriental: the habit of seeing her dreams evaporate, and her hopes come to nothing, put her into the attitude of being afraid to undertake anything; and she hesitated whole days before accomplishing the most simple affair, convinced that she would only set out the wrong way to do it, and that it would turn out badly. She repeated continually, "I have never had any luck in my life." Then it was Rosalie's turn to cry to her, "What would you say if you had had to work for your bread — if you were obliged to get up every morning at six o'clock and go out for your day's doings? There are lots of people who are obliged to do that, nevertheless; and when such people become too old, *they* have to die — just of their poverty."

A little more strength came to her when the air softened into the first days

of spring; but she used this new activity only to give herself more and more somber thoughts.

One morning, when she had climbed up into the garret to hunt for something, she happened to open a trunk full of old calendars; somebody had kept them, as certain country people have a habit of doing. It seemed to her that in finding them she found the very years themselves of her past life; and she remained stricken with a strange confused emotion before that pile of cardboard squares.

She took them up and carried them downstairs. They were of all shapes, big and little. She began to arrange them year by year, upon the table; and then, all at once, she found the very first one that had belonged to her — the same one that she had brought to Peuples. She looked at this one a long time, with the dates marked off by her the morning of her departure from Rouen, the day after her going away from the convent. She wept over it. Sadly and slowly the tears fell; the bitter tears of an old woman whose life was spread out before her on that table.

With the calendars came to her an idea that soon became a sort of obsession; terrible, incessant, inexorable. She would try to remember just whatever she had done from day to day during all her life. She pinned the calendars against the walls and on the carpet one after the other — those faded pieces of cardboard; and so she came to pass hours face to face with them, continually asking herself, "Now let me see — what *was* it happened to me that month?"

She had checked certain memorable days in the course of her life, hence now and then she was able to recall the episodes of an entire month, bringing them up one by one, grouping them together, connecting one by another all those little matters which had preceded or followed some important event. She succeeded by sheer force of attention, by force of memory and of concentrated will, in bringing back to mind almost completely her two first years at Peuples. Far-away recollections of her life returned to her with a singular facility, and with a kind of relief in them; but the later years gradually seemed to lose themselves in a mist — to become mixed one with another: and so Jeanne would remain now and then an indefinite time, her head bowed towards one of the calendars, her mind spellbound by the past, without being able to remember whether it was in this or that calendar that such or such a remembrance ought to be placed. She ranged them around the room like the religious pictures that point out the Way of the Cross in a church — these tableaux of days that were no more. Then she would abruptly set down her chair before one of them; and there she would sit until night came, immobile, staring at it, buried in her vague researches.

All at once, when the sap began to awaken in the boughs beneath the warmth of the sun; when the crops began to spring up in the fields, the trees to become verdant; when the appletrees in the orchard swelled out roundly like rosy balls, and perfumed the plain — then a great counter-agitation came over her; she

could not seem to stay still. She went and came; she left the house and returned to it twenty times a day, and even took now and then a stroll the length of the farming tracts, excited to a sort of fever of regret. The sight of a daisy blossoming in a tuft of grass, the flash of a ray of sun slipping down between the leaves, the glittering of a strip of water in which the blue sky was mirrored — all moved her; awakened a tenderness in her; gave her sensations very far away, like an echo of her emotions as a young girl, when she went dreaming about the country-side.

One morning the faithful Rosalie came later than usual into her room, and said, setting down upon the table the bowl of coffee: "Come now, drink this. Denis is downstairs waiting for us at the door. We will go over to Peuples today: I've got some business to attend to over there."

Jeanne thought that she was going to faint, so deep was her emotion at the sound of that name, at the thought of going to the home of her girlhood. She dressed herself, trembling with emotion, frightened and tremulous at the mere idea of seeing again that dear house.

A radiant sky stretched above over everything; the horse, in fits and starts of liveliness, sometimes went almost at a gallop. When they entered the commune of Etouvent, Jeanne could hardly breathe, so fast did her heart beat; and when she saw from a distance the brick pillars of the boundary-line of her old home, she exclaimed in a low voice two or three times, and as if in spite of herself, "Oh! — oh! — oh! —" as if before things that threatened to revolutionize all her heart.

They left the wagon with the Couillard family: then, while Rosalie and her son went off to attend to their business, the caretakers offered Jeanne the chance of taking a little turn around the château, the present owners of it being absent; so they gave her the keys.

Alone she set out; and when she was fairly before the old manor-house by the seaside, she stopped to look at its outside once again. It had changed in nothing outside. The large, grayish building that day showed upon its old walls the smile of the sunshine. All the shutters were closed.

A bit of dead branch fell from above upon her dress. She raised her eyes. It came from the plane-tree. She drew near the big tree with its smooth, pale bark; she caressed it with her hand almost as if it had been an animal. Her foot struck something in the grass — a fragment of rotten wood; lo! it was the last fragment of the very bench on which she had sat so often with those of her own family about her, so many years ago; the very bench which had been set in place on the same day that Julien had made his first visit.

She turned then to the double doors of the vestibule of the house, and she had great trouble in opening them; for the heavy key, grown rusty, refused to turn in the lock. At length the lock yielded with a heavy grinding of its springs; and the door, a little obstinate itself, gave her entrance in a cloud of dust.

At once, almost running, she went upstairs to find what had been her own room. She could hardly recognize it, hung as it was with a light new paper: but throwing open a window, she looked out and stood motionless, stirred even to the depth of her being at the sight of all that landscape, so dearly beloved; the thicket, the elm-trees, the flat reaches, and the sea dotted with brown sails, seeming motionless in the distance.

She began prowling about the great empty, lonely dwelling. She even stopped to look at the discolorations on the walls; spots familiar to her eyes. Once she stood before a little hole crushed in the plaster by her father himself; who had often amused himself with making passages at arms, cane in hand, against the partition wall, when he happened to be passing this spot.

Her mother's room — in it she found, stuck behind the door in a dark corner near the bed, a fine gold hairpin; one which she herself had stuck there so long ago, and which she had often tried to find during the past years. Nobody had ever come across it. She drew it out as a relic beyond all price, and kissed it, and carried it away with her. Everywhere about the house she walked, recognizing almost invisible marks in the hangings of the rooms that had not been changed; she made out once more those curious faces that a childish imagination gives often to the patterns and stuffs, to marbles, and to shadings of the ceilings, grown dingy with time. On she walked, with soundless footsteps, wholly alone in the immense, silent house, as one who crosses a cemetery. All her life was buried in it.

She went downstairs to the drawing-room. It was somber behind the closed shutters: for some time she could not distinguish anything; then her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. She recognized, little by little, the tall hangings with their patterns of birds flitting about. Two arm-chairs were set before the chimney, as if people had just quitted them; and even the odor of the room, an odor which it had always kept — that vague, sweet odor belonging to some old houses — entered Jeanne's very being, enwrapt her in souvenirs, intoxicated her memory. She remained gasping, breathing in that breath of the past, and with her eyes fixed upon those two chairs; for suddenly, in a sort of hallucination which gave place to a positive idea, she saw — as she had so often seen them — her father and her mother, sitting there warming their feet by the fire. She drew back terrified, struck her back against the edge of the door, and caught at it to keep herself from falling, but with her eyes still fixed upon the chairs.

The vision disappeared. She remained forgetful of everything during some moments; then slowly she recovered her self-possession, and would have fled from the room, fearful of losing her very senses. By chance, her glance fell against the door-post on which she chanced to be leaning; and lo! before her eyes were the marks that had been made to keep track of Poulet's height as he was growing up!

The little marks climbed the painted wood at unequal intervals; figures

traced with the penknife noted down the different ages and growths during the boy's life. Sometimes the jottings were in the handwriting of her father, a large hand; sometimes they were in her own smaller hand; sometimes in that of Aunt Lison, a little tremulous. It seemed to her that the child of other days was actually there, standing before her with his blond hair, pressing his little forehead against the wall so that his height could be measured; and the Baron was crying, "Why, Jeanne! he has grown a whole centimeter since six weeks ago!" She kissed the piece of wood in a frenzy of love and desolateness.

But some one was calling her from outside. It was Rosalie's voice: "Madame Jeanne, Madame Jeanne! We are waiting for you, to have luncheon." She hurried away from the room half out of her senses. She hardly understood anything that the others said to her at luncheon. She ate the things that they put on her plate; she listened without knowing what she heard, talking mechanically with the farming-women, who inquired about her health; she let them embrace her, and herself saluted the cheeks that were held out to her; and then got into the wagon again.

When the high roof of the château was lost to her sight across the trees, she felt in her very heart a direful wrench. It seemed to her in her innermost spirit that now she had said farewell forever to her old home!

Translated for this series by E. Irenæus Stevenson

THE PIECE OF STRING

From 'The Odd Number.' Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers

IT was market day, and over all the roads round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, painful labors of the country: by bending over to plow, which is what also makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and by reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitchwork, and blown up big around their bony bodies, seemed exactly like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms, and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, went their wives, carrying large baskets from which there stuck out the heads of chickens or of ducks. These women walked with steps far shorter and quicker than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and each of them

enveloped her head in a white cloth, close fastened round the hair and surmounted by a cap.

Now a char-à-banc passed by, drawn by a jerky-paced nag. It shook up strangely the two men on the seat. And the woman at the bottom of the cart held fast to its sides to lessen the hard joltings.

In the market-place at Goderville was a great crowd, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of the cattle, the high long-napped hats of wealthy peasants, the head-dresses of the women, came to the surface of that sea. And voices clamorous, sharp, and shrill, made a continuous savage din. Above it a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a merry yokel would sometimes sound, and sometimes a long bellow from a cow tied fast to the wall of a house.

It all smelled of the stable, of milk, of hay, and of perspiration; giving off that half human, half animal odor which is peculiar to the men of the fields.

Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, had just arrived at Goderville, and was taking his way towards the square, when he perceived on the ground a little piece of string. Maître Hauchecorne, economical like all true Normans, reflected that everything was worth picking up which could be of any use; and he stooped down — but painfully, because he suffered with rheumatism. He took the bit of thin cord from the ground, and was carefully preparing to roll it up when he saw Maître Malandain, the harness-maker, on his doorstep, looking at him. They had once had a quarrel about a halter, and they had remained angry, bearing malice on both sides. Maître Hauchecorne was overcome with a sort of shame at being seen by his enemy looking in the dirt so for a bit of string. He quickly hid his find beneath his blouse; then in the pocket of his breeches; then pretended to be still looking for something on the ground which he did not discover; and at last went off towards the market-place, with his head bent forward, and a body almost doubled in two by rheumatic pains.

He lost himself immediately in the crowd, which was clamorous, slow, and agitated by interminable bargains. The peasants examined the cows, went off, came back, always in great perplexity and fear of being cheated, never quite daring to decide, spying at the eye of the seller, trying ceaselessly to discover the tricks of the man and the defect in the beast.

The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had pulled out the poultry, which lay upon the ground, tied by the legs, with scared eyes, and scarlet combs.

They listened to propositions, maintaining their prices, with a dry manner, with an impassive face; or suddenly, perhaps, deciding to take the lower price which was offered, they cried out to the customer, who was departing slowly: —

"All right: I'll let you have them, Maît' Anthime."

Then, little by little, the square became empty; and when the Angelus struck midday, those who lived at a distance poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's, the great room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every sort — wagons, gigs, char-à-bancs, tilburies, tilt-carts which have no name, yellow with mud, misshapen, pieced together, raising their shafts to heaven like two arms, or it may be with their nose in the dirt and their rear in the air.

Just opposite to where the diners were at table, the huge fireplace, full of clear flame, threw a lively heat on the backs of those who sat along the right. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, with pigeons, and with joints of mutton; and a delectable odor of roast meat, and of gravy gushing over crisp brown skin, took wing from the hearth, kindled merriment, caused mouths to water.

All the aristocracy of the plow were eating there, at Maît' Jourdain's, the innkeeper's — a dealer in horses also, and a sharp fellow who had made a pretty penny in his day.

The dishes were passed round, and were emptied, with jugs of yellow cider. Every one told of his affairs, of his purchases and his sales. They asked for news about the crops. The weather was good for green stuffs, but a little wet for wheat.

All of a sudden the drum rolled in the court before the house. Every one, except some of the most indifferent, was on his feet at once and ran to the door, to the windows, with his mouth still full, and his napkin in his hand.

When the public crier had finished his tattoo, he called forth in a jerky voice, making his pauses out of time: —

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all — persons present at the market, that there has been lost this morning, on the Beuzeville road, between — nine and ten o'clock, a pocket-book of black leather, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it — to the mayor's office at once, or to Maître Fortuné Houlbrèque of Manneville. There will be fifty francs reward."

Then the man departed. They heard once more at a distance the dull beatings on the drum, and the faint voice of the crier.

Then they began to talk of this event, reckoning up the chances which Maître Houlbrèque had of finding or of not finding his pocket-book again.

And the meal went on.

They were finishing their coffee when the corporal of gendarmes appeared on the threshold.

He asked: —

"Is Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, here?"

Maître Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, answered: —

"Here I am."

And the corporal resumed: —

"Maître Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to come with me to the mayor's office? M. le Maire would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and uneasy, gulped down his little glass of cognac, got up, and — even worse bent over than in the morning, since the first steps after a rest were always particularly difficult — started off, repeating: —

"Here I am, here I am."

And he followed the corporal.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an arm-chair. He was the notary of the place, a tall, grave man of pompous speech.

"Maître Hauchecorne," said he, "this morning, on the Beuzeville road, you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville."

The countryman, speechless, gazed at the mayor; frightened already by this suspicion, which rested on him he knew not why.

"I — I picked up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"I swear I didn't even know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"They saw me — me? Who is that who saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and reddening with anger: —

"Ah! he saw me, did he, the rascal? He saw me picking up this string here, M'sieu' le Maire."

And fumbling at the bottom of his pocket, he pulled out of it the little end of string.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head: —

"You will not make me believe, Maître Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man worthy of credit, has mistaken this string for a pocket-book."

The peasant, furious, raised his hand and spat as if to attest his good faith, repeating: —

"For all that, it is the truth of the good God, the blessed truth, M'sieu' le Maire. There! on my soul and my salvation I repeat it."

The mayor continued: —

"After picking up the article in question, you even looked for some time in the mud to see if a piece of money had not dropped out of it."

The good man was suffocated with indignation and with fear.

"If they can say — ! If they can say such lies as that to slander an honest man! If they can say — ! "

Protest as he might, he was not believed.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his testimony. They abused one another for an hour. At his own request, Maître Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found on him.

At last the mayor, much perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would inform the public prosecutor and ask for orders.

The news had spread. When he left the mayor's office, the old man was

surrounded, interrogated with a curiosity which was serious or mocking as the case might be, but into which no indignation entered. And he began to tell the story of the string. They did not believe him. They laughed.

He passed on, buttonholed by every one, himself buttonholing his acquaintances, beginning over and over again his tale and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove that he had nothing.

They said to him: —

"You old rogue, *va!*"

And he grew angry, exasperated, feverish, in despair at not being believed; and always telling his story.

The night came. It was time to go home. He set out with three of his neighbors, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the end of string; and all the way he talked of his adventure.

That evening he made the round in the village of Bréauté, so as to tell every one. He met only unbelievers.

He was ill of it all night long.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a farm hand of Maître Breton, the market-gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocket-book and its contents to Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville.

This man said that he had indeed found it on the road; but not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the neighborhood. Maître Hauchecorne was informed. He set forth at once upon his rounds, and began to relate his story as completed by the dénouement. He triumphed.

"What grieved me," said he, "was not the thing itself, do you understand; but it was the lies. There's nothing does you so much harm as being in disgrace through lying."

All day he talked of his adventure; he told it on the roads to the people who passed; at the cabaret to the people who drank; and the next Sunday, when they came out of church. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was easy now, and yet something worried him without his knowing exactly what it was. People had a joking manner while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He seemed to feel their tittle-tattle behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to market at Goderville, prompted entirely by the need of telling his story.

Malandain, standing on his door-step, began to laugh as he saw him pass. Why?

He accosted a farmer of Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and giving him a punch in the pit of his stomach, cried in his face: —

"Oh you great rogue, *va!*" Then turned his heel upon him.

Maître Hauchecorne remained speechless, and grew more and more uneasy. Why had they called him "great rogue"?

When seated at table in Jourdain's tavern he began again to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers shouted at him: —

" Get out, get out, you old scamp: I know all about your string! "

Hauchecorne stammered: —

" But since they found it again, the pocket-book — ! "

But the other continued: —

" Hold your tongue, daddy: there's one who finds it and there's another who returns it. And no one the wiser."

The peasant was choked. He understood at last. They accused him of having had the pocket-book brought back by an accomplice, by a confederate.

He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid a chorus of jeers.

He went home ashamed and indignant, choked with rage, with confusion; the more cast down since from his Norman cunning, he was perhaps capable of having done what they accused him of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known. And he felt himself struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began anew to tell of his adventure, lengthening his recital every day, each time adding new proofs, more energetic protestations, and more solemn oaths which he thought of, which he prepared in his hours of solitude, his mind being entirely occupied by the story of the string. The more complicated his defense, the more artful his arguments, the less he was believed.

" Those are liars' proofs," they said behind his back.

He felt this; it preyed upon his heart. He exhausted himself in useless efforts.

He was visibly wasting away.

The jokers now made him tell " the story of the piece of string " to amuse them, just as you make a soldier who has been on a campaign tell his story of the battle. His mind, struck at the root, grew weak.

About the end of December he took to his bed.

He died early in January, and in the delirium of the death agony he protested his innocence, repeating: —

" A little bit of string — a little bit of string — see, here it is, M'sieu' le Maire."

Translated by Jonathan Sturges

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

SHE was one of those pretty, charming young ladies, born, as if through an error of destiny, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no hopes, no means of becoming known, appreciated, loved, and married by a man either rich or distinguished; and she allowed herself to marry a petty clerk in the office of the Board of Education.

She was simple, not being able to adorn herself; but she was unhappy, as one out of her class; for women belong to no caste, no race; their grace, their beauty and their charm serving them in the place of birth and family. Their inborn finesse, their instinctive elegance, their suppleness of wit are their only aristocracy, making some daughters of the people the equal of great ladies.

She suffered incessantly, feeling herself born for all delicacies and luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her apartment, the shabby walls, the worn chairs, and the faded hangings. All these things, which another woman of her station would not have noticed, tortured and angered her. The sight of the little Breton, who made this humble home, awoke in her sad regrets and desperate dreams. She thought of quiet ante-chambers, with their Oriental hangings, lighted by high, bronze torches, and of the two great footmen in short trousers who sleep in the large armchairs, made sleepy by the heavy air from the heating apparatus. She thought of large drawing-rooms, hung in old silks, of graceful pieces of furniture covered with bric-à-brac of inestimable value, and of the coquettish little perfumed apartments, made for five o'clock chats with most intimate friends, men known and sought after, whose attention all women envied and desired.

When she seated herself for dinner, before the round table where the tablecloth had been used three days, opposite her husband who uncovered the tureen with a delighted air, saying: "Oh! what a good potpie! I know nothing better —" she would think of the elegant dinners, of the shining silver, of the tapestries peopling the walls with ancient personages and rare birds in the midst of fairy forests; she thought of the exquisite food served on marvelous dishes, of the whispered gallantries one listens to with the smile of a sphinx, while eating the rose-colored flesh of the trout or a chicken's wing.

She had neither frocks nor jewels, nothing. And she loved only those things. She felt that she was made for them. She had such a desire to please, to be sought after, to be clever, and courted.

She had a rich friend, a schoolmate at the convent, whom she did not like to visit because she suffered so much when she returned. And she wept for whole days from grief, from regret, from despair, and disappointment. . . .

One evening her husband came home elated, bearing in his hand a large envelope.

"Here," he said, "here is something for you."

She quickly tore open the wrapper and drew out a printed card on which were inscribed these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame George Ramponneau ask the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company Monday evening, January 18, at the Minister's residence."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation spitefully on the table murmuring:

"What do you suppose I want with that?"

"But, my dearie, I thought it would make you happy. You never go out, and this is an event, a great event! I had a great deal of trouble to get it. Everybody wants to go, and it is going to be very select; not many are given to employees. You will see the whole official world there."

She looked at him with irritated eyes and declared impatiently:

"What do you suppose I have to wear to such a thing as that?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered:

"Why, the dress you wear when we go to the theater. It seems very pretty to me—"

He was silent, stupefied, dismayed, at the sight of his wife weeping. Two great tears fell slowly from the corners of his eyes towards the corners of his mouth; he stammered:

"What is the matter? What is the matter?"

By a violent effort, she had controlled her vexation and responded in a calm voice, wiping her moist cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this affair. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better fitted out than I."

He was grieved, but answered:

"Let us see, Matilda. How much would a suitable costume cost, something that would serve for other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected for some seconds, making estimates and thinking of a sum that she could ask for without calling forth an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she said, in a hesitating voice:

"I cannot tell exactly, but it seems to me that four hundred francs ought to cover it."

He turned a little pale, for he had saved just this sum to buy a gun that he might be able to join some hunting parties the next summer, on the plains at Nanterre, with some friends who went to shoot larks up there on Sundays. Nevertheless, he answered:

"Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. But try to get a pretty dress." . . .

The day of the ball approached, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, disturbed,

anxious. Nevertheless, her dress was nearly ready. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter with you? You have acted strangely for two or three days."

And she responded: "I am vexed not to have a jewel, not one stone, nothing to adorn myself with. I shall have such a poverty-stricken look. I had rather not go to this party."

He replied: "You can wear some natural flowers. At this season they look very fashionable. For ten francs you can have two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced. "No," she replied, "there is nothing more humiliating than to look shabby in the presence of rich women."

Then her husband cried out: "How stupid we are! Go and find your friend Mme. Forestier and ask her to lend you her jewels. You are well enough acquainted with her to do this."

She uttered a cry of joy. "It is true!" she said. "I had not thought of that."

The next day she took herself to her friend's house and related her tale of distress. Mme. Forestier went to her closet with the glass doors, took out a large jewel-case, brought it to her, opened it, and said: "Choose, my dear."

She first examined some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, then a Venetian cross of gold and jewels and of admirable workmanship. She tried the jewels on before the glass, hesitated, but could decide neither to take them nor to leave them. Then she asked:

"Have you nothing more?"

"Why, yes. Look for yourself. I do not know what you will like."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds, and her heart beat fast with an immoderate longing. Her hands trembled as she took it up. She placed it about her throat against her dress, and remained in ecstasy before it. Then she asked, in a hesitating voice, full of anxiety:

"Could you lend me this? Only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She threw her arms about her friend, embraced her fervently, then went away with her treasure. . . .

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel was a great success. She was the most beautiful of all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and full of joy. All the men were impressed, found out her name, and asked to be presented. All the members of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. Even the Minister of Education paid her some attention.

She danced enthusiastically, passionately, intoxicated with pleasure, thinking of nothing. In the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in the happiness that came of all this homage and all this admiration, of all these

awakened desires and this victory so complete and sweet to the heart of a woman, everything was forgotten.

She went home toward four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been half asleep in one of the little salons since midnight, with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying themselves very much.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps they had carried for the coming home, modest every-day garments, whose poverty clashed with the elegance of the ball costume. She felt this and wished to hurry away in order not to be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in rich furs.

Loisel held her back. "Wait," said he. "You will catch cold out there. I am going to call a cab."

But she would not listen, and descended the steps rapidly. When they were in the street, they found no carriage; and they began to seek for one, hailing the coachmen whom they saw at a distance.

They walked along towards the Seine, discouraged and shivering. Finally they found on the dock one of those old nocturnal cabs that one sees in Paris only after nightfall, as if they were ashamed of their misery by day.

It took them as far as their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and they went wearily up to their apartment. It was all over for her. And on his part, he remembered that he would have to be at the office by ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps from her shoulders before the glass to get a final view of herself in all her glory. Suddenly she uttered a cry. Her necklace was not around her neck.

Her husband, already half undressed, asked: "What is the matter?"

She turned towards him excitedly:

"I have — I have — I have lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He arose in dismay. "What! How is that? It is not possible."

And they looked in the folds of the dress, in the folds of the cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

He asked: "You are sure you still had it when we left the house?"

"Yes, I was fingering it in the vestibule as we came out."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, did you notice what it was?"

"No."

They looked at each other, utterly cast down. Finally, Loisel dressed himself again.

"I am going," said he, "to retrace our footsteps to see if I can find it."

And he went out. She remained in her evening gown, unable to go to bed, stretched out on a chair, without ambition or thoughts.

Toward seven o'clock her husband returned. He had found nothing.

He went to the police and to the cab offices, and put an advertisement in the

papers offering a reward; he did everything that afforded a suspicion of hope.

She waited all day in a state of bewilderment before this frightful disaster. Loisel returned in the evening with his face harrowed and pale. He had discovered nothing.

"It will be necessary," he said, "to write to your friend that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and that you are having it repaired. That will give us time to turn around."

She wrote as he dictated. . . .

At the end of a week, they had lost all hope. And Loisel, older by five years, declared:

"We must take measures to replace the necklace."

The next day they took the box in which it had come, to the jeweler whose name was inside. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, Madame," said he, "who sold this necklace. I only furnished the box."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler seeking a necklace like the other one, racking their memories, and ill, both of them, with grief and anxiety.

In a shop in the Palais-Royal, they found a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was valued at forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

They begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement by which they might return it for thirty-four thousand francs if they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel's father had left him eighteen thousand francs. He borrowed the rest.

He borrowed it, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis of this one, and three louis of that one. He gave notes, made ruinous promises, took money of usurers and the whole race of lenders. He compromised his whole existence, in fact, and risked his signature without even knowing whether he could make it good or not. Harassed by anxiety for the future, by the hopeless misery which surrounded him, and by the prospect of physical privations and mental torture, he went to get the new necklace, depositing on the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the jewels to Mme. Forestier, the latter said to her coldly:

"You should have returned it to me sooner, for I might have needed it."

She did not open the jewel-box as her friend feared she would. If she should perceive the substitution, what would she think? What would she say? Would she take her for a robber? . . .

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible life of poverty. She did her part, however, whole-heartedly, heroically. This frightful debt had to be met. She would pay it. They sent away the maid; they changed their lodgings; they rented some rooms under a mansard roof.

She came to know the heavy cares of a household, the odious work of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails upon the greasy pots and the bottoms of the stewpans. She washed the soiled shirts, the linen and dish-cloths, which she hung on the line to dry; she took down the refuse to the street every morning and brought up the water, stopping on the landings to get her breath. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the grocer's, the butcher's, and the fruiterer's, with her basket on her arm, shopping, haggling over every sou of her miserable money.

Every month, some of the notes had to be renewed to gain time, and others to be paid.

Her husband worked evenings putting the books of some merchants in order, and nights he often did copying at five sous a page.

This life lasted for ten years.

At the end of ten years they had restored all, all, with usurer's interest and accumulated interest besides.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become a strong, hard woman, the ungainly woman of a poor household. Her hair badly dressed, her skirts awry, her hands red, she spoke in a loud voice, and washed the floor with large pails of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would seat herself before the window and think of the party of days gone by, of the ball where she was so beautiful and so courted.

How would it have been if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? Who knows? How strange life is, and how full of changes! How small a thing will make or ruin one! . . .

One Sunday, as she was taking a walk in the Champs-Elysées to forget the cares of the week, she suddenly saw a woman walking with a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still attractive, still pretty. Mme. Loisel was moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had been paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She approached her. "Good morning, Jeanne."

Her friend did not recognize her, and was astonished to be so familiarly addressed by this common person. She stammered:

"But, Madame — I do not know — You must be mistaken — "

"No, I am Matilda Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry of astonishment: "Oh! my poor Matilda! How you have changed — "

"Yes, I have had some hard days since I saw you; and some miserable ones — and all because of you — "

"Because of me? How is that? "

"You recall the diamond necklace that you loaned me to wear to the Commissioner's ball? "

"Yes, very well."

"Well, I lost it."

"How is that, since you returned it to me?"

"I returned another to you exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us, who have nothing. But it is all over, and I am glad."

Mme. Forestier stopped short. She said:

"You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You did not perceive it, then? They were just alike."

And she smiled with a proud and simple joy. Mme. Forestier was much moved, and took both her hands as she replied:

"Oh! my poor Matilda! Mine were false. They were not worth more than five hundred francs."

JORIS KARL HUYSMANS

JORIS KARL HUYSMANS was born in Paris in 1848. The artistic tendencies so noticeable throughout his career can be traced to his forebears; through his father and grandfather, both clever illuminators, he was descended from the famous Dutch painter Cornelius Huysmans; his mother was the daughter of a well-known sculptor. His life was strangely uneventful. After pursuing the studies of the average French middle-class young man he became a clerk at the Ministry of Interior and remained there, a punctual if not enthusiastic employee, for thirty-two years, being in time appointed assistant chief and decorated with the Legion of Honor. He never married, unable to decide which was the worse — restaurant cooking or noisy children. His modest salary provided for his material needs and as he enjoyed a certain amount of leisure he soon turned to writing as a means of expression. His first book, 'Le Drageoir à Épices,' appeared in 1874 and was reprinted in 1875 under the slightly modified title of the 'Le Drageoir aux Épices.' This poem in prose, too obviously inspired by Baudelaire, contains at best a promise of the mastery of style that the author was to show later on. The realist school was at the highest pitch of its success, and as its tendencies coincided more or less with Huysmans' natural leanings he enlisted under the flag of Médan. From the very start he out-Zolaed Zola. 'Marthe, the Story of a Prostitute' (Brussels, 1876) is a thoroughly sordid and nauseating book, as may be inferred from the title, the only redeeming feature being a style that no other realist, the Goncourt brothers excepted, ever possessed. 'Sac au Dos' (1878), reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian War, was included in the famous 'Soirées de Médan,' a collection of short stories written by Zola and his disciples Maupassant, Céard, Hennique, and Alexis. This contributed to establish the young writer's budding reputation.

'Les Sœurs Vatard' (1879), a story of Parisian working-girls, is very much in the same vein as 'Marthe.' With absolute sincerity and amazing care for minute details Huysmans depicts the miserable life of the lowly. 'En Ménage' [Married Life], nicknamed by a French critic 'La Vie Bête' [Stupid Life], takes us again into the same depths of wretchedness, but towards the end we notice a slight change in the author's attitude; the book closes on a note of despairing resignation — "maybe the everlasting silliness of humanity will tolerate us and, like our contemporaries, we shall have at last the right, as they have, to live respected and stupid."

In 'A Rebours' (1884) Huysmans forsook the dull realities of life and turned to the spiritual. "This dangerous and seductive book," said Gabriel

Mourey, "might be described as a complete course of intellectual voluptuousness, as a treatise on cerebral sadism, as the most terrible monograph on the crowning disease of these *fin de siècle* days, as the poem of neurosis." The hero, Duke John Floressas des Esseintes, whose model in real life was, it is said, Count Robert de Montesquiou the poet, is a tormented soul who revolts against the vulgarity and coarseness of life, and seeks a refuge in an artificial world. He withdraws into a house in which the particular tones of every room have been chosen with scrupulous care, and with a view to their appearance by candle-light, for he lives by preference at night, because "the mind is never really excited or thrilled except by contact with shadows." For the decoration of his study, "he decides to have his walls bound like books, with morocco, the color of crushed berries, or calf-skin polished by strong steel plates under powerful presses." His dining-room is arranged like the cabin of a ship, and the light of day can only illumine it through a casement whose panes have been replaced by unsilvered glass, through the water of an aquarium which runs round the room, or through portholes. His bedroom affects the style of a monastic cell. He possesses a "mouth organ." It is a cupboard containing a series of little round-bellied casks standing in a row, pierced low down by silver spigots. . . . "All these spigots can be joined by a wand and reached by one single movement, so that when the apparatus is once fixed, the pressing of a button hidden in the woodwork suffices to turn on all the taps at once and to fill the imperceptible goblets placed below them." He could thus play symphonies inside himself, and succeeds in producing sensations in his throat like those which music lets fall upon the ear. To the refinements of taste succeed those of smell and sight. Des Esseintes contrives to "lull himself with harmonies of scents"; he has a tortoise the shell of which is cased in gold and set with precious stones; he makes a collection "of real flowers in imitation of artificial ones — nothing seems to him real; woven stuffs, paper, porcelain, metal, had apparently been lent by man to nature to enable her to create her monsters."

In spite of this orgy of refinement he does not find peace. The book ends on this cry of Des Esseintes leaving his retreat to re-enter life: "Lord, have pity on a Christian torn with doubt, on an unbeliever who would fain believe, on one of life's galley slaves who is setting sail, solitary and in darkness, under a sky no longer illumined by the comforting beacon of the ancient hope!"

'En Rade' (1887) is a reversion to the realistic formula, and, we may say, an error of date; it ought to have been published before 'À Rebours,' after 'En Ménage.' 'Là-bas' (1891) on the contrary is the logical sequence of 'À Rebours' in the moral evolution of Huysmans.

For the first time appears Durtal whom we are to find again in several subsequent works; he is the mouthpiece of the author. From the very start he gives us a new profession of faith which is a scathing condemnation of all that Huysmans had formerly lauded: "what I object to in naturalism is not the

dull, heavy, stone-colored effect of its clumsy style, but the filthiness of its ideas: I accuse it of having made materialism incarnate in literature and glorified the democracy of art! "

A seeker of the supernatural, Durtal undertakes to write a monograph on Marshal Gilles de Rais, the Bluebeard of the legend. In studying medieval occultism he is led to Black Magic of the present day. Madame Chantelouve, an adept of the doctrine, introduces him to the mysteries of the Black Mass celebrated by the sacrilegious deacon Docre. We find here the history of that Satanism which persisted from the sixteenth century to our age. In contrast to these demoniacal figures, maddened by an unhealthy desire to penetrate the occult, we have Carhaix the bell-ringer of St. Sulpice Church and his wife, simple and upright people to whom the sympathy of the author goes out as the story advances. The book ends in a curse upon the existing social order and the century. From the top of St. Sulpice steeple Carhaix hears away down below him the crowd shouting itself hoarse in honor of General Boulanger just elected a Deputy. " The people nowadays," says the bell-ringer contemptuously, " ah, they would not cheer like that for a man of learning or an artist, nor even for the supernatural human being, the saint." " Down here, everything is dead and decayed," retorts one of the lookers-on.

Huysmans was still hesitating, but his path was already mapped out for him by the two obvious tendencies shown in ' Là-bas ': contempt for modern life, disgust for the evil he had fathomed to its utmost depths.

Some time in 1892, he took a decisive step and went for a retreat at the convent of the Trappists of Notre-Dame d'Igny. This glimpse of monastic and contemplative life made a profound impression on his soul. It was the starting point of his conversion, which is told in ' En Route ' (1895), " the strangest story of the strangest conversion that was ever seen." This book is in no way a novel; it is the history of a soul groping blindly after the light of faith. The reader may look in vain for incidents, for there are none, except perhaps the visits to St. Sulpice and St. Séverin and an account of a retreat at the Trappist Monastery. This self-examination of a sinner under the influence of religious emotion has nothing in common with the self-analysis of a Bourget or with the cult of the Ego of a Barrès, who describe the feelings of more or less hypothetical characters. Huysmans shows us his bare soul without any disguise. Although he used the medium of fiction he is as frank and personal as Bunyan is in ' Grace Abounding ' and a great deal more so than Rousseau in his ' Confessions.' The whole book is a kind of thinking aloud, and although the emotions it describes reach to the very depth of the soul, it is not emotional; it is sober, terse, ratiocinative in tone. But, in spite of all his efforts, Durtal has not yet attained his end: faith.

The subject of ' La Cathédrale ' (1898) is extremely simple. Abbé Gévresin goes to Chartres as vicar-general of a friend of his who has been nominated bishop of that historic town. Durtal joins his adviser of ' En Route.' His

religious studies are far from complete, the world of men is no longer of any interest to him, and he wishes to plunge himself in an atmosphere of faith. He has mastered plain-song and mysticism in 'En Route,' but how much remains to be learned on the religious arts, architecture, sculpture, painting! And what better subject of study could anywhere be found than the Cathedral of Chartres? A complete history of the religion of the Old and the New Testament, of the Apocryphal gospels, of the lives of the saints, even of the popular legends, is derived from the study of this marvelous poem of stone, interwoven with descriptions in the most splendid poetic prose. Seldom has a monument of faith been celebrated in such masterful and pictorial style. In the end Durtal, feeling an ever-growing distaste for this profane world, makes up his mind to go and live in a cloister.

Huysmans tried to realize the dream of Durtal, but as he had said in 'En Route,' the man of letters was not yet dead in him, and he dreamed of a kind of community of littérateurs and artists who would lead a quasi-religious life, dividing their time between work and prayer.

But where should he find men so peculiarly inclined? His friend and disciple Jean de Caldain thought of Charles-Marie Dulac, the mystic painter, who entered into their views with enthusiasm; the old monastery of the Benedictines of Ligugé near Poitiers was chosen as their retreat, but the two oblates could not be admitted permanently there; they would have to find a dwelling somewhere in the neighborhood. A priest, Father Ferret of St. Sulpice Church, who wished to join them, obtained the help of two wealthy friends, M. and Mme. Léon Leclaire, who furnished funds for the erection of a small house adjoining the abbey. When everything was ready, Father Ferret and Dulac had died, De Caldain, perhaps afraid of a tête-à-tête with his friend, declined to go, and Huysmans went alone. Huysmans remained at Ligugé about two years. He worked hard and followed the divine services with the monks. During this time he wrote 'La Magie en Poitou,' 'Ste. Lydwine de Schiedam' (1901), and 'L'Oblat' (1903), which is a study of Benedictine life and completes what might be called the cycle of the conversion. But the religious orders having been interdicted in France the monastery was closed and the writer had to leave; Ligugé had no longer any attraction for him.

Huysmans then returned to Paris, and manifested a great joy in finding again the artistic treasures of the capital. But this pleasure wore out rapidly; he felt unhappy, out of place. He became restless; unable to stand the slightest noise after the great calm of the country, he constantly changed his lodgings. Finally he was stricken by cancer and died in 1907. According to his last wishes he was buried in his cowl. Shortly before, he had published 'Les Foules de Lourdes,' an extremely curious and picturesque description of the great pilgrimages which gather every year at the famous shrine of the Holy Virgin. The book, although pervaded by the highest religious sentiment, was not readily accepted by the narrow-minded, being considered too realistic.

Huysmans tried his hand at journalism with scant success; he obstinately refused to pay any attention to the feelings of subscribers, and thus drove several editors to despair.

As an art critic he showed rare instinctive knowledge of painting and remarkable foresight. He was one of the first to wage a vigorous campaign in favor of the impressionistic school. He endorsed Moreau, Pissarro, Monet, Whistler, and Rops the etcher, when it was considered bad form and rank lack of taste to admire them. His articles collected in the volumes, 'Art Moderne' (1883), 'Certains' (1889), are a notable contribution to the history of the art of that period. In 'Trois Primitifs' (1905) he analyzed masterfully the works of ancient artists, notably Mathias Grünewald. In 'Les Vieux Quartiers de Paris' (1890), 'La Bièvre et St. Séverin' (1898), 'Les Gobelins' (1901), and 'Le Quartier Notre-Dame' (1905), he made splendid use of his qualities as pen-painter in giving the most vivid and suggestive descriptions of old quarters of the French capital generally neglected by tourists.

Huysmans' work is interesting from more than one point of view. His evolution from realism to mystic faith through spiritual epicureanism, black magic, and occultism is a problem strangely attractive to the psychologist. But it is probably as a pure artist, as a master of words, that he deserves our complete admiration. Huysmans, true to his ancestry, was a born painter, and he turned to writing almost by accident. The painter's qualities, love and sense of color, keen judgment of values and masses are noticeable in every line he wrote. He painted all his life, but he wielded a pen instead of a brush.

PIERRE DE BACOURT

THE EXPERIMENTS OF DES ESSEINTES

From 'À Rebours'

IN the course of that strange malady which ravages bred-out races, sudden periods of calm follow upon crises; without his being able to explain why, Des Esseintes awoke one fine morning in perfect health. He no longer had the racking cough, the hammer-blows on the back of his neck, but an ineffable sensation of well-being, a lightness of the brain in which his thoughts were clarified, and changed from their opaque and glaucous state to fluid rainbow tints, like the exquisite gradations to be seen in soap-bubbles.

This state lasted several days; then suddenly one afternoon hallucinations of his sense of smell made their appearance.

His room was balmy with frangipani; he looked to see if a bottle were not lying about uncorked, but there was no bottle in the room. He went into his study, then into the dining-room; the odor still persisted.

He rang for his servant: — "Don't you smell anything?" said he. The other took a sniff of the air and declared that he could not smell any flower. There could no longer be any doubt, it was his neurosis back once again, under the appearance of a new illusion of the senses.

Worn out by the tenacity of the imaginary aroma, he decided to immerse himself in real perfumes, in the hope that this nasal homeopathy would cure him, or at least would retard his pursuit by the importunate frangipani.

He went into his dressing-room. Here, near a former font which he used as a wash-basin, under a long looking-glass framed in wrought iron, which thus shut in like a margin silvered by moonlight the green slumbering water of the mirror, there were ranged upon ivory shelves bottles of every size and shape.

He placed them on a table and divided them into two series: that of the simple perfumes, the extracts and tinctures, and that of the composite perfumes, designated by the general title of "bouquets."

Then he sank into an arm-chair and reflected.

For years he had been skilled in the science of odors. He believed that the sense of smell could experience pleasures equal to those of hearing and sight, each sense being able, as the result of a natural disposition or an erudite culture, to receive new impressions, to intensify them, to co-ordinate them, to make of them all that constitutes a work of art; and, after all, it was not more abnormal that an art should exist releasing odorous fluids than that others should by detaching waves of sound or by striking the retina of an eye with variously-colored rays. Only, if no one can distinguish, without a special intuition developed by study, the painting of a great master from a daub, an air by Beethoven from an air by Clapisson, no more can one, without due initiation, avoid confusing at the first encounter a "bouquet" created by a sincere artist with a hodge-podge manufactured by an industrialist for sale in groceries and on stalls.

As a matter of fact, perfumes have hardly ever come from the flowers whose names they bear; the artist who ventured to borrow his materials only from nature would produce only a bastard work, without truth or style, since the essence obtained by the distillation of flowers could offer but a very distant and very vulgar analogy with the real aroma of the living bloom, pouring out its odors in the open spaces.

And so with the exception of the admirable jasmine, which allows of no counterfeit, no likeness, which rejects the "just about as good," all the flowers are exactly represented by blends of alcohols and of spirits, that take from their model its very personality, and add to it that airy nothing, that heightened tone, that heady scent, that rare touch which characterizes a work of art.

In a word, in the creation of perfumes, the artist perfects the initial odor

given by nature, whose fragrance he cuts and mounts as a jeweler clarifies the water of a stone and makes it precious.

Little by little, the arcana of this art, the most neglected of all, had opened before Des Esseintes, who could now decipher its language — full of variety, as insinuating as that of literature — and its style, which under a vague shifting exterior is one of extraordinary precision.

To this end, he had had first to work upon the grammar, to grasp the syntax of odors, to gain a thorough knowledge of the rules which govern them, and once he had become familiar with this mode of expression, to compare the works of the masters — the Atkinsons and Lubins, the Chardins and Violets, the Legrands and Piesses — to take to pieces the framework of their sentences, weigh the proportions of their words, and the arrangement of their periods.

Then, in this language of fluids, experiment had to support theories which were too often incomplete and commonplace.

The classical art of perfumes, as a matter of fact, was lacking in diversity, almost colorless, uniformly shaped in a mold cast by the ancient chemists; it had become senile, confined in its old alembics, when the romantic period came into flower, and modified it like everything else, rendering it younger, more malleable, and more supple.

Its history followed that of our language, step for step. The perfumed Louis XIII style, made up of the elements dear to that period of orris-root, musk, civet, and myrtle-water, already designated by the name of "angel-water," was hardly sufficient to express the free graces, the rather crude tints of the time, which certain of the sonnets of Saint-Amand have kept for us. Later with myrrh, oliban, those mystical odors, powerful and austere, the pompous manners of the Great Century, the redundant artifices of rhetorical art, the broad, sustained, melodious style of Bossuet and the master-preachers were almost possible; later yet, the weary, sophisticated graces of French society under Louis XV more easily found their interpreter in frangipani and the "marechale," which in a sense were the very synthesis of that period. Then after the incurious boredom of the First Empire, which overindulged in Eau de Cologne and rosemary, perfumery followed Victor Hugo and Gautier headlong towards the Levant. It created oriental scents, spicy brilliant bouquets, discovered new tones and antitheses never till then attempted, tested and accepted old-fashioned nuances which it rendered more complex, refined, and rearranged. It resolutely rejected that voluntary decrepitude to which it had been reduced by the Malesherbes, the Boileaus, the Andrieuxes, the Baour-Lormians — the low distillers of its poems.

But this language had not remained stationary since the period of 1830. It had further evolved, and, modeling itself on the progress of the century, had advanced parallel with the other arts. It, too, had yielded to the desires of amateurs and artists, and had flung itself into the arms of the Chinese and

Japanese, creating fragrant albums, imitating the flower-clusters of Takeova, securing by alliances of lavender and clove the odor of the Rondeletia; by wedding patchouli and camphor, the unique aroma of Indian ink; by combinations of lemon, clove, and orange-flower oil, the emanation of the Japanese Hovenia.

Des Esseintes studied and analyzed the soul of these fluids, and carried out the explanation of these texts; he felt pleasure in playing for his personal satisfaction the part of the psychologist, in taking to pieces and reassembling the wheels of a work, in unscrewing the pieces that formed the structure of a composite emanation; and in the course of this exercise his sense of smell had attained the certainty of a well-nigh impeccable touch.

Just as the wine-merchant recognizes the vintage by savoring a drop of it; as a seller of hops, as soon as he gets the scent of a sack, can forthwith determine its exact value; as a Chinese merchant can immediately reveal the origin of the teas he smells, and tell in what farms of the Bohea mountains, in what Buddhist monasteries it has been cultivated, the age at which its leaves were plucked, and can give exactly the degrees of heat to which it has been subjected and the influence it has undergone from the proximity of flowers of the plum, the Aglaia, the Oleander, of all those perfumes which serve to modify its nature and to introduce into its rather dry fragrance a breath of far-off blossoms — so could Des Esseintes, by breathing the suspicion of an odor, immediately tell you the proportions of its component parts, explain the psychology of its mixture, almost give the name of the artist who had written it, and imprinted on it the personal mark of his style.

He of course had a collection of all the products used by perfumers; he even had some true Mecca balsam, that rare balm that is gathered only in certain parts of Arabia Petræa, and the monopoly in which is owned by the Grand Turk.

Now, seated in his dressing-room before his table, he was dreaming of creating a new "bouquet," and was experiencing that moment of hesitation, familiar to writers who after months of rest prepare to begin a new work.

Like Balzac, who was ridden by the imperious need of scribbling off many pages before he struck his stride, Des Esseintes recognized the necessity of first getting his hand in by some unimportant works; desiring to manufacture heliotrope, he weighed in his fingers flasks of almond and vanilla, then changed his mind and resolved to attempt sweet peas.

But he could not grasp the right expressions and methods; he fumbled. At all events, in the fragrance of this flower orange dominates. So he tried several combinations, and at last hit the correct tone by joining with the orange essence tuberose and rose, and uniting them all with a dash of vanilla.

Now his uncertainty was gone; a mild fever seized upon him, and he was ready for work. He created tea by mingling cassia and orris, then, sure of himself, he determined to advance boldly, to launch a thunderous phrase

whose mighty roar should overwhelm the whispers of that insidious frangipani which was still gliding into his room.

He manipulated amber, Tonkin musk, with its terrific pungency, and patchouli, the most acrid of vegetable perfumes, the flower of which in its natural state breathes a stale odor of damp and rust. Do what he might, he was obsessed by the phantom of the eighteenth century; panniered dresses and furbelows whirled before his eyes; memories of Boucher's Venuses, all flesh and no bone, stuffed with pink cotton-wool, appeared on his walls; recollections of the story of Themidore, of the exquisite Rosette, pursued him. In a fury, he got up, and to free himself from them sniffed as hard as he could the pure essence of spikenard, so dear to Orientals and so disagreeable to Europeans because of its too-pronounced flavor of valerian. He was stunned by the violence of the shock: as if pulverized by a hammer-blow the filigrees of the delicate fragrance vanished; he availed himself of this period of respite to escape from the antiquated vapors of dead centuries, and to enter, as he used formerly to do, upon less restrained or more novel constructions.

ANATOLE FRANCE

ANATOLE FRANCE stands in the front rank of modern French writers. He probably excelled in more different fields than any other writer of his time: in the essay and the novel, the short story and the *nouvelle,* in history, biography, autobiography of various kinds, reflective writing, satire, and criticism; he also did notable work in poetry and in the lighter and briefer forms of the drama.

He is complex and full of contradictions, yet direct, simple, and sincere. He combines cynicism and human sympathy, irony and pity, intellect and sensuality, mordant satire and generosity of judgment. He is a dilettante, yet a scholar; a sceptic, yet always ready to do battle for causes that he passionately believes in.

As a writer, he is of the direct lineage of Rabelais and Montaigne, of Molière and Pascal, of Voltaire and Musset; yet he is more modern than any adherent of the passing " schools," and nearer to tomorrow than any futurist. His style is finished, artistic, almost self-conscious; but it is one of the most clear and natural styles ever written, even in France. His ideas and personality, never for a moment absent or even subordinated in his work, are always interesting, and almost always admirable.

He was born at Paris, April 16, 1844. His father, Noël-France Thibault, had him christened Jacques-Anatole. The pen name, Anatole France, was therefore not, as has often been supposed, a somewhat pretentious attempt to identify himself with the character and spirit of the French nation (though his disciples may take it as accidentally symbolizing this identity), but a simple combination of part of his own given name with part of his father's. He got his early education in his father's book-shop on the Quai Voltaire, near the Institute of France; on the sidewalks along the Seine, lined with their boxes of second-hand books; and on the bridges, where he could loaf and watch those laziest things in life, the river and the fishermen. Like Stevenson, he expressed the spirit of leisure through more than fifty industrious volumes, without being, like Stevenson, urged on by sentence of early death. His schooling was completed in the streets and cafés of the Latin Quarter; and in the Collège Stanislas, where a thorough general training of the mind, chiefly through the medium of Latin, was still imposed upon all students, even the less industrious, to their lasting gratitude. Later, he was employed in the Library of the Senate for a good many years, until his success as a writer made him independent. In 1895 he was made an Officer of the Legion of Honor, and in 1896 elected to the French Academy.

His first literary work of any importance was a study of Alfred de Vigny, published in 1868. Vigny's noble pessimism, his artistic conscientiousness, his strength and reserve, naturally appealed to the young man who was just learning his art as a poet under the influence of Leconte de Lisle and the Parnassians, and who was to spend fully ten years of his life in devotion to poetry of the school of art for art's sake. He published 'Les Poèmes Dorés' [Golden Poems] in 1873, and 'Les Noces Corinthiennes' [The Corinthian Wedding] (a poem in dramatic form, later played at the Odéon) in 1876. The preface of the second work gives a characteristic expression of some of his ideas:

"In this book," he says, "I touch on great and delicate matters — matters of religion. I have dreamed over again the dream of faith; I have indulged in the illusion of a living belief. . . . I know there is no certitude except in science. . . . But it would be an unscientific idea to think that science can ever replace religion. So long as man shall suck the milk of his mother's breast, he will be consecrated in the temple and initiated into some divine mystery. He will dream dreams. And what matter though the dream be a lie, if only it is beautiful?"

The 'Poèmes Dorés' is dedicated to Leconte de Lisle. It gives us charming pictures, especially from classical antiquity, in finished verse; but has little substance or imaginative force. A characteristic line is the last one of 'La Sagesse des Griffons,'

Eternal vows of lips that live a day.

His first important attempt in fiction was not published until he was thirty-five years old and was a small volume containing two *nouvelles:* 'Jocasta,' and 'The Famished Cat.' His first marked success, 'The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard' (crowned by the French Academy), came in 1881. This was soon followed by 'The Desires of Jean Servien' (1882); and he was now fairly launched on his career as a writer of fiction. Important later works among those which most closely approach the novel as a type, were 'Thaïs' (1890), and 'The Red Lily' (1894). He also began during these years the series of half-autobiographical works of fiction, with one of the best of them, full of pictures from his own youth, 'My Friend's Book' (1885); and the series of sketches and stories, of which 'Balthasar' (1889), and 'Mother of Pearl' (1892), are important examples.

Meanwhile he had devoted himself even more assiduously to criticism, in which, probably without intending to do so, he founded a new school. The most important of his articles were collected into four volumes called 'La Vie Littéraire' [Life and Letters], published in 1888, 1890, 1891, and 1892. His theory, so far as he has one, is best expressed in the prefaces of the first two volumes. He is against the old-fashioned types of criticism: the dogmatic, that would judge and classify; the technical — he avows by this time, in spite of his early verse, that he is not interested in technique; the historical, that

studies a work of art as the expression of an epoch and a race; the biographical, that studies chiefly the individual behind the work; and every other type that could be called in any sense objective. Anatole France maintains, or rather suggests, that the critic should give only his own impressions and reactions in the presence of a work of art; and that, strive as he will, he can do nothing else but this, more or less frankly and vividly:

"There is no such thing as objective criticism, any more than there is objective art: those who flatter themselves that they can put anything but themselves into their work are dupes of the most false illusion. In truth, we can never get out of ourselves — that is our human fate. . . . We are all shut up in ourselves, as in an everlasting prison. The best thing for us to do, methinks, is to accept this frightful fact with the best grace possible, and admit that we are talking of ourselves whenever we have not the strength to keep silence.

"To be honest, the critic should say: 'Gentlemen, I am going to talk to you about myself, apropos of Shakespeare, Racine, Pascal, or Goethe. They offer an excellent occasion for doing so.'"

And again:

"Criticism, as I understand it, is a kind of novel written for the delight of wide-awake and inquisitive minds; and every novel, if you understand it rightly, is an autobiography. The real critic is he who recounts the adventures of his soul among masterpieces."

This summary of Anatole France's attitude and method in criticism expresses exactly his attitude toward life, and his method of treating his characters, in his later and most characteristic fiction. Apropos of his people and the events of their lives, he recounts his own opinions and the adventures of his soul. The stories are loosely constructed, and they often lack movement; but they have the unity of his own personality and ideas. No matter if they lead by wandering ways to no conclusion. He quotes with enthusiasm:

"Happy the man who, like Ulysses, has gone on wondrous journeys."

This is what Anatole France himself has done in his later works of fiction. They are an Odyssey of the modern intellect.

Most important among them are the two series of books in which the Abbé Coignard and M. Bergeret, both representing Anatole France himself, play the leading rôles. The scene of the first series is laid in the early eighteenth century; it begins with 'At the Sign of the Queen Pédauque,' and is continued in 'The Opinions of M. Jérome Coignard,' in the preface of which France gives a description of the Abbé Coignard, in phrases that are often applicable to himself:

"He despised men with loving kindness. . . . It was his benevolence that made him satirize his fellow-men in their feelings, their philosophy, their science, and their institutions; for he wanted to show them that their childish

nature has not imagined or built up anything that is worth attacking or defending very passionately. . . . The least developed of his faculties was the sense of veneration. . . . If we only judged each other with a charitable scepticism, quarrels would be less intense in this finest land on earth, and the teachings of Abbé Coignard would have contributed something to the universal good."

Like the Abbé Coignard, Anatole France believes in virtue, but is tolerant of vice. In this he is the opposite of Rousseau, who was intolerant of vice (except his own) without having any real belief in virtue. The Abbé looks on at life, keen and humorous, cynical and pitying, almost always sceptical about men's motives, but always interested in them.

The second series deals with our own day, and has the general title 'Contemporary History.' It consists of four volumes: 'The Elm Tree on the Mall' (1897); 'The Wicker Dummy' (1897); 'The Amethyst Ring' (1899); 'M. Bergeret in Paris' (1901). In this series are contained many of Anatole France's best satirical and ironical pictures of life, and many of his best sayings, usually put in the mouth of Monsieur Bergeret, the provincial professor, who is transferred to Paris at the middle point of the series. We have the intrigues of a university town, the ecclesiastical intrigues of various candidates for a certain bishopric, the political intrigues of clericals, anti-clericals, free-thinking republicans, Catholic Jews, and financiers. In the last two volumes the Dreyfus case plays a large rôle. In connection with it, France abandons his characteristic attitude of suspended judgment, and comes out strongly on the side of the Dreyfusards. Political satire occupies a large part of the later works, and is at its best in 'Penguin Island' (1908). The Penguins having been baptized by an overzealous missionary, God solves the difficult problem as to whether they have souls or not, by changing them into men. The history of this newly created human society contains many incidents suggestively characteristic of medieval and modern Europe. Perhaps no better example of Anatole France's manner in political satire could be found than the following description of Draco the Great, hero of the Middle Ages:

"He carried fire indifferently over the territory of the enemy and his own domain; and he was wont to say, to explain his conduct: 'War without burning is like tripe without mustard — it is insipid.' His justice was rigorous. When the peasants whom he had taken prisoner could not pay their ransom, he had them hanged on a tree; and if any unhappy woman came to beg his mercy on her penniless husband, he dragged her by the hair of her head at the tail of his horse. He lived like a soldier, free from effeminacy. It is a pleasure to acknowledge that his morals were pure."

France's religious satire, continued throughout his work, and at its best in 'The White Stone' (1905), and 'The Revolt of the Angels' (1914), is not quite so effective as the political. Perhaps it is a bit too obvious. Yet it is expressed with as much engaging irony as any of his ideas. The late Stuart

Sherman summarized this part of his work in a dozen words: "A late, unpersecuted Voltaire, he would gently laugh Jehovah out of Paradise." He takes Montaigne's motto: "Que sçais-je?" and Montaigne's method of being irrefutable because, while he affirms nothing, he likewise denies nothing. He simply asks questions. And, like Voltaire, he makes amusing and suggestive comparisons, and tells clever stories. He is unlike Voltaire, in that he takes an interested delight in all the phenomena of religion and superstition. One of his best characters is Bergeret's little dog, Riquet, whose reflections often take a theological turn, and make a deity out of his master, the insignificant old Professor:

"My master keeps me warm when I lie behind him in his arm-chair. That is because he is a god. . . . I love my master, Bergeret, because he is terrible and powerful. . . ."

"I speak when I choose. From my master's mouth, too, issue sounds which have a kind of meaning. But their meaning is less plain than that which I express with my voice. Everything uttered by my voice means something. But from my master's mouth comes much senseless noise. . . . It is difficult, but necessary, to define the thought of the master. . . .

"An action for which one is thrashed is a bad action. An action for which one is caressed or given something to eat is a good action.

"O my master, Bergeret, God of slaughter, I adore thee. Praised be thou when thou art terrible, praised when thou art gracious! Great art thou and beautiful when, seated at thy spread table, thou devourest abundant meats. Great art thou and beautiful when, bringing forth fire from a tiny stick of wood, thou changest night into day."

Some of Riquet's reflections might possibly apply to the methods of modern science in the presence of nature, as well as to those of primitive religion:

"There are carriages which horses draw in the streets. They are terrible. There are also carriages which move of themselves, snorting loudly. These, too, are full of malice.

"Men, animals, and stones grow larger as they approach me, and become enormous when they are quite close. It is not so with me. I remain the same size wherever I am."

This last may be contrasted with Bergeret's own reflections upon the unfaithfulness of his wife:

"'No doubt,' he said to himself, 'this event is commonplace and of small importance, but since I am of small importance myself in the world of common humanity, I am proportioned to it; and I have a right to think it of importance to me, and not to be ashamed of the pain it causes me.'"

Some of Anatole France's satire is ephemeral — the more so, the more it is successful. Many of his works will, like Voltaire's (he would hardly be displeased with this comparison) be little read in future just because they are so

successful in their immediate effectiveness. But much, especially of the social satire, is permanently true. Its peculiar irony is inimitable. Here are two more examples of it, quoted by Brandes:

"She was the widow of four husbands, a dreadful woman, suspected of everything except of having loved — consequently, honored and respected."

"The law, in its majestic impartiality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread."

Up to the time of the Great War, Anatole France continued to be an active political worker, an effective speaker, and even a partisan socialist. He published two volumes of 'Opinions Sociales' in 1902 (the second volume containing his most important writings on the famous "case"), and in 1906, three volumes of addresses entitled 'Pour le Prolétariat.' Another important volume in this field is 'Vers les Temps Meilleurs' (1908). An especially successful bit of social propaganda is one of his stories, 'Crainquebille' (1903), later rewritten as a play. It tells how a worthy huckster, waiting in the street for his money from a customer, is ordered by a policeman to "move on." Trying to explain, he is arrested for resisting authority and using an insulting phrase to the police. Under the blight of having been in prison, he goes rapidly down hill, until the only chance of saving himself from starvation and freezing is to get arrested again. But now, when from the gutter he deliberately throws at the nearest policeman the same insulting phrase he was accused of using before, the representative of law and order merely shrugs his shoulders and indifferently tells him to behave himself.

As a play, 'Crainquebille' was successful through its bald simplicity and tragic force. Two other brief plays by Anatole France have proved available for the stage. 'As Luck Will Have It' [Au Petit Bonheur], 1898, is a light and delicate trifle in the style of Musset's 'Proverbs,' and perhaps the best thing of the kind since Musset, which is saying much. 'The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife' [La Comédie de Celui Qui Épousa Une Femme Muette] was first written merely to entertain the Society of Rabelaisian Studies for part of an evening at one of their meetings. But it succeeded so well that it was at once taken up by a regular theater, the Porte-Saint-Martin, in the spring of 1912, and again at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in the autumn. As produced in English by Granville Barker, it ran throughout the seasons of 1915 and 1916 in America, and that of 1917 in London. Founded on Rabelais' brief description of a medieval play which is lost — or perhaps never existed — it reproduces perfectly the tone, spirit, and method of medieval farce.

At least two others must be mentioned among the sixty or seventy titles of his works. His 'Life of Jeanne d'Arc' (1908, two volumes) satisfied neither the religious nor the rationalistic conceptions of the Maid, and is perhaps all the better for that. It pictures her as neither inspired nor charlatan, but nobly deluded; as neither a great leader nor (as Monsieur Bergeret once called

her) just a sort of military mascot; but very human, simple, and true — in short, such a simple paradoxical nature as Anatole France himself could best understand and picture. And in this case his work is that of a thorough historical student, carefully documented.

At the beginning of the Great War, in 1914, France, though past seventy years old, volunteered for active service at the front, and did his utmost to compel the Government to accept him, but without success. The Government of course was right — he did better service in his own capacity as a writer. 'The Path of Glory,' published in 1915, had not even a touch of his habitual irony, except in one clever passage where he adapts some fragments from Herodotus to the events of today. It was written throughout with conviction and with eloquence.

In October 1924, after a short illness, Anatole France died at his summer home, Villa Saïd. He was given a public funeral in Paris, at which eulogies were pronounced by prominent men of letters.

Some critics, notably Brandes, have found in the career of Anatole France a complete transformation, beginning with the Dreyfus case, from a sceptical poseur and egotist, to the passionate advocate of a cause. I doubt if this is the true explanation of those contradictions which seem so prominent in his work. The contradictions are there; but they are there throughout his career. He is from the beginning a sincere worshiper of art and beauty, and even of the religious idealism hidden under theological and ecclesiastical systems. He was always a devotee of the French national genius and its most characteristic manifestations in literature and art and life, though not always an admirer of the nation's politicians, or its army leaders, or its accepted church. Always there was present the charity in his scepticism, the pity in his irony, the humanity in his satire. His own works were just what he calls 'Don Quixote' and 'Candide,' in a striking passage in 'The Garden of Epicurus' — "Manuals of indulgence and pity, Bibles of good will." His religion of humanity developed steadily throughout his life, as he grew to know men better; which is perhaps something to the credit of one who saw with a steadily increasing clearness the errors and weakness and pettiness of mankind. And of his two last works, published within a year of each other, one was the most sceptical and ironical of them all, 'The Revolt of the Angels,' and the other, 'The Path of Glory,' carried the least of irony and the most of conviction.

Perhaps after all the mystery of the contradictions is not so great, and the solution is his simple and complete self-expression. He had a sceptical intellect and a believing heart; joyous senses and an active will. He refused to mutilate himself by lopping off any part of his being; he even refused to subordinate any part, like lesser men, for the sake of consistency. Nothing could be more simple, or more sincere. And he had an ironic smile, or sometimes a hearty laugh, at the critics who tried so hard to explain his complexities, reconcile his contradictions, and pluck out the heart of his deep-hidden mystery. He

said in the preface to his first volume of criticism: "You will find in my work perfect sincerity, plentiful charity, and a natural liking for the beautiful and the good"; and in the preface to the second volume (written in 1889):

"They tell me that after having proclaimed the principle of philosophic doubt, at the very next minute I abandon the sublime detachment of the philosopher, to cast myself into the vortex of joy and pain, of love and hate. . . . But you must allow to poor weak man the privilege of not always bringing his principles and his feelings into perfect accord. You must let everyone have at least two or three philosophies. For unless you have created it yourself, there is no reason for thinking that any one is the only true one. . . . What people have cared for in me is no doubt my sincerity. Anyone can win interest and liking, on the condition of being absolutely genuine. It is by giving myself completely that I have won unknown friends."

Anatole France had always, when convinced, the courage of his convictions. He also, on occasion, had the courage of his lack of convictions, and this, because it is rarer and more difficult, made a much more vivid impression during most of his career. He has been called, rightly enough, a master in disillusion. But he is also a master in illusion, and in conviction.

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

IN THE GARDENS

From 'The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.' Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers

APRIL 16

ST. DROCTOVEUS and the early abbots of Saint-Germain-des-Prés have been occupying me for the past forty years; but I do not know whether I shall be able to write their history before I go to join them. It is already quite a long time since I became an old man. One day last year, on the Pont des Arts, one of my fellow-members at the Institute was lamenting before me over the *ennui* of becoming old.

"Still," Sainte-Beuve replied to him, "it is the only way that has yet been found of living a long time."

I have tried this way, and I know just what it is worth. The trouble of it is not that one lasts too long, but that one sees all about him pass away — mother, wife, friends, children. Nature makes and unmakes all these divine treasures with gloomy indifference, and at last we find that we have not loved — we have only been embracing shadows. But how sweet some shadows are! If ever creature glided like a shadow through the life of a man, it was certainly that young girl whom I fell in love with when — incredible though it now seems — I was myself a youth.

A Christian sarcophagus from the catacombs of Rome bears a formula of imprecation, the whole terrible meaning of which I only learned with time. It says: — "*Whatsoever impious man violates this sepulcher, may he die the last of his own people!*" In my capacity of archæologist I have opened tombs and disturbed ashes, in order to collect the shreds of apparel, metal ornaments, or gems that were mingled with those ashes. But I did it only through that scientific curiosity which does not exclude the feelings of reverence and of piety. May that malediction graven by some one of the first followers of the Apostles upon a martyr's tomb never fall upon me! I ought not to fear to survive my own people so long as there are men in the world; for there are always some whom one can love.

But the power of love itself weakens and gradually becomes lost with age, like all the other energies of man. Example proves it; and it is this which terrifies me. Am I sure that I have not myself already suffered this great loss? I should surely have felt it, but for the happy meeting which has rejuvenated me. Poets speak of the Fountain of Youth: it does exist; it gushes up from the earth at every step we take. And one passes by without drinking of it!

The young girl I loved, married of her own choice to a rival, passed, all gray-haired, into the eternal rest. I have found her daughter — so that my life, which before seemed to me without utility, now once more finds a purpose and a reason for being.

Today I "take the sun," as they say in Provence; I take it on the terrace of the Luxembourg, at the foot of the statue of Marguerite de Navarre. It is a spring sun, intoxicating as young wine. I sit and dream. My thoughts escape from my head like the foam from a bottle of beer. They are light, and their fizzing amuses me. I dream; such a pastime is certainly permissible to an old fellow who has published thirty volumes of texts, and contributed to the Journal des Savants for twenty-six years. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I performed my task as well as it was possible for me, and that I utilized to their fullest extent those mediocre faculties with which nature endowed me. My efforts were not all in vain, and I have contributed, in my own modest way, to that renaissance of historical labors which will remain the honor of this restless century. I shall certainly be counted among those ten or twelve who revealed to France her own literary antiquities. My publication of the poetical works of Gautier de Coincy inaugurated a judicious system and made a date. It is in the austere calm of old age that I decree to myself this deserved credit, and God, who sees my heart, knows whether pride or vanity have aught to do with this self-award of justice.

But I am tired; my eyes are dim; my hand trembles, and I see an image of myself in those old men of Homer, whose weakness excluded them from the battle, and who, seated upon the ramparts, lifted up their voices like crickets among the leaves.

So my thoughts were wandering, when three young men seated themselves

near me. I do not know whether each one of them had come in three boats, like the monkey of La Fontaine, but the three certainly displayed themselves over the space of twelve chairs. I took pleasure in watching them, not because they had anything very extraordinary about them, but because I discerned in them that brave joyous manner which is natural to youth. They were from the schools. I was less assured of it by the books they were carrying than by the character of their physiognomy. For all who busy themselves with the things of the mind can be at once recognized by an indescribable something which is common to all of them. I am very fond of young people; and these pleased me, in spite of a certain provoking wild manner which recalled to me my own college days with marvelous vividness. But they did not wear velvet doublets and long hair, as we used to do; they did not walk about, as we used to do, with a death's-head; they did not cry out, as we used to do, " Hell and malediction! " They were quite properly dressed, and neither their costume nor their language had anything suggestive of the Middle Ages. I must also add that they paid considerable attention to the women passing on the terrace, and expressed their admiration of some of them in very animated language. But their reflections, even on this subject, were not of a character to oblige me to flee from my seat. Besides, so long as youth is studious, I think it has a right to its gaieties.

One of them having ventured some gallant pleasantry which I forget, the smallest and darkest of the three exclaimed, with a slight Gascon accent: —

" What a thing to say! Only physiologists like us have any right to occupy ourselves about living matter. As for you, Gélis, who only live in the past — like all your fellow archivists and paleographers — you will do better to confine yourself to those stone women over there, who are your contemporaries."

And he pointed to the statues of the Ladies of Ancient France which towered up, in a white half-circle under the trees of the terrace. This joke, though in itself trifling, enabled me to know that the young man called Gélis was a student at the École des Chartes. From the conversation which followed I was able to learn that his neighbor, blond and wan almost to diaphaneity, taciturn and sarcastic, was Boulmier, a fellow-student. Gélis and the future doctor (I hope he will become one some day) discoursed together with much fantasy and spirit. In the midst of the loftiest speculations they would play upon words, and make jokes after the peculiar fashion of really witty persons — that is to say, in a style of enormous absurdity. I need hardly say, I suppose, that they only deigned to maintain the most monstrous kind of paradoxes. They employed all their powers of imagination to make themselves as ludicrous as possible, and all their powers of reasoning to assert the contrary of common-sense. All the better for them! I do not like to see young folks too rational.

The student of medicine, after glancing at the title of the book that Boulmier held in his hand, exclaimed: —

"What! — you read Michelet — you?"

"Yes," replied Boulmier very gravely. "I like novels."

Gélis, who dominated both by his fine stature, imperious gestures, and ready wit, took the book, turned over a few pages rapidly, and said: —

"Michelet always had a great propensity to emotional tenderness. He wept sweet tears over Maillard, that nice little man who introduced *la paperasserie* into the September massacres. But as emotional tenderness leads to fury, he becomes all at once furious against the victims. There is no help for it. It is the sentimentality of the age. The assassin is pitied, but the victim is considered quite unpardonable. In his later manner Michelet is more Michelet than ever before. There is no common-sense in it; it is simply wonderful! Neither art nor science, neither criticism nor narrative; only furies and fainting spells and epileptic fits over matters which he never deigns to explain. Childish outcries — *envies de femme grosse!* — and a style, my friends! — not a single finished phrase! It is astounding!"

And he handed the book back to his comrade. "This is amusing madness," I thought to myself, "and not quite so devoid of common-sense as it appears. This young man, though only in play, has sharply touched the defect in the cuirass."

But the Provençal student declared that history was a thoroughly despicable exercise of rhetoric. According to him, the only true history was the natural history of man. Michelet was in the right path when he came in contact with the fistula of Louis XIV, but he fell back into the old rut almost immediately afterwards.

After this judicious expression of opinion, the young physiologist went to join a party of passing friends. The two archivists, less well acquainted with the neighborhood of a garden so far from the Rue Paradis-aux-Marais, remained together, and began to chat about their studies. Gélis, who had completed his third class-year, was preparing a thesis, on the subject of which he expatiated with youthful enthusiasm. Indeed, I thought the subject a very good one, particularly because I had recently thought myself called upon to treat a notable part of it. It was the 'Monasticum Gallicanum.' The young erudite (I give him the name as a presage) wants to describe all the engravings made about 1690 for the work which Dom Michel Germain would have had printed, but for the one irremediable hindrance which is rarely foreseen and never avoided. Dom Michel Germain left his manuscript complete, however, and in good order when he died. Shall I be able to do as much with mine — but that is not the present question. So far as I am able to understand, M. Gélis intends to devote a brief archæological notice to each of the abbeys pictured by the humble engravers of Dom Michel Germain.

His friend asked him whether he was acquainted with all the manuscripts and printed documents relating to the subject. It was then that I pricked up my ears. They spoke at first of original sources; and I must confess they did

so in a satisfactory manner, despite their innumerable and detestable puns. Then they began to speak about contemporary studies on the subject.

"Have you read," asked Boulmier, "the notice of Courajod?"

"Good!" I thought to myself.

"Yes," replied Gélis; "it is accurate."

"Have you read," said Boulmier, "the article by Tamisey de Larroque in the Revue des Questions Historiques?"

"Good!" I thought to myself, for the second time.

"Yes," replied Gélis, "it is full of things." . . .

"Have you read," said Boulmier, "the 'Tableau des Abbayes Bénédictines en 1600,' by Sylvestre Bonnard?"

"Good!" I said to myself, for the third time.

"*Ma foi!* no!" replied Gélis. "Bonnard is an idiot!"

Turning my head, I perceived that the shadow had reached the place where I was sitting. It was growing chilly, and I thought to myself what a fool I was to have remained sitting there, at the risk of getting the rheumatism, just to listen to the impertinence of those two young fellows!

"Well! well!" I said to myself as I got up. "Let this prattling fledgling write his thesis, and sustain it! He will find my colleague Quicherat, or some other professor at the school, to show him what an ignoramus he is. I consider him neither more nor less than a rascal; and really, now that I come to think of it, what he said about Michelet awhile ago was quite insufferable, outrageous! To talk in that way about an old master replete with genius! It was simply abominable!"

CHILD-LIFE

From 'The Book of My Friend'

EVERYTHING in immortal nature is a miracle to the little child.

I was happy. A thousand things at once familiar and mysterious filled my imagination, a thousand things which were nothing in themselves, but which made my life. It was very small, that life of mine; but it was a life — which is to say, the center of all things, the kernel of the world. Do not smile at what I say — or smile only in sympathy, and reflect: whoever lives, be it only a dog, is at the center of all things.

Deciding to be a hermit and a saint, and to resign the good things of this world, I threw my toys out of the window.

"The child is a fool!" cried my father, closing the window. I felt anger and shame at hearing myself thus judged. But immediately I considered that my father, not being so holy as I, could never share with me the glory of the blessed, and this thought was for me a great consolation.

Every Saturday we were taken to confession. If any one will tell me why,

he will greatly oblige me. The practice inspired me with both respect and weariness. I hardly think it probable that M. le Curé took a lively interest in hearing my sins; but it was certainly disagreeable to me to cite them to him. The first difficulty was to find them. You can perhaps believe me, when I declare that at ten years of age I did not possess the psychic qualities and the methods of analysis which would have made it possible rationally to explore my inmost conscience. Nevertheless it was necessary to have sins: for — no sins, no confession. I had been given, it is true, a little book which contained them all: I had only to choose. But the choice itself was difficult. There was so much obscurely said of " larceny, simony, prevarication "! I read in the little book, " I accuse myself of having despaired; I accuse myself of having listened to evil conversations." Even this furnished little wherewith to burden my conscience. Therefore ordinarily I confined myself to " distractions." Distractions during mass, distractions during meals, distractions in " religious assemblies " — I avowed all; yet the deplorable emptiness of my conscience filled me with deep shame. I was humiliated at having no sins. . . .

I will tell you what, each year, the stormy skies of autumn, the first dinners by lamplight, the yellowing leaves on the shivering trees, bring to my mind; I will tell you what I see as I cross the Luxembourg garden in the early October days — those sad and beautiful days when the leaves fall, one by one, on the white shoulders of the statues there.

What I see then is a little fellow who with his hands in his pockets is going to school, hopping along like a sparrow. I see him in thought only, for he is but a shadow, a shadow of the " me " as I was twenty-five years ago. Really, he interests me — this little fellow. When he was living I gave him but little thought, but now that he is no more, I love him well. He was worth altogether more than the rest of the " me's " that I have been since. He was a happy-hearted boy as he crossed the Luxembourg garden in the fresh air of the morning. All that he saw then I see today. It is the same sky, and the same earth; the same soul of things is here as before — that soul that still makes me gay, or sad, or troubled: only *he* is no more! He was heedless enough, but he was not wicked; and in justice to him I must declare that he has not left me a single harsh memory. He was an innocent child that I have lost. It is natural that I should regret him; it is natural that I should see him in thought, and delight in recalling him to memory. . . .

Nothing is of more value for giving a child a knowledge of the great social machine than the life of the streets. He should see in the morning the milk-women, the water-carriers, the charcoal men; he should look in the shop windows of the grocer, the pork vender, and the wine-seller; he should watch the regiments pass, with the music of the band. In short, he should suck in the air of the streets, that he may learn that the law of labor is Divine, and that each man has his work to do in the world. . . .

Oh! ye sordid old Jews of the Rue Cherche-Midi, and you, my masters,

simple sellers of old books on the quays, what gratitude do I owe you! More and better than university professors, have you contributed to my intellectual life! You displayed before my ravished eyes the mysterious forms of the life of the past, and every sort of monument of precious human thought. In ferreting among your shelves, in contemplating your dusty display laden with the pathetic relics of our fathers and their noble thoughts, I have been penetrated with the most wholesome of philosophies. In studying the worm-eaten volumes, the rusty iron-work, the worn carvings of your stock, I experienced, child as I was, a profound realization of the fluent, changing nature of things and the nothingness of all, and I have been always since inclined to sadness, to gentleness, and pity.

The open-air school taught me, as you see, great lessons; but the home school was more profitable still. The family repast, so charming when the glasses are clear, the cloth white, and the faces tranquil — the dinner of each day with its familiar talk — gives to the child the taste for the humble and holy things of life, the love of loving. He eats day by day that blessed bread which the spiritual Father broke and gave to the pilgrims in the inn at Emmaus, and says, like them, "My heart is warmed within me." Ah! how good a school is the school of home! . . .

The little fellow of whom I spoke but just now to you, with a sympathy for which you pardon me, perhaps, reflecting that it is not egotistic but is addressed only to a shadow — the little fellow who crossed the Luxembourg garden, hopping like a sparrow — became later an enthusiastic humanist.

I studied Homer. I saw Thetis rise like a white mist over the sea, I saw Nausicaa and her companions, and the palm-tree of Delos, and the sky, and the earth, and the sea, and the tearful smile of Andromache. I comprehended, I felt. For six months I lived in the Odyssey. This was the cause of numerous punishments: but what to me were *pensums?* I was with Ulysses on his violet sea. Alcestis and Antigone gave me more noble dreams than ever child had before. With my head swallowed up in the dictionary on my ink-stained desk, I saw divine forms — ivory arms falling on white tunics — and heard voices sweeter than the sweetest music, lamenting harmoniously.

This again cost me fresh punishments. They were just; I was "busying" myself "with things foreign to the class." Alas! the habit remains with me still. In whatever class in life I am put for the rest of my days, I fear yet, old as I am, to encounter again the reproach of my old professor: "Monsieur Pierre Nozière, you busy yourself with things foreign to the class."

. . . . . .

But the evening falls over the plane-trees of the Luxembourg, and the little phantom which I have evoked disappears in the shadow. Adieu! little "me" whom I have lost, whom I should forever regret, had I not found thee again, beautified, in my son!

Translated for this series

LOVE AND HUNGER

From 'The Garden of Epicurus,' translated by Alfred Allinson. Copyright by John Lane Company, and reprinted by their permission

THERE is a little German book entitled, 'Notes to Illustrate the Book of Life' — the author's name Gerhard d'Amyntor — containing much that is true, and consequently much that is sad. In it we see depicted the ordinary conditions of women's life. "It is in these daily cares that the mother of a family loses her buoyancy and strength, and is worn to the very marrow of her bones. The everlasting question, 'What must we have for dinner today?' the constantly recurring necessity of sweeping floors, beating and brushing clothes, dusting furniture, all that is the never-ceasing drip-drip of the water-drop that slowly but surely breaks down mind as well as body in the long run. It is in front of the kitchen range that, by a cruel, commonplace magic, the pretty pink-and-white fairy, with her crystal laugh, is transformed into a smoke-dried and dismal-looking black mummy. On the sooty altar where the *pot-au-feu* simmers are sacrificed youth, freedom, beauty, joy!" Such, as near as may be, are Gerhard Amyntor's words.

This is indeed the lot of the vast majority of women. Life is hard for them, as it is for men. If we ask why existence in these days is so painful and laborious, the answer is — it cannot well be otherwise on a planet where the indispensable necessities of living are so scarce, and involve such toils and difficulties to produce and procure. Causes so deep-seated, and which depend on the very configuration of the earth, on its constitution, its flora and fauna, are, alas! permanent and necessary. Work, with whatever fairness it may be repartitioned, will always weigh heavy on the major part of men and women; few of either sex can have leisure to develop their beauty and intellect under esthetic conditions. Only Nature is to blame.

Meantime, what becomes of love? It fares as it may. Hunger is its great enemy. And it is an incontrovertible fact that women are hungry. It seems likely that in the twentieth, as in the nineteenth century, they will do the cooking — unless, indeed, Socialism brings back the period when the hunters devoured their quarry while the flesh was still warm, and Venus coupled forest lovers in the wilds. Then woman was free. I am going to make a confession: If I had created man and woman, I should have framed them on a type widely different from that which has actually prevailed — that of the higher mammifers. I should have made men and women, not to resemble the great apes as they do, but on the model of the insects which, after a lifetime as caterpillars, change into butterflies and for the brief final term of their existence have no other thought but to love and be lovely. I should have set youth at the end of the human span. Some insects, in their last metamorphosis, have

wings and no stomach. They are reborn in this purified form only to love an hour and die.

If I were a god, or rather a *demiurge* — for the Alexandrine philosophers teach that these minor works of creation are rather the business of the *demiurge,* or simply of some journeyman demon — well, if I were *demiurge* or demon, it is these insects I should have chosen as models whereon to fashion mankind. I should have preferred man to accomplish, like them, in the preliminary *larva* stage the disgusting functions necessary to nutrition. In this phase, the sexes would not have been distinguished, and hunger would not have degraded love. Then I should have so arranged that, in a final metamorphosis, man and woman, unfurling glittering wings, lived awhile on dew and desire and died in a rapturous kiss. Thus I should have added love as a crown and recompense of their mortal existence. Yes, it would have been better so. However, I did not make the world, and the *demiurge* who undertook the task did not take advice from me, if he ever consulted the philosophers and men of parts at all.

OUR LADY'S JUGGLER

From 'L'Étui de Nacre' [Mother of Pearl] translated by Frederic Chapman. Copyright by John Lane Company, and reprinted by their permission

I

IN the days of King Louis there was a poor juggler in France, a native of Compiègne, Barnaby by name, who went about from town to town performing feats of skill and strength.

On fair days he would unfold an old worn-out carpet in the public square, and when by means of a jovial address, which he had learned of a very ancient juggler, and which he never varied in the least, he had drawn together the children and loafers, he assumed extraordinary attitudes, and balanced a tin plate on the tip of his nose. At first the crowd would feign indifference.

But when, supporting himself on his hands, face downwards, he threw into the air six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine, and caught them again with his feet; or when throwing himself backwards until his heels and the nape of the neck met, giving his body the form of a perfect wheel, he would juggle in this posture with a dozen knives, a murmur of admiration would escape the spectators, and pieces of money rain down upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like the majority of those who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiègne had a great struggle to make a living.

Earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, he bore rather more than his share of the penalties consequent upon the misdoings of our father Adam.

Again, he was unable to work as constantly as he would have been willing to do. The warmth of the sun and the broad daylight were as necessary to enable him to display his brilliant parts as to the trees if flower and fruit should be expected of them. In winter time he was nothing more than a tree stripped of its leaves, and as it were dead. The frozen ground was hard to the juggler, and, like the grasshopper of which Marie de France tells us, the inclement season caused him to suffer both cold and hunger. But as he was simple-natured he bore his ills patiently.

He had never meditated on the origin of wealth nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that if this life should prove hard, the life to come could not fail to redress the balance, and this hope upheld him. He did not resemble those thievish and miscreant Merry Andrews who sell their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed God's name; he lived uprightly, and although he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbor's, since woman is ever the enemy of the strong man, as it appears by the history of Samson recorded in the Scriptures.

In truth, his was not a nature much disposed to carnal delights, and it was a greater deprivation to him to forsake the tankard than the Hebe who bore it. For whilst not wanting in sobriety, he was fond of a drink when the weather waxed hot. He was a worthy man who feared God, and was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

Never did he fail on entering a church to fall upon his knees before the image of the Mother of God, and offer up this prayer to her:

"Blessed Lady, keep watch over my life until it shall please God that I die, and when I am dead, insure to me the possession of the joys of paradise."

II

Now on a certain evening after a dreary wet day, as Barnaby pursued his road, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, on the watch for some barn where, though he might not sup, he might sleep, he perceived on the road, going in the same direction as himself, a monk, whom he saluted courteously. And as they walked at the same rate they fell into conversation with one another.

"Fellow traveler," said the monk, "how comes it about that you are clothed all in green? Is it perhaps in order to take the part of a jester in some mystery play?"

"Not at all, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you see me, I am called Barnaby, and for my calling I am a juggler. There would be no pleasanter calling in the world if it would always provide one with daily bread."

"Friend Barnaby," returned the monk, "be careful what you say. There is no calling more pleasant than the monastic life. Those who lead it are oc-

cupied with the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints; and, indeed, the religious life is one ceaseless hymn to the Lord."

Barnaby replied:

"Good father, I own that I spoke like an ignorant man. Your calling cannot be in any respect compared to mine, and although there may be some merit in dancing with a penny balance on a stick on the top of one's nose, it is not a merit which comes within the hail of your own. Gladly would I, like you, good father, sing my office day by day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a singular devotion. In order to embrace the monastic life I would willingly abandon the art by which from Soissons to Beauvais I am well known in upwards of six hundred towns and villages."

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity, and as he was not lacking in discernment, he at once recognized in Barnaby one of those men of whom it is said in the Scripture: Peace on earth to men of good will. And for this reason he replied:

"Friend Barnaby, come with me, and I will have you admitted into the monastery of which I am prior. He who guided St. Mary of Egypt in the desert set me upon your path to lead you into the way of salvation."

It was in this manner, then, that Barnaby became a monk. In the monastery into which he was received the religious vied with one another in the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and in her honor each employed all the knowledge and all the skill which God had given him.

The prior on his part wrote books dealing according to the rules of scholarship with the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice, with a deft hand, copied out these treatises upon sheets of vellum.

Brother Alexander adorned the leaves with delicate miniature paintings. Here was displayed the Queen of Heaven seated upon Solomon's throne, and while four lions were on guard at her feet, around the nimbus which encircled her head hovered seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, the gifts, namely, of Fear, Piety, Knowledge, Strength, Counsel, Understanding, and Wisdom. For her companions she had six virgins with hair of gold, namely, Humility, Prudence, Seclusion, Submission, Virginity, and Obedience.

At her feet were two little naked figures, perfectly white, in an attitude of supplication. These were souls imploring her all-powerful intercession for their soul's health, and we may be sure not imploring in vain.

Upon another page facing this, Brother Alexander represented Eve, so that the Fall and the Redemption could be perceived at one and the same time — Eve the Wife abased, and Mary the Virgin exalted.

Furthermore, to the marvel of the beholder, this book contained presentments of the Well of Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the

Sun, and the Garden Enclosed of which the Song of Songs tells us, the Gate of Heaven and the City of God, and all these things were symbols of the Blessed Virgin.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary.

He spent all his days carving images in stone, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair were white with dust, and his eyes continually swollen and weeping; but his strength and cheerfulness were not diminished, although he was now well gone in years, and it was clear that the Queen of Paradise still cherished her servant in his old age. Marbode represented her seated upon a throne, her brow encircled with an orb-shaped nimbus set with pearls. And he took care that the folds of her dress should cover the feet of her, concerning whom the prophet declared: My beloved is as a garden enclosed.

Sometimes, too, he depicted her in the semblance of a child full of grace, and appearing to say, "Thou art my God, even from my mother's womb."

In the priory, moreover, were poets who composed hymns in Latin, both in prose and verse, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and amongst the company was even a brother from Picardy who sang the miracles of Our Lady in rhymed verse and in the vulgar tongue.

III

Being a witness of this emulation in praise and the glorious harvest of their labors, Barnaby mourned his own ignorance and simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed, as he took his solitary walk in the little shelterless garden of the monastery, "wretched wight that I am, to be unable, like my brothers, worthily to praise the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have vowed my whole heart's affection. Alas! Alas! I am but a rough man and unskilled in the arts, and I can render you in service, blessed Lady, neither edifying sermons, nor treatises set out in order according to rule, nor ingenious paintings, nor statues truthfully sculptured, nor verses whose march is measured to the beat of feet. No gift have I, alas!"

After this fashion he groaned and gave himself up to sorrow. But one evening, when the monks were spending their hour of liberty in conversation, he heard one of them tell the tale of a religious man who could repeat nothing other than the Ave Maria. This poor man was despised for his ignorance; but after his death there issued forth from his mouth five roses in honor of the five letters of the name Mary (Marie), and thus his sanctity was made manifest.

Whilst he listened to this narrative Barnaby marveled yet once again at the loving kindness of the Virgin; but the lesson of that blessed death did not avail to console him, for his heart overflowed with zeal, and he longed to advance the glory of his Lady, who is in heaven.

How to compass this he sought but could find no way, and day by day he became the more cast down, when one morning he awakened filled full with

joy, hastened to the chapel, and remained there alone for more than an hour. After dinner he returned to the chapel once more.

And, starting from that moment, he repaired daily to the chapel at such hours as it was deserted, and spent within it a good part of the time which the other monks devoted to the liberal and mechanical arts. His sadness vanished, nor did he any longer groan.

A demeanor so strange awakened the curiosity of the monks.

These began to ask one another for what purposes Brother Barnaby could be indulging so persistently in retreat.

The prior, whose duty it is to let nothing escape him in the behavior of his children in religion, resolved to keep a watch over Barnaby during his withdrawals to the chapel. One day, then, when he was shut up there after his custom, the prior, accompanied by two of the older monks, went to discover through the chinks in the door what was going on within the chapel.

They saw Barnaby before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, head downwards, with his feet in the air, and he was juggling with six balls of copper and a dozen knives. In honor of the Holy Mother of God he was performing those feats, which aforetime had won him most renown. Not recognizing that the simple fellow was thus placing at the service of the Blessed Virgin his knowledge and skill, the two old monks exclaimed against the sacrilege.

The prior was aware how stainless was Barnaby's soul, but he concluded that he had been seized with madness. They were all three preparing to lead him swiftly from the chapel, when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from her juggler's forehead.

Then the prior, falling upon his face upon the pavement, uttered these words:

"Blessed are the simple-hearted, for they shall see God."

"Amen!" responded the old brethren, and kissed the ground.

RIQUET

From 'Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet, and Other Profitable Tales,' translated by Winifred Stephens. Published by John Lane Company, and reprinted by their permission

QUARTER-DAY had come. With his sister and daughter, Monsieur Bergeret was leaving the dilapidated old house in the Rue de Seine to take up his abode in a modern flat in the Rue de Vaugirard. Such was the decision of Zoé and the Fates.

During the long hours of the morning, Riquet wandered sadly through the devastated rooms. His most cherished habits were upset. Strange men, badly

dressed, rude and foul-mouthed, disturbed his repose. They penetrated even to the kitchen where they stepped into his dish of biscuit and his bowl of fresh water. The chairs were carried off as fast as he curled himself up on them; the carpets were pulled roughly from under his weary limbs. There was no abiding-place for him, not even in his own home.

To his credit be it said, that at first he attempted resistance. When the cistern was carried off he barked furiously at the enemy. But no one responded to his appeal; no one encouraged him, there was no doubt about it, his efforts were regarded with disapproval. Mademoiselle Zoé said to him sharply: "Be quiet!" And Mademoiselle Pauline added, "Riquet, you are silly!"

Henceforth he would abstain from useless warnings. He would cease to strive alone for the public weal. In silence he deplored the devastation of the household. From room to room he sought in vain for a little quiet. When the furniture removers penetrated into a room where he had taken refuge, he prudently hid beneath an as yet unmolested table or chest of drawers. But this precaution proved worse than useless; for soon the piece of furniture tottered over him, rose, then fell with a crash threatening to crush him. Terrified, with his hair all turned up the wrong way, he fled to another refuge no safer than the first.

But these inconveniences and even dangers were as nothing to the agony he was suffering at heart. His sentiments were the most deeply affected.

The household furniture he regarded not as things inert, but as living beneficent spirits, whose departure foreshadowed cruel misfortunes. Dishes, sugar-basins, pots and pans, all the kitchen divinities; arm-chairs, carpets, cushions, all the fetishes of the hearth, its Lares and its domestic gods had vanished. He could not believe that so great a disaster would ever be repaired. And sorrow filled his little heart to overflowing. Fortunately Riquet's heart resembled human hearts in being easily distracted and quick to forget its misfortunes.

During the long absence of the thirsty workmen, when old Angelique's broom raised ancient dust from the floor, Riquet breathed an odor of mice and watched the flight of a spider; thus was his versatile mind diverted. But he soon relapsed into sadness.

On the day of departure, when he beheld things growing hourly worse and worse, he grew desperate. It seemed to him above all things disastrous when he saw the linen being piled in dark cases. Pauline with eager haste was putting her frocks into a trunk. He turned away from her, as if she were doing something wrong. He shrank up against the wall and thought to himself: "Now the worst has come; this is the end of everything." Then, whether it were that he believed things ceased to exist when he did not see them, or whether he was simply avoiding a painful sight, he took care not to look in Pauline's direction. It chanced that as she was passing to and fro she noticed Riquet's attitude. It was sad: but to her it seemed funny, and she began to

laugh. Then, still laughing, she called out: "Come here! Riquet, come to me!" But he did not stir from his corner and would not even turn his head. He was not then in the mood to caress his young mistress, and, through some secret instinct, through a kind of presentiment, he was afraid of approaching the gaping trunk. Pauline called him several times. Then, as he did not respond, she went and took him up in her arms. "How unhappy we are!" she said to him; "what is wrong then?" Her tone was ironical. Riquet did not understand irony. He lay in Pauline's arms, sad and inert, affecting to see nothing and to hear nothing. "Riquet, look at me!" She said it three times and three times in vain. Then, pretending to be in a rage: "Silly creature," she cried, "in with you"; and she threw him into the trunk and shut the lid on him. At that moment, her aunt having called her, she went out of the room, leaving Riquet in the trunk.

He was seized with wild alarm; for he was very far from supposing that he had been playfully thrown into the trunk for a mere joke. Esteeming his situation about as bad as it could be, he was desirous not to make it worse by any imprudence. So he remained motionless for a few moments, holding his breath. Then he deemed it expedient to explore his dark prison. With his paws he felt the skirts and the linen upon which he had been so cruelly precipitated, endeavoring to find some way out of this terrible place. He had been thus engaged for two or three minutes, when he was called by Monsieur Bergeret, who had been getting ready to go out.

"Riquet! Riquet! Come for a walk on the quays, that is the land of glory. True, they have disfigured it by erecting a railway station of hideous proportions and striking ugliness. Architecture is a lost art. They have pulled down a nice-looking house at the corner of the Rue du Bac. They will doubtless put some unsightly building in its place. I trust that at least our architects may abstain from introducing upon the Quai d'Orsay that barbarous style of which they have given such a horrid example at the corner of the Rue Washington and the Champs Élysées! . . . Riquet! Riquet! Come for a walk on the quays. That is a glorious land. But architecture has deteriorated sadly since the days of Gabriel and of Louis. . . . Where is the dog? . . . Riquet! Riquet!"

The sound of Monsieur Bergeret's voice was a great consolation to Riquet. He replied by making a noise with his paws, scratching frantically against the wicker sides of the trunk.

"Where is the dog?" her father asked Pauline as she was returning with a pile of linen in her arms. "He is in the trunk, Papa."

"What, in the trunk! Why is he there?" asked Monsieur Bergeret.

"Because he was silly," replied Pauline.

Monsieur Bergeret liberated his friend. Riquet followed him into the hall, wagging his tail. Then a sudden thought occurred to him. He went back into the room, ran up to Pauline, and rubbed against her skirt. And not until he had wildly caressed her as evidence of his loyalty did he rejoin his master on

the staircase. He would have felt himself deficient in wisdom and religious feeling had he failed to display these signs of affection to one who had been so powerful as to plunge him into a deep trunk.

In the street, Monsieur Bergeret and his dog beheld the sad sight of their household furniture scattered over the pavement. The removers had gone off to the public-house round the corner, leaving the plate-glass mirror of Mademoiselle Zoé's wardrobe to reflect the passing procession of girls, workmen, shopkeepers, and Beaux Arts students, of drays, carts, and cabs, and the chemist's shop with its bottles and its serpents of Æsculapius. Leaning against a post was Monsieur Bergeret senior, smiling in his frame, mild, pale, and delicate looking, with his hair ruffled. With affectionate respect the son contemplated his parent whom he moved away from the post. He likewise lifted out of harm's way Zoé's little table, which looked ashamed at finding itself in the street.

Meanwhile Riquet was patting his master's legs with his paws, looking up at him with sorrowing beautiful eyes, which seemed to say:

"Thou, who wert once so rich and so powerful, canst thou have become poor? Canst thou have lost thy power, O my Master? Thou permittest men clothed in vile rags to invade thy sitting-room, thy bedroom, thy dining-room, to throw themselves upon thy furniture and pull it out of doors, to drag down the staircase thy deep arm-chair, thy chair and mine, for in it we repose side by side in the evening and sometimes in the morning too. I heard it groan in the arms of those tatterdemalions; that chair which is a fetish and a benignant spirit. Thou didst offer no resistance to the invaders. But if thou dost no longer possess any of those genii who once filled thy dwelling, if thou hast lost all, even those little divinities, which thou didst put on in the morning when getting out of bed, those slippers which I used to bite in my play, if thou art indigent and poor, O my Master, then what will become of me?"

THE FIRST CLOTHES

From 'Penguin Island,' translated by A. W. Evans. Copyright by John Lane Company, and reprinted by their permission

ONE day St. Maël was sitting by the seashore on a warm stone that he found. He thought it had been warmed by the sun and he gave thanks to God for it, not knowing that the Devil had been resting on it. The apostle was waiting for the monks of Yvern who had been commissioned to bring a freight of skins and fabrics to clothe the inhabitants of the island of Alca.

Soon he saw a monk called Magis coming ashore and carrying a chest upon his back. This monk enjoyed a great reputation for holiness.

When he had drawn near to the old man he laid the chest on the ground and wiping his forehead with the back of his sleeve, he said:

"Well, father, you wish then to clothe these penguins?"

"Nothing is more needful, my son," said the old man. "Since they have been incorporated into the family of Abraham these penguins share the curse of Eve, and they know that they are naked, a thing of which they were ignorant before. And it is high time to clothe them, for they are losing the down that remained on them after their metamorphosis."

"It is true," said Magis as he cast his eyes over the coast where the penguins were to be seen looking for shrimps, gathering mussels, singing or sleeping, "they are naked. But do you not think, father, that it would be better to leave them naked? Why clothe them? When they wear clothes and are under the moral law they will assume an immense pride, a vile hypocrisy, and an excessive cruelty."

"Is it possible, my son," sighed the old man, "that you understand so badly the effects of the moral law to which even the heathen submit?"

"The moral law," answered Magis, "forces men who are beasts to live otherwise than beasts, a thing that doubtless puts a constraint upon them, but that also flatters and reassures them; and as they are proud, cowardly, and covetous of pleasure, they willingly submit to restraints that tickle their vanity and on which they found both their present security and the hope of their future happiness. That is the principle of all morality. . . . But let us not mislead ourselves. My companions are unloading their cargo of stuffs and skins on the island. Think, father, while there is still time! To clothe the penguins is a very serious business. At present when a penguin desires a penguin he knows precisely what he desires and his lust is limited by an exact knowledge of its object. At this moment two or three couples of penguins are making love on the beach. See with what simplicity! No one pays any attention and the actors themselves do not seem to be greatly preoccupied. But when the female penguins are clothed, the male penguin will not form so exact a notion of what it is that attracts him to them. His indeterminate desires will fly out into all sorts of dreams and illusions; in short, father, he will know love and its mad torments. And all the time the female penguins will cast down their eyes and bite their lips, and take on airs as if they kept a treasure under their clothes! . . . what a pity!

"The evil will be endurable as long as these people remain rude and poor; but only wait for a thousand years and you will see, father, with what powerful weapons you have endowed the daughters of Alca. If you will allow me, I can give you some idea of it beforehand. I have some old clothes in this chest. Let us take at hazard one of these female penguins to whom the male penguins give such little thought, and let us dress her as well as we can.

"Here is one coming toward us. She is neither more beautiful nor uglier than the others; she is young. No one looks at her. She strolls indolently along

the shore, scratching her back and with her finger at her nose as she walks. You cannot help seeing, father, that she has narrow shoulders, clumsy breasts, a stout figure, and short legs. Her reddish knees pucker at every step she takes, and there is, at each of her joints, what looks like a little monkey's head. Her broad and sinewy feet cling to the rock with their four crooked toes, while the great toes stick up like the heads of two cunning serpents. She begins to walk, all her muscles are engaged in the task, and, when we see them working, we think of her as a machine intended for walking rather than as a machine intended for making love, although visibly she is both, and contains within herself several other pieces of machinery besides. Well, venerable apostle, you will see what I am going to make of her."

With these words the monk, Magis, reached the female penguin in three bounds, lifted her up, carried her in his arms with her hair trailing behind her, and threw her, overcome with fright, at the feet of the holy Maël.

And whilst she wept and begged him to do her no harm, he took a pair of sandals out of his chest and commanded her to put them on.

"Her feet," observed the old man, "will appear smaller when squeezed in by the woolen cords. The soles, being two fingers high, will give an elegant length to her legs and the weight they bear will seem magnified."

As the penguin tied on her sandals she threw a curious look towards the open coffer, and seeing that it was full of jewels and finery, she smiled through her tears.

The monk twisted her hair on the back of her head and covered it with a chaplet of flowers. He encircled her waist with golden bracelets and making her stand upright, he passed a large linen band beneath her breasts, alleging that her bosom would thereby derive a new dignity and that her sides would be compressed to the greater glory of her hips.

He fixed this band with pins, taking them one by one out of his mouth.

"You can tighten it still more," said the penguin.

When he had, with much care and study, enclosed the soft parts of her bust in this way, he covered her whole body with a rose-colored tunic which gently followed the lines of her figure.

"Does it hang well?" asked the penguin.

And bending forward with her head on one side and her chin on her shoulder, she kept looking attentively at the appearance of her toilet.

Magis asked her if she did not think the dress a little long, but she answered with assurance that it was not — she would hold it up. Immediately, taking the back of her skirt in her left hand, she drew it obliquely across her hips, taking care to disclose a glimpse of her heels. Then she went away, walking with short steps and swinging her hips.

She did not turn her head, but as she passed near a stream she glanced out of the corner of her eye at her own reflection.

A male penguin, who met her by chance, stopped in surprise, and retracing

his steps began to follow her. As she went along the shore, others coming back from fishing went up to her, and after looking at her, walked behind her. Those who were lying on the sand got up and joined the rest.

Unceasingly, as she advanced, fresh penguins, descending from the paths of the mountain, coming out of clefts of the rocks, and emerging from the water, added to the size of her retinue.

And all of them, men of ripe age with vigorous shoulders and hairy breasts, agile youths, old men shaking the multitudinous wrinkles of their rosy and white-haired skins, or dragging their legs thinner and drier than the juniper staff that served them as a third leg, hurried on, panting and emitting an acrid odor and hoarse gasps. Yet she went on peacefully and seemed to see nothing.

"Father," cried Magis, "notice how each one advances with his nose pointed towards the center of gravity of that young damsel now that the center is covered by a garment. The sphere inspires the meditations of geometers by the number of its properties. When it proceeds from a physical and living nature it acquires new qualities, and in order that the interest of that figure might be fully revealed to the penguins it was necessary that, ceasing to see it distinctly with their eyes, they should be led to represent it to themselves in their minds. I myself feel at this moment irresistibly attracted towards that penguin. Whether it be because her skirt gives more importance to her hips, and that in its simple magnificence it invests them with a synthetic and general character and allows only the pure idea, the divine principle, of them to be seen, whether this be the cause I cannot say, but I feel that if I embraced her I would hold in my hands the heaven of human pleasure. It is certain that modesty communicates an invincible attraction to women. My uneasiness is so great that it would be vain for me to try to conceal it."

He spoke, and, gathering up his habit, he rushed among the crowd of penguins, pushing, jostling, trampling, and crushing, until he reached the daughter of Alca, whom he seized and suddenly carried in his arms into a cave that had been hollowed out by the sea.

Then the penguins felt as if the sun had gone out. And the holy Maël knew that the Devil had taken the features of the monk, Magis, in order that he might give clothes to the daughter of Alca. He was troubled in spirit, and his soul was sad. As with slow steps he went towards his hermitage he saw the little penguins of six and seven years of age tightening their waists with belts made of seaweed and walking along the shore to see if anybody would follow them.

PIERRE LOTI

PIERRE LOTI was the pen-name chosen by Louis Marie Julien Viaud, the French novelist and poet, who was born at Rochefort, France, on January 14, 1850, of an old Protestant family. He studied in his native town; and it was while at school that he received from his comrades the nickname "Loti," which he adopted later as a literary pseudonym. He was extremely bashful and retiring as a boy; and his playmates in derision called him Loti, the name of a tiny East-Indian flower which hides its face in the grass. He must have left school very early; for he was only seventeen when he entered the French navy, having obtained an appointment as midshipman (*aspirant de marine*). For several years he saw a great deal of active service, particularly on the Pacific Ocean, where his vessel was stationed; and this unquestionably gave him that love for and that knowledge of those distant countries which he has so admirably and faithfully described in his books. Ever since his enlistment in the navy (1867) he had given much attention to literature, and his fellow-officers often teased him on account of his retiring and studious disposition. He was regarded by them as a dreamer; but no one had ever any criticism to make concerning the manner in which he performed his duties.

It was not until 1876 that he published his first book, 'Aziyadé,' although it is possible that some of the many volumes he published later were written before that time. 'Rarahu' appeared in 1880, and was afterwards given the title 'The Marriage of Loti.' Had the French author been familiar with Herman Melville's 'Typee,' he would have hesitated to write on his own book lest he be charged with imitation. In 1882 the war with Tonquin broke out, and Loti distinguished himself in several engagements with the enemy. About this time he committed an imprudence which, however pardonable in a writer, was inexcusable in an officer on active service. He sent to the Paris Figaro an account of the cruelty of the French soldiers at the storming of Hué; and this so incensed the French government that he was at once placed upon the retired list. But by that time Loti was a public favorite, and there was a loud clamor for his reinstatment. The government, perhaps in an attempt to regain some of its lost popularity, gave way, and Loti was restored to his command the following year. Shortly afterwards (1886) he published 'An Iceland Fisherman'; a volume full of poetic feeling and dreamy impressionism, and which is considered by many critics his best work. It won for him the Vitet prize of the French Academy, and had the honor of being translated into the Roumanian language by the Queen of Roumania. In 1887 he was decorated with

the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in this year he published one of the best known of his books, 'Madame Chrysanthème' — less a novel than impressions of a sojourn in Japan.

Loti was now one of the most prominent authors of his day, and his election to the Academy was looked upon as a matter of course. In 1890 he published another remarkable book, entitled 'Au Maroc'; an account of the trip to Morocco by an embassy of which the author made part. In 'Le Roman d'un Enfant' (1890), which is autobiographical in character, he shows how he was won over by modern pessimism; how, chilled by the coldness of Protestantism, he was for a moment attracted by the glittering ritual of the Catholic Church, only in the end to lose his faith utterly. 'Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort' (1891) contains reminiscences of the divers incidents and periods during his career which have cast shadows on his life and thoughts. On May 21, 1891, he was elected to the seat left vacant by the death of Octave Feuillet, receiving eighteen votes out of thirty-five cast. He was on board the man-of-war Formidable when he was told of his election. His address on the occasion of his formal reception was so frank and humorous as to shock the august assembly, and Loti in consequence was for a time under a cloud in the world of letters. Before his death in 1923, however, the unfortunate effect had worn off; he is now recognized as a master of French prose.

The best of his later tales is certainly 'Ramuntcho' (1897), a sad but powerful story of the Basque country. He also tried his hand at play-writing; he translated 'King Lear' in collaboration with Emile Vedel, and wrote with Judith Gautier the drama 'A Daughter of Heaven,' which was presented to the New York public in 1913. In spite of its artistic production, it met with little success.

Pierre Loti's success was largely due to the peculiar sympathy and charm with which he depicted the life of the Orient, and to the sensations, the ideas, the types of civilization — in brief, the whole life and manners of the people and countries — successively set forth in 'An Iceland Fisherman,' 'To Morocco,' 'The Desert,' 'Phantoms of the Orient,' and 'Madame Chrysanthème,' contrasted so vividly with the complex and sophisticated civilization of France, England, and America, and this life was laid bare with such penetration and insight, and withal invested with such spirit and poetry and romance, that it is slight wonder it appealed strongly to the overwrought nerves of our Western peoples.

Loti had apparently been one of those young spirits, so frequently to be met with nowadays, to whom the intense, highly developed, and artificial life of the time brought even with a first taste a pall of ennui. With a cry of anguish and discouragement he had fled to far distant lands. As a naval officer he was able to give rein to his antipathy, and the years that followed found him searching this corner and that of the earth in quest of the unconventional and the unique. It was awakening Japan which appeared to have

given him his first literary impulse; and it was the curious and richly colored volume in which he describes his love affair with one of the daughters of that country, to whom he gave the fanciful title of Madame Chrysanthemum, which won for him his greatest acclaim in the field of letters. Other volumes of a similar character followed rapidly, and the young writer quickly found himself elevated in popular esteem to the first rank of French men of letters. It was an open door and a step into the Academy.

It is to be noted in passing, that the Orient and the desert — their life, their customs, their literature, and their religions — have always exercised a strong attraction for the French mind: a fact exemplified in the long line of writers from the stately declamation of Volney's 'Ruins,' and the weird tales of the grotesque common in Romantic literature, down to the poet Leconte de Lisle, whose melancholy and majestic verse so strongly influenced the poetry of his day.

Loti caught a phase of this life which had been touched upon by no other writer. The East, to Volney, was the inspiration of philosophical reflections upon the rise and fall of nations; to Gautier, a land wherein his imagination and love of the antique might run riot; to Leconte de Lisle, a sermon upon the evanescence of all earthly things. To Loti it was none of these. With the eye of the poet and with the pen of a realist he saw and painted the lands and people which he visited. And into these pictures he infused a sympathy and a human interest which lifted his pages from the dull and commonplace routine of ordinary sketches of travel, into an atmosphere whose warmth and glow afforded a new and rare sensation to the reading public. Above all, there is in Loti's work a delicacy, a subtlety of understanding, the poetic instinct, and the play of a dainty and lively fancy, that lend to his descriptions a quality which is hardly elsewhere to be found.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

From 'An Iceland Fisherman: A Story of Love on Land and Sea,' published by William S. Gottsberger, New York, 1888.

THE Icelanders were all returning now. Two ships came in the second day, four the next, and twelve during the following week. And all through the country, joy returned with them; and there was happiness for the wives and mothers, and junketings in the taverns where the beautiful barmaids of Paimpol served out drink to the fishers.

The Léopoldine was among the belated; there were yet another ten expected. They would not be long now; and allowing a week's delay so as not to be disappointed, Gaud waited in happy, passionate joy for Yann, keeping their home bright and tidy for his return. When everything was in good order there

was nothing left for her to do; and besides, in her impatience, she could think of nothing else but her husband.

Three more ships appeared; then another five. There were only two lacking now.

"Come, come," they said to her cheerily, "this year the Léopoldine and the Marie-Jeanne will be the last, to pick up all the brooms fallen overboard from the other craft."

Gaud laughed also. She was more animated and beautiful than ever, in her great joy of expectancy.

But the days succeeded one another without result.

She still dressed up every day, and with a joyful look went down to the harbor to gossip with the other wives. She said that this delay was but natural: was it not the same event every year? These were such safe boats, and had such capital sailors.

But when she was at home alone, at night, a nervous, anxious shiver of apprehension would run through her whole frame.

Was it right to be frightened already? Was there even a single reason to be so? But she began to tremble at the mere idea of grounds for being afraid.

The tenth of September came. How swiftly the days flew by!

One morning — a true autumn morning, with cold mist falling over the earth in the rising sun — she sat under the porch of the chapel of the shipwrecked mariners, where the widows go to pray, with eyes fixed and glassy, and throbbing temples tightened as by an iron band.

These sad morning mists had begun two days before; and on this particular day Gaud had awakened with a still more bitter uneasiness, caused by the forecast of advancing winter. Why did this day, this hour, this very moment, seem to her more painful than the preceding? Often ships are delayed a fortnight; even a month, for that matter.

But surely there was something different about this particular morning; for she had come today for the first time to sit in the porch of this chapel and read the names of the dead sailors, perished in their prime.

IN MEMORY OF

GAOS YVON

Lost at Sea

NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD

Like a great shudder, a gust of wind rose from the sea, and at the same time something fell like rain upon the roof above. It was only the dead leaves, though; — many were blown in at the porch; the old wind-tossed trees of the graveyard were losing their foliage in this rising gale, and winter was marching nearer.

Lost at Sea

NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD

In the storm of the fourth and fifth of August, 1880

She read mechanically under the arch of the doorway; her eyes sought to pierce the distance over the sea. That morning it was untraceable under the gray mist, and a dragging drapery of clouds overhung the horizon like a mourning veil.

Another gust of wind, and other leaves danced in whirls. A stronger gust still; as if the western storm which had strewn those dead over the sea wished to deface the very inscriptions which kept their names in memory with the living.

Gaud looked with involuntary persistency at an empty space upon the wall which seemed to yawn expectant. By a terrible impression, she was pursued by the thought of a fresh slab which might soon perhaps be placed there — with another name which she did not even dare think of in such a spot.

She felt cold, and remained seated on the granite bench, her head reclining against the stone wall.

NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD

In the storm of the fourth and fifth of August, 1880

At the age of 23 years

Requiescat in pace!

Then Iceland loomed up before her, with its little cemetery lighted up from below the sea-line by the midnight sun. Suddenly, in the same empty space on the wall, with horrifying clearness she saw the fresh slab she was thinking of; a clear white one, with a skull and crossbones, and in a flash of foresight a name — the worshiped name of "Yann Gaos"! Then she suddenly and fearfully drew herself up straight and stiff, with a hoarse wild cry in her throat like a mad creature.

Outside, the gray mist of the dawn fell over the land, and the dead leaves were again blown dancingly into the porch.

Steps on the footpath! Somebody was coming? She rose, and quickly smoothed down her cap and composed her face. Nearer drew the steps. She assumed the air of one who might be there by chance; for above all, she did not wish to appear yet like the widow of a shipwrecked mariner.

It happened to be Fante Floury, the wife of the second mate of the Léopoldine. She understood immediately what Gaud was doing there: it was useless to dissemble with her. At first each woman stood speechless before the other. They were angry and almost hated each other for having met holding a like sentiment of apprehension.

"All the men of Tréguier and Saint-Brieuc have been back for a week," said Fante at last, in an unfeeling, muffled, half-irritated voice.

She carried a blessed taper in her hand, to offer up a prayer. Gaud did not wish yet to resort to that extreme resource of despairing wives. Yet silently she entered the chapel behind Fante, and they knelt down together side by side like two sisters.

To the "Star of the Sea" they offered ardent imploring prayers, with their whole soul in them. A sound of sobbing was the only sound heard, as their tears swiftly fell upon the floor. They rose together, more confident and softened. Fante held up Gaud, who staggered; and taking her in her arms, kissed her.

Wiping their eyes and smoothing their disheveled hair, they brushed off the salt dust from the flag-stones which had soiled their gowns, and went away in opposite directions without another word.

This end of September was like another summer, only a little less lively. The weather was so beautiful that had it not been for the dead leaves which fell upon the roads, one might have thought that June had come back again. Husbands and sweethearts had all returned, and everywhere was the joy of a second springtime of love.

At last, one day, one of the missing ships was signaled. Which one was it?

The groups of speechless and anxious women had rapidly formed on the cliff. Gaud, pale and trembling, was there, by the side of her Yann's father.

"I'm almost sure," said the old fisher, "I'm almost sure it's them. A red rail and a topsail that clews up — it's very like them, anyhow. What do you make it, Gaud?"

"No, it isn't," he went on, with sudden discouragement: "we've made a mistake again; the boom isn't the same, and ours has a jigger-sail. Well, well, it isn't our boat this time, it's only the Marie-Jeanne. Never mind, my lass, surely they'll not be long now."

But day followed day, and night succeeded night, with uninterrupted serenity.

Gaud continued to dress up every day; like a poor crazed woman, always in fear of being taken for the widow of a shipwrecked sailor, feeling exasperated when others looked furtively and compassionately at her, and glancing aside so that she might not meet those glances which froze her very blood.

She had fallen into the habit of going at the early morning right to the end of the headland, on the high cliffs of Pors-Even; passing behind Yann's old home, so as not to be seen by his mother or little sisters. She went to the extreme point of the Ploubazlanec land, which is outlined in the shape of a reindeer's horn upon the gray waters of the Channel, and sat there all day long at the foot of the lonely cross which rises high above the immense waste of the ocean. There are many of these crosses hereabout; they are set up on the most advanced cliffs of the sea-bound land, as if to implore mercy, and

to calm that restless mysterious power which draws men away, never to give them back, and in preference retains the bravest and noblest.

Around this cross stretches the evergreen waste, strewn with short rushes. At this great height the sea air was very pure; it scarcely retained the briny odor of the weeds, but was perfumed with all the exquisite ripeness of September flowers.

Far away, all the bays and inlets of the coast were firmly outlined, rising one above another; the land of Brittany terminated in jagged edges, which spread out far into the tranquil surface.

Near at hand the reefs were numerous; but out beyond, nothing broke its polished mirror, from which arose a soft caressing ripple, light and intensified from the depths of its many bays. Its horizon seemed so calm, and its depths so soft! The great blue sepulcher of many Gaoses hid its inscrutable mystery; whilst the breezes, faint as human breath, wafted to and fro the perfume of the stunted gorse, which had bloomed again in the latest autumn sun.

At regular hours the sea retreated, and great spaces were left uncovered everywhere, as if the Channel was slowly drying up; then with the same lazy slowness the waters rose again, and continued their everlasting coming and going without any heed of the dead.

At the foot of the cross Gaud remained, surrounded by these tranquil mysteries, gazing ever before her until the night fell and she could see no more. . . .

September had passed. The sorrowing wife took scarcely any nourishment, and could no longer sleep.

She remained at home now, crouching low with her hands between her knees, her head thrown back and resting against the wall behind. What was the good of getting up or going to bed now? When she was thoroughly exhausted she threw herself, dressed, upon her bed. Otherwise she remained in the same position, chilled and benumbed; in her quiescent state, only her teeth chattered with the cold; she had that continual impression of a band of iron round her brows; her cheeks looked wasted; her mouth was dry, with a feverish taste, and at times a painful hoarse cry rose from her throat and was repeated in spasms, whilst her head beat backwards against the granite wall. Or else she called Yann by his name in a low, tender voice, as if he were quite close to her, whispering words of love to her.

Sometimes she occupied her brain with thoughts of quite insignificant things, for instance, she amused herself by watching the shadow of the china Virgin lengthen slowly over the high woodwork of the bed, as the sun went down. And then the agonized thoughts returned more horribly, and her wailing cry broke out again as she beat her head against the wall.

All the hours of the day passed and all the hours of evening, and of night; and then the hours of the morning. When she reckoned the time he ought

to have been back, she was seized with a still greater terror; she wished to forget all dates and the very names of the days.

Generally, there is some information concerning the wrecks off Iceland; those who return have seen the tragedy from afar, or else have found some wreckage or bodies, or have an indication to guess the rest. But of the Léopoldine nothing had been seen, and nothing was known. The Marie-Jeanne men — the last to have seen her on the second of August — said that she was to have gone on fishing farther towards the north; and beyond that the secret was unfathomable.

Waiting, always waiting, and knowing nothing! When would the time come when she need wait no longer? She did not even know that; and now she almost wished that it might be soon. Oh! if he were dead, let them at least have pity enough to tell her so!

Oh to see her darling, as he was at this very moment — that is, what was left of him! If only the much-implored Virgin, or some other power, would do her the blessing to show her by second-sight her beloved! either living and working hard to return a rich man, or else as a corpse surrendered by the sea, so that she might at least know a certainty.

Sometimes she was seized with the thought of a ship appearing suddenly upon the horizon; the Léopoldine hastening home. Then she would suddenly make an instinctive movement to rise, and rush to look out at the ocean, to see whether it were true.

But she would fall back. Alas! where was this Léopoldine now? Where could she be? Out afar, at that awful distance of Iceland — forsaken, crushed, and lost.

All ended by a never-fading vision appearing to her — an empty, sea-tossed wreck, slowly and gently rocked by the silent gray and rose-streaked sea; almost with soft mockery, in the midst of the vast calm of deadened waters.

Two o'clock in the morning.

It was at night especially that she kept attentive to approaching footsteps; at the slightest rumor or unaccustomed noise her temples vibrated: by dint of being strained to outward things, they had become fearfully sensitive.

Two o'clock in the morning. On this night as on others, with her hands clasped and her eyes wide open in the dark, she listened to the wind sweeping in never-ending tumult over the heath.

Suddenly a man's footsteps hurried along the path! At this hour who would pass now? She drew herself up, stirred to the very soul, her heart ceasing to beat.

Some one stopped before the door, and came up the small stone steps.

He! — O God! — he! Some one had knocked — it could be no other than he! She was up now, barefooted; she, so feeble for the last few days, had sprung up as nimbly as a kitten, with her arms outstretched to wind round her darling. Of course the Léopoldine had arrived at night, and anchored in

Pors-Even Bay, and he had rushed home; she arranged all this in her mind with the swiftness of lightning. She tore the flesh off her fingers in her excitement to draw the bolt, which had stuck.

"Eh?"

She slowly moved backward, as if crushed, her head falling on her bosom. Her beautiful insane dream was over. She could just grasp that it was not her husband, her Yann, and that nothing of him, substantial or spiritual, had passed through the air; she felt plunged again into her deep abyss, to the lowest depths of her terrible despair.

Poor Fantec — for it was he — stammered many excuses: his wife was very ill, and their child was choking in its cot, suddenly attacked with a malignant sore throat; so he had run over to beg for assistance on the road to fetch the doctor from Paimpol.

What did all this matter to her? She had gone mad in her own distress, and could give no thoughts to the troubles of others. Huddled on a bench, she remained before him with fixed glazed eyes, like a dead woman's; without listening to him, or even answering at random or looking at him. What to her was the speech the man was making?

He understood it all, and guessed why the door had been opened so quickly to him; and feeling pity for the pain he had unwittingly caused, he stammered out an excuse.

"Just so: he never ought to have disturbed her — her in particular."

"I!" ejaculated Gaud quickly, "why should I not be disturbed particularly, Fantec?"

Life had suddenly come back to her; for she did not wish to appear in despair before others. Besides, she pitied him now; she dressed to accompany him, and found the strength to go and see to his little child.

At four o'clock in the morning, when she returned to throw herself on the bed, sleep subdued her, for she was tired out. But that moment of excessive joy had left an impression on her mind, which in spite of all was permanent; she awoke soon with a shudder, rising a little and partially recollecting — she knew not what. News had come to her about her Yann. In the midst of her confusion of ideas, she sought rapidly in her mind what it could be; but there was nothing save Fantec's interruption.

For the second time she fell back into her terrible abyss, nothing changed in her morbid, hopeless waiting.

Yet in that short, hopeful moment, she had felt him so near to her that it was as if his spirit had floated over the sea unto her — what is called a foretoken [*pressigne*] in Breton land; and she listened still more attentively to the steps outside, trusting that some one might come to her to speak of him.

Just as the day broke, Yann's father entered. He took off his cap, pushed back his splendid white locks, which were in curls like Yann's, and sat down by Gaud's bedside.

His heart ached heavily too; for Yann, his tall, handsome Yann, was his first-born, his favorite and his pride: but he did not despair yet. He comforted Gaud in his own blunt, affectionate way. To begin with, those who had last returned from Iceland spoke of the increasing dense fogs, which might well have delayed the vessel; and then too an idea struck him — they might possibly have stopped at the distant Faroe Islands on their homeward course, whence letters were so long in traveling. This had happened to him once forty years ago, and his own poor dead and gone mother had had a mass said for his soul. The Léopoldine was such a good boat — next to new — and her crew were such able-bodied seamen.

Granny Moan stood by them shaking her head: the distress of her granddaughter had almost given her back her own strength and reason. She tidied up the place, glancing from time to time at the faded portrait of Sylvestre, which hung upon the granite wall with its anchor emblems and mourning-wreath of black bead-work. Ever since the sea had robbed her of her own last offspring, she believed no longer in safe returns; she only prayed through fear, bearing Heaven a grudge in the bottom of her heart.

But Gaud listened eagerly to these consoling reasonings; her large sunken eyes looked with deep tenderness out upon this old sire, who so much resembled her beloved one: merely to have him near her was like a hostage against death having taken the younger Gaos; and she felt reassured, nearer to her Yann. Her tears fell softly and silently, and she repeated again her passionate prayers to the "Star of the Sea."

A delay out at those islands to repair damages was a very likely event. She rose and brushed her hair, and then dressed as if she might fairly expect him. All then was not lost, if a seaman, his own father, did not yet despair. And for a few days she resumed looking out for him again.

Autumn at last arrived — a late autumn too — its gloomy evenings making all things appear dark in the old cottage; and all the land looked somber too.

The very daylight seemed a sort of twilight; immeasurable clouds, passing slowly overhead, darkened the whole country at broad noon. The wind blew constantly with the sound of a great cathedral organ at a distance, but playing profane, despairing dirges; at other times the noise came close to the door, like the howling of wild beasts.

She had grown pale — ay, blanched — and bent more than ever; as if old age had already touched her with its featherless wing. Often did she finger the wedding clothes of her Yann, folding them and unfolding them again and again like some maniac — especially one of his blue woolen jerseys which still had preserved his shape: when she threw it gently on the table, it fell with the shoulders and chest well defined; so she placed it by itself in a shelf of their wardrobe, and left it there, so that it might forever rest unaltered.

Every night the cold mists sank upon the land, as she gazed over the depressing heath through her little window, and watched the thin puffs of white

smoke arise from the chimneys of other cottages scattered here and there on all sides. There the husbands had returned, like wandering birds driven home by the frost. Before their blazing hearths the evenings passed, cozy and warm; for the springtime of love had begun again in this land of North Sea fishermen.

Still clinging to the thought of those islands where he might perhaps have lingered, she was buoyed up by a kind hope, and expected him home any day.

But he never returned. One August night, out off gloomy Iceland, mingled with the furious clamor of the sea, his wedding with the sea was performed. It had been his nurse; it had rocked him in his babyhood and had afterwards made him big and strong; then, in his superb manhood, it had taken him back again for itself alone. Profoundest mystery had surrounded this unhallowed union. While it went on, dark curtains hung pall-like over it as if to conceal the ceremony, and the ghoul howled in an awful, deafening voice to stifle his cries. He, thinking of Gaud, his sole, darling wife, had battled with giant strength against this deathly rival, until he at last surrendered, with a deep death-cry like the roar of a dying bull, through a mouth already filled with water; and his arms were stretched apart and stiffened forever.

All those he had invited in days of old were present at his wedding. All except Sylvestre, who had gone to sleep in the enchanted gardens far, far away, at the other side of the earth.

Translated by Clara Cadiot

PAUL BOURGET

" Traveler and student. . . . I may admire others with all my strength, it is with you I would choose to live."

Dedication to Paul Bourget of 'Across the Plains' by Robert Louis Stevenson.

PAUL BOURGET was born at Amiens, the former capital of the ancient province of Picardy. From his father Justin Bourget, a mathematician of note, he inherited his strong reasoning power, and he took after his mother, who had an Anglo-Saxon strain, in his cosmopolitan spirit. He studied first at the lycée of Clermont and later on in Paris at the College Ste. Barbe and at l'École des Hautes Études where his scholarship was rewarded by several prizes. He is, however, undoubtedly a self-taught writer; his wide reading, his travels, his introspective meditations did more for his ethical and intellectual development than scholastic training.

Like many other novelists he began in a humble way; his first attempts appeared in 'La Renaissance,' an ephemeral sheet which then enjoyed some notoriety. At the same time he studied Parisian life as an impecunious young man may do in the cafés where the literary coteries gathered, on the boulevards, and in the theaters, where he could obtain a distant glimpse of the brilliant society which he was to portray so cleverly in after life.

In 1874 he published his first book, 'La Vie Inquiète' [Restless Life], a collection of short poems of a delicate but halting inspiration, showing quite plainly the doubt and sadness that filled his refined and complex soul. In 'Edel' and 'Les Aveux' [Confessions], published respectively in 1878 and 1882, we find the same qualities and the same faults — fine thought elegantly but painfully expressed, too obvious influence of the masters the author loved, lack of poetic ardor, and a meter and rhythm always more or less artificial. The strict rules of poetry were too much for a mind overflowing with ideas, and did not lend themselves well to the intricacy of self-analysis.

If Bourget had stopped there he would not have emerged from the crowd. When the 'Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine' appeared in 1883 the public was delighted with their original charm. Taking five authors whom he knew particularly well — Baudelaire, Renan, Flaubert, Taine, and Stendhal, whom he always claimed as his master — he wrote " a brilliant, profoundly psychologic exposition of their minds and temperaments. The scientific explanation was fervid with his own emotion over these strong influences in his life and thus comes indirectly as an interpretation of himself." These studies, which he

calls "a few notes made to help the historian of the modern moral life in France during the latter half of the nineteenth century," stand, as criticism, "between Brunetière's formal structure and Lemaître's appreciations." They met with a great deal of success, and Bourget has since written another volume, 'Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine' (1885), and other books of critical sketches, 'Études et Portraits' (1888), in which he shows himself again much less a critic than a moralist and psychologist. 'Sensations d'Italie' (1891), although intended to be a simple book of travel, is in reality an exposition of Bourget's esthetics, a keen analysis of the reactions of an oversensitive soul in the midst of the beauty and sensuous charm that pervade Italian cities. In 'Outre-Mer' [Beyond the Seas], especially interesting to Americans as a study of the United States, which he visited in 1893, Bourget shows the same receptivity to new feelings and new ideas. The book is often ludicrously inaccurate and fundamentally incomplete in that it ignores the great middle class of our country, yet it is full of suggestive comments on American character.

Bourget's first novel, 'L'Irréparable,' was published in 1884; it is at best a promising book. 'Cruelle Énigme' (1885) evinces some of the qualities which were later characteristic of his talent. It is the story of a young and high-minded man who discovers that the woman he loves is unworthy, yet finds he loves her notwithstanding. "Why this love?" asks the author at the end of the book. "Why and whence does it come? The question is without an answer, and like the falsity of woman, like the weakness of man, like life itself, a cruel, cruel enigma."

In 'Un Crime d'Amour' (1886) and 'André Cornélis' (1887) it is possible to follow the development of the writer's craftsmanship. 'Mensonges' [Lies] is one of the most brilliant examples of his peculiar process of searching and sometimes painfully accurate analysis: — A Parisian woman of Madonna-like beauty has a husband who blindly believes in her and an elderly lover who discreetly pays for the luxury which enhances her charms. She makes the acquaintance of René Vincy, a poet, who is as innocent as she is worldwise; he falls in love with her, and she with him. After a clever comedy of resistance and remorse, she becomes his mistress, and for a time succeeds in keeping from the altogether too simple young man the shame of her real life. After a while he discovers the hideous secret, and as, in spite of all, he loves her, he demands that she elope with him and give up her life of ease and elegance. Of course, she refuses, and he shoots himself, although not mortally. Some of the characters of this book have remained classic. Baron Desforges is an admirable although detestable type of modern Epicurean. Claude Larcher, who holds the episodical and rather unnecessary part of confidant, and whom we are to find again in that series of curious essays, 'Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne' (1891), is evidently the spokesman of the author. It has been frequently said that he was the author himself, and that these two books were in a sense auto-

biographical. Far as this statement may be from the real truth, it is certain for those who knew Bourget at that period of his life that this young man, inoculated with all the vices of his time, unable to escape from their clutches but clearsighted enough to follow with a quasi-disinterested eye the progress of the moral diseases that are slowly destroying his brilliant intellect, had a great deal in common in his views, if not in his ways, with the writer. 'Mensonges' is not a book for a ladies' school, but it is a strong book and a good one. In it vice may be shown under alluring appearances, but the results are such as to inspire rather dread than desire.

In 'Le Disciple' (too obviously inspired by the debates of the famous Chambige case), 'Un Cœur de Femme,' 'Terre Promise,' Bourget continues to study the evils of the present day without proffering any advice as to the possible cure. In 'Cosmopolis' (1893) we notice a slight modification in his attitude: he is no longer the indifferent spectator of this World's Comedy; under the observer, the moralist begins to appear. This evolution becomes more and more noticeable in 'Fantômes,' 'La Duchesse Bleue,' 'Drames de Famille,' and 'Un Homme d'Affaires.'

In 'L'Étape' (1902), 'Un Divorce' (1904), 'L'Émigré' (1907), 'La Barricade,' a play (1910), 'Le Tribun,' another play (1911), 'Le Démon de Midi' (1914), 'Le Sens de la Mort' (1915), we find at last the conclusions he draws from his long study of man under the conditions of modern life: salvation lies in the reversion to the old creeds in politics as well as in religion.

In 'L'Étape' Bourget shows the danger to a family of a too rapid change of social condition and standing. Jean Monneron, son of a poor peasant, becomes through his tireless energy and broad intelligence a professor. Without transition he passes from the working class into the bourgeoisie. The family considered as a unit has had no time to adjust itself to a life for which no traditions, no heredity has prepared it. The eldest son commits forgery in order to lead a life of pleasure; the daughter strays from the right path, and, abandoned by her lover, shoots him; the second son would be the consolation of the father but for his love for the daughter of the Catholic philosopher Ferrand, a man who holds ideas abhorrent to Monneron, the freethinker and Jacobin. But Ferrand is a generous opponent and Monneron thoroughly honest; the happiness of their children is paramount for them both, and there lies the cruelest part of the tragedy. The favorite son abandons the ideas so dear to his father, who realizes that in spite of its apparent success his life is a dismal failure.

'Un Divorce' is a forceful plea against divorce. A woman of religious tendencies, after years of misery with an alcoholic husband, divorces him and marries a man she loves, who is worthy of her affection but is an unbeliever; she has a son by the first marriage and a daughter by the second. The son falls in love with a girl, a fellow-student, who, although scrupulously honest, professes the most advanced ideas. She has lived in free union with a scoundrel

who has abandoned her with a child. The stepfather objects violently to what he considers a dishonorable union. "When you married my mother," answers the son, "she had me, and my father was alive. As the intervention of a priest is for you without value, so for me is the intervention of a magistrate. All the morality of such an act lies in its motives. There will be no difference between my marriage and yours." The first husband dies. The wife believes that there is the possibility of regularizing a state of things wholly contrary to her religious beliefs; the husband refuses a church marriage as being the condemnation of their former life. They live side by side wretched and miserable; their son is gone, their family is broken.

'L'Émigré' is a glorification of the principle of heredity considered as the fundamental basis of the family. In this book Bourget studies that rapidly dying-out species, the "grand seigneurs"; he explains his prejudices, his enforced idleness, the reasons of his former strength and of his present weakness.

In 'La Barricade,' given for the first time at the Vaudeville Theater, January 7, 1910, the surroundings are totally different. We are in the midst of the great struggle between capital and labor. The different phases of a strike are depicted with painstaking accuracy; preliminary unrest before the uprising, fights between the strikers and the loyal employees, attempted arson and murder, the settlement, and so on. Every point is carefully considered. This drama, although intentionally one-sided, does not lack truth and forcefulness.

The setting of 'Le Tribun' (Vaudeville, March 11, 1911) is in political circles. The thesis is again the superiority of the family to the individual considered as a unit. Portal, nicknamed "The Tribune" for his wonderful eloquence, holds opinions which are quite the reverse of Bourget's; the measures he supports in politics tend practically to the destruction of the family. But when the hour of trial comes, when he has to choose between his son and his theories, his fatherly love proves to be the stronger, and, converted to ideas he has up to then considered dangerous, he abandons his political career.

'Le Sens de la Mort' is a very short novel of a religious, even of a mystic trend. The War, as may be easily inferred from the date of publication (1915), has a part in it, but a small one; there is really no story. Its profound interest lies in the masterful analysis of the sentiments evoked by approaching death in the souls of the three heroes. Ortègue, a great surgeon, a freethinker, married to a woman twenty years his junior, is suffering from cancer. He conceals his pain from everyone, but knows only too well that the end is near. As he is slowly dying he is tortured by the thought that his wife, whose beauty is every day blooming more radiantly, may after his death love again. A fainting fit at the operating table discloses his true condition. Carried away by her feelings, realizing the moral tortures of her husband, the young woman decides that she will not survive him; they will commit suicide together. Then happens the only incident of the novel. Captain Le Gallic, a relative of Mme.

Ortègue, who has all his life silently loved her, is brought mortally wounded to the hospital. He is a man of strong religious convictions, and his attitude in presence of imminent death deeply impresses his cousin. She is afraid of the great beyond. M. Ortègue, apprised of her feelings, considers that the pact she had entered into, out of pity and not out of love, is monstrous and must not be carried out. He reassures her as to his condition, promises that he will fight the disease, and, when she has gone, kills himself. When Mme. Ortègue hears of the death of her husband, she considers herself guilty, and again wishes to die. Captain Le Gallic proves to her that she must live for the salvation of her husband's soul as well as of her own. Accordingly she devotes all her energies to the care of the wounded, and in her heart, unconsciously tormented by religious desire, germinate slowly the ideas sown by the Christian officer on his deathbed.

'Le Démon de Midi,' *dæmonium meridianum* of the Psalmist, is, for the monk tired by early prayers, the languor and sadness that overwhelm him at the heavy hour of noon. For the layman who has reached middle life and achieved success, it is that feeling of over-confidence and pride that leaves him weak and disarmed before the onslaught of his passions. The story of the hero of Bourget's book is of a man, up to then blameless, who yields to an old but guilty love. He is cruelly punished through his son, whose death is caused by the father's intrigue. The conclusion is: a man must live according to his principles; if he does not, his principles will soon accommodate themselves to his life.

The World War inspired a number of articles by Bourget of a high historical value which appeared in the Écho de Paris; they are published under the title 'Les Leçons de la Guerre.'

In his two most recent novels, Bourget has expressed his views of life without essential change; perhaps, since the War, he has shown a tendency to be less dogmatic about the influence of heredity than he was. 'Le Danseur Mondain' ends happily, once the fault which has caused the professional dancer to be suspected has been laid to the proper person. In 'Nos Actes Nous Suivent' [Our Acts Pursue Us] we have a study of Nemesis, the slow working-out of retribution for a crime committed in a moment of weakness by a distinguished chemist, who during the Commune of 1871 lets a mob murder another man in mistake for him. Later, when he has become successful in America under another name, his wife and daughter die tragically. Realizing that this is his punishment, he bequeathes to his son the task of atoning to the relatives of the murdered man. The moral is obvious: we cannot shirk moral obligations without causing loss and suffering to others as well as ourselves.

Bourget has composed several dramas; some were original, such as 'Le Luxe des Autres' (Odéon, 1903), 'La Barricade' and 'Le Tribun,' already mentioned; others were drawn from his novels, 'Mensonges,' (Vaudeville, 1889), and 'L'Émigré' (Renaissance, 1908). But to try to differentiate his work as

a dramatist from his work as a novelist would be at the same time useless and misleading; his plays are but a part of the whole.

He has also written a number of short stories and novelettes, some of his books, 'L'Envers du Décors,' 'Pastels,' 'Recommencements,' being entirely composed of them. He is a past-master in this form of fiction, in which his qualities of force and logic show to the greatest advantage.

Paul Bourget married Mademoiselle Pailleron, daughter of the well-known playwright, author of 'Le Monde Où l'On S'Ennuie.' He was elected a member of the Academy in 1894.

Bourget's work may be divided into three well-defined periods. Between 1874 and 1888 he was feeling his way and trying different means of expression, for he had something to say and did not know yet the most appropriate way of saying it. Journalism did not attract him long, and he was too good a judge not to realize the weakness of his attempts at poetry. As a critic he succeeded beyond expectation, winning praise from the experts as well as from the public at large, but the scope of criticism was too limited for his aim. The novel and the theater remained open to him; in selecting the former he was well inspired.

It may be said that from the publication of 'Mensonges' Bourget had mastered the medium of his choice. Up to 1893 he describes the life of his contemporaries as he sees it; "for him the universe is incomprehensible, he stands baffled and passive with a tender sympathy, almost an envy for those who still have faith. He represents the tolerant, somewhat negative point of view of the man who has found no new creed, yet disbelieves the old." It has been said, speaking of that period of his career, that he was suffering "from the atrocious modern uneasiness which is caused by regret that one can no longer believe and dread of the moral void." But he thought that "a writer, worthy to hold a pen, has as his first and last requirement to be a moralist. The moralist is the man who shows life as it is, with its profound lessons of secret expiation which are everywhere imprinted. To show the rancor of vice is to be a moralist."

In all Bourget's books we find sinners on the eve of a conversion; they are wavering, but there is little doubt as to their ultimate decision. A mind as clear as his could not stay long in that undecided state; willing or unwilling, he had to go to the logical conclusion of his tendencies. He loved order, rule, measure, certainty, stability. In this new world in the making he could find nothing but destruction, disorder, unfinished attempts, trials that appeared to him of a more or less experimental and dangerous nature, instability and the like. In the old he saw, or imagined that he saw, those characteristics that appealed most strongly to his inner self. The conclusion is evident. Having acquired the faith he formerly did not possess he began to indicate remedies for the evils he had been content merely to depict before.

His plea in favor of a reversion to the ancient tradition, to the old faith, to

the former political form of government, is masterful, but would be perhaps more convincing if it were not so passionate. However, Bourget, though one-sided, is not narrow-minded; he understands the reasons others may have for holding opinions in contradiction with his own; he esteems them for being consistent; like all extremely intelligent men, he admires intelligence wherever he sees it.

Bourget is often hailed as the creator of the novel of analysis. He is not, and has frequently said so himself. He borrowed his procedure from Henri Beyle (Stendhal), the author of 'La Chartreuse de Parme,' and 'Le Rouge et le Noir.' Furthermore, although strongly opposed to the theories of the naturalistic school, he follows the same methods, but transposes them from the external to the moral plane.

He has described a world to which at the start he did not belong, but unlike many other writers in that position he did not imagine it; he first studied it in its most intricate details, and then he built it up true to life. There is not one sentence of any of his characters which is not exactly what a person belonging to the same class or the same caste in life would have said under the same circumstances. The idea of absolute truth is so rooted in his mind that he will take any amount of trouble to verify the plausibility of an apparently insignificant detail. It is said that wishing to describe some phases of a certain disease he followed for more than four months the clinic of a prominent Parisian specialist; having to mention some of the after effects of tropical malarial fever he waited before finishing his chapter for the return of a young military surgeon who had been sent to Central Africa to study that special ailment, and he was at peace only after having read the notes of the young man and made sure that his description was scientifically flawless.

Bourget has sometimes been reproached for having dwelt with too evident enjoyment on the niceties of the toilet or the interior decoration of a mansion. He is evidently fond of all social refinements and the moral struggles of fashionable men and women appear to be far more interesting to him than the heartaches of the working classes. For all that he is not a snob. A critic who went to interview him some days before the first presentation of 'L'Émigré' relates that as he (the critic) expressed some surprise at the heat Bourget displayed in defending the ideas of his hero, Marquis de Clavier Grandchamps, the writer interrupted: "But for all my admiration I am a bourgeois, a plain bourgeois, and proud to be. As Louis Veuillot has said, 'If I had to reorganize my country, I would create an aristocracy and omit my own name from the list!'"

Bourget's style has nothing of the peerless elegance of France's or of the pictorial quality of Maupassant's. It is a solid and heavy instrument of expression which may convince but does not charm. It has often been said that the greatest quality a novelist can possess is to be entirely absent from his book. Bourget is always present; it is he who discusses, argues, explains. In his

presentation of the case there is something of the lawyer or even of the preacher. Nevertheless, he shows at times a pathos that grips the heart because he is himself deeply moved.

Admirers of Paul Bourget have compared him to Balzac; but he lacks entirely the broad human quality that brought undying fame to the author of 'La Comédie Humaine.' On the other hand, to judge French society of the first half of the nineteenth century through Balzac's novels would be, to say the least, misleading; his marvelous imagination and constructive power made him paint men of all time, but not specially of his own time. From this point of view, Bourget has all the advantage, and his work will remain as a remarkable collection of documents for the history of the French mind and soul at the beginning of the twentieth century.

PIERRE DE BACOURT

THE AMERICAN FAMILY

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AS the American marriage appears to be above all a partnership, so the American family appears to be more than anything else an association — a sort of social camp, the ties of which are more or less strong according to individual sympathies, such as might exist between people not of the same blood. I am certain, not from anecdotes but from experience, that the friendship of brother and brother, or sister and sister, is entirely elective. So it is with the relations between father and son, mother and daughter. A young Frenchman much in love with a New York girl said to me, in one of those moments when the coldness of the woman you love drives you to be cruelly frank: —

"She has so little heart that she went to the theater five weeks after her mother's death, and no one resented it."

I knew that he was telling the truth. But what did it prove? What do the inequalities permitted by the laws of inheritance prove? Nothing, if not that our natural characteristics, instincts, sensibilities, are not the same as those of the people of this country. They have much less power of self-giving, much more of personal reaction; and especially a much stronger will. Their will rules their hearts as well as their minds. This seems to us less tender. But are we good judges?

We must continually keep in mind this general want of association in family life if we would in any degree understand the sort of soul-celibacy, if we may use the term, which the American woman keeps all through her married life. No more in this second period of her life than in the first does love bear that

preponderating part which seems to us Frenchmen an essential characteristic of the lot of woman. When a Parisian woman of forty reviews her life, the story that memory tells her is the story of her emotions. To an American woman of the same age it is more often the story of her actions — of what she calls, by a word I have before cited, her experiences. She gained, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, a conception of her own self which was imposed upon her neither by her traditions — she has none; nor by the instructions of her parents — they never gave her any; nor even by her own nature — for it is characteristic of these easily "adaptable" minds that their first instincts are chaotic and undetermined. They are like a blank check, which the will undertakes to fill out. But whatever the will writes upon it, is written in letters that will never be effaced. Action, action, always action — this is the remorseless but unchanging device of such a woman. Whether she seeks for a place in society, or is ambitious for artistic culture, or addicts herself to sport, or organizes "classes," as they say, for reading Browning, Emerson, or Shakespeare, with her friends; whether she travels to Europe, India, or Japan, or gives an "at home" to have some young girl among her friends "pour" tea for her, be sure that she will be always and incessantly active, indefatigably active, either in the lines of "refinement" or of "excitement."

With what impressiveness these women utter both these words! which we must not weary of returning to; for they perhaps sum up the entire American soul. They are bandied about in conversation like two formulæ, in which are revealed the persistence of this creature, who, born of a stern race, and feeling herself fine, wills to become finer and ever finer; who, reared amid democratic surroundings, wills to become distinguished and ever more distinguished; who, daughter of a land of enterprise, loves to excite continually in herself the sensation of overstrained nerves.

When you see ten, fifteen, thirty, fifty like this, the character of eccentricity, which you first found in them by comparison with the women of Europe, disappears. A new type of feminine attractiveness is revealed to you, less affecting than irritating, enigmatic and slightly ambiguous by its indefinable blending of supple grace and virile firmness, by the alliance of culture and vigor, by the most thrilling nervous sensitiveness and the sturdiest health. The true place of such a creature in this society appears to you also, and the profound reason why these men, themselves all action, leave these women free thus to act with total independence. If it is permitted to apply an old legal term to creatures so subtle, so delicate, these women are the delegates to luxury in this utilitarian civilization. Their mission is to bring into it that which the American has not time to create, and which he desires to have: — the flower of elegance, something of beauty, and in a word, of aristocracy. They are the nobility in this land of business, a nobility developed by the very development of business; since the money which is made in the offices comes at last to them, and manipu-

lated by their fingers, is transfigured, blossoming into precious decorations, made intellectual in plays of fancy — in fact, *unutilized*. A great artist, foremost of this epoch by the ardor of his efforts, the conscientiousness of his study, and the sincerity of his vision — John Sargent — has shown what I have tried to express, in a portrait I saw in an exhibition; that of a woman whose name I do not know. It is a portrait such as the fifteenth-century masters painted, who behind the individual found the real, and behind the model a whole social order. The canvas might be called 'The American Idol,' so representative is it.

The woman is standing, her feet side by side, her knees close together, in an almost hieratic pose. Her body, rendered supple by exercise, is sheathed — you might say molded — in a tight-fitting black dress. Rubies, like drops of blood, sparkle on her shoes. Her slender waist is encircled by a girdle of enormous pearls, and from this dress, which makes an intensely dark background for the stony brilliance of the jewels, the arms and shoulders shine out with another brilliance, that of a flower-like flesh — fine, white flesh, through which flows blood perpetually invigorated by the air of the country and the ocean. The head, intellectual and daring, with a countenance as of one who has understood everything, has for a sort of aureole the vaguely gilded design of one of those Renaissance stuffs which the Venetians call *soprarisso*. The rounded arms, in which the muscles can hardly be seen, are joined by the clasped hands — firm hands, the thumb almost too long, which might guide four horses with the precision of an English coachman. It is the picture of an energy at once delicate and invincible, momentarily in repose; and all the Byzantine Madonna is in that face with its wide-open eyes.

Yes, this woman is an idol, for whose service man labors, which he has decked with the jewels of a queen, behind each one of whose whims lie days and days spent in the ardent battle of Wall Street. Frenzy of speculations in land, cities undertaken and built by sheer force of millions, trains launched at full speed over bridges built on a Babel-like sweep of arch, the creaking of cable cars, the quivering of electric cars, sliding along their wires with a crackle and a spark, the dizzy ascent of elevators, in buildings twenty stories high, immense wheat-fields of the West, its ranches, mines, colossal slaughter-houses — all the formidable traffic of this country of effort and struggle, all its labor — these are what have made possible this woman, this living orchid, unexpected masterpiece of this civilization.

Did not the very painter consecrate to her his intense toil? To be capable of such a picture, he must have absorbed some of the ardor of the Spanish masters, caught the subtlety of the great Indians, understood and practised the curiosities of impressionism, dreamed before the pictures in basilicas like Ravenna, and read and thought. Ah, how much of culture, of reflection, before one could fathom the secret depths of one's own race! He has expressed one of the most essential characteristics of the race — the deification of woman,

considered not as a Beatrice as in Florence, nor as a courtesan as at Milan, but as a supreme glory of the national spirit.

This woman can do without being loved. She has no need of being loved. What she symbolizes is neither sensuality nor tenderness. She is like a living object of art, the last fine work of human skill, attesting that the Yankee, but yesterday despairing, vanquished by the Old World, has been able to draw from this savage world upon which fate has cast him a wholly new civilization, incarnated in this woman, her luxury and her pride. Everything is illuminated by this civilization, at the gaze of these fathomless eyes, in the expression of which the painter has succeeded in putting all the idealism of this country which has no ideal; all that which perhaps will one day be its destruction, but up to the present time is still its greatness — a faith in the human Will, absolute, unique, systematic, and indomitable.

A GRAND SEIGNEUR

From 'L'Émigré.' Translated by George Burnham Ives under the title 'The Weight of the Name.' Copyright by Little, Brown & Co., and reprinted by their permission

WHEN they were seated in the motor, after telling the chauffeur the direction to take, the marquis said to Landri: "We shall be more than thirty at table. I don't know just how many. I ordered for forty, at a venture. I like that sort of thing! It's almost the open house of old times. What a generous and proud expression: open house! The men of today talk about the social question. But our fathers had solved it. What was a *grand seigneur?* A living syndicate, nothing else. Consider how many people lived on him, how many live on us! To spend freely a handsome fortune, from father to son, on the same estate, is to support a whole district for many generations. When people prate of the luxury of the nobles of the olden time, they always think of them as like Cleopatra, drinking pearls, selfishly. But that luxury was a public service! It was the fountain which monopolizes the water in order to distribute it. The fountain was overturned, and the water is dribbling away, turning to mud, and disappearing — that's the whole story! — Ah! Auguste is going wrong!" And seizing the megaphone, he shouted: "To the left, to the left, and then the second avenue to the right. There are three oaks in a clump and a Calvary." — And turning once more to his son: "I know the forest, tree by tree, leaf by leaf, I have ridden through it so often and on such good horses. Do you remember Toby, my gray Irish horse, and how he jumped? We are going to Père Mauchaussée's."

"Our old gardener?" inquired Landri. "What has become of him?"
"He is what he always was.

"Qu'ils sont doux, bouteille, ma mie,
Qu'ils sont doux, tes petits glouglous!

[How sweet, my bottle, my bottle dear,
How sweet your gurglings are to hear.]

But it's his son that I want to see. I made him second gardener when his father retired, do you remember? He crushed his foot last week, not on our land, but at his father's, cutting down a tree. The doctor thinks he won't be able to work any more. He is in despair. Fancy, a wife and five children! Chaffin wanted me to help him a little, and nothing more. 'We don't come within the law relating to accidents to workmen,' he said. 'I don't need their laws to tell me what my duty is,' I replied. 'He shall be paid his wages in full, as long as he lives, like his father.' — I am a socialist, you know, in the old way. It was different from the new way in this, that the poor received the money of the rich directly, whereas today the politicians keep it all. It's very *up-to-date*, as our young friend Marie de Charlus says. What do you think of her? She is charming isn't she?"

"Charming," Landri replied: "but I am surprised that she pleases you, with such ideas as she has."

"As she thinks she has," the marquis corrected him. "That will pass off. It's the impulse of youth. What will not pass off, is the old stock. She has it to the tips of her fingers and toes. Did you look at her? Ah! she's a genuine Charlus, and signed! Do you know what I said to myself when I saw her on horseback today? — And how beautifully she rides! — That she would make the sweetest little Comtesse de Claviers-Grandchamp. — And do you know this too? That it depends on you alone? But it does. Tell me if it doesn't begin like a chapter in a novel? A year ago she was twenty years old. She was sought in marriage — by the little Duc de Lautrec, if you please. She refused. Parents astounded. She was so young, they left her in peace. Six months ago, another offer, from Prince de la Tour Enguerrand, the widower. Another refusal! A month ago, Lautrec comes forward again. She refuses again. Then follows an explanation with the mother. Who would have thought that the 'emancipated *gratin*,' as she calls herself, that girl who puts on so many twentieth-century airs, is still governed by sentiment after the old style — the only style, on my word, that is always good and always young! 'I will marry Monsieur de Claviers,' she said, 'or I will die an old maid.'"

"That is impossible," interposed the young man; "we just speak to each other at a ball two or three times in a winter."

"You are too modest, monsieur my son," rejoined the marquis. "It seems

that two or three times have sufficed. — In a word, stupefaction of the mother; stupefaction of the father. They tell the story to Madame de Bac-Crespin, their cousin, who tells it to her mother, Madame de Contay, who tells it to Jaubourg, who tells it to me; and as such a daughter-in-law would suit me marvelously, and as I have a horror of beating about the bush, I invited them all three, mother, father, and daughter, and I sent for you. The mother sent her excuses. She's a little put out; she won't see you. She knows you, plant and root, I venture to say. — Ah! everything is there: wit, spirit, charm — I don't say great beauty, but what a figure, and what eyes! A hundred thousand francs a year at this moment, of her own, if you please, left her by her Uncle Prosny. Later, three hundred thousand more. And such relations! No more *mésalliances* in that family than in ours. One of those superb trees that resemble a noble action continued for seven hundred years: all the younger sons officers, bishops, or knights of Malta; all the unmarried daughters nuns, abbesses, or prioresses; twenty of the name killed in foreign wars. I have not often annoyed you with suggestions of marriage, my boy. Your dear mother would have known so well how to choose a wife for you! I waited a while for you to open your heart to me. But you are approaching thirty. I am sixty-five. Your three brothers are dead. I have no one but you to keep up the family. I should like not to go away before I have put in the saddle a Geoffroy IX of Claviers-Grandchamp. You are Landri X. We must look to it that the Geoffroys overtake the Landris. Well! what do you say?"

"I say, father," Landri replied, "that I came to Grandchamp today myself, with the purpose of speaking to you about a project of marriage — a different one," he added.

"With some one whom I know?" inquired the marquis.

"No, father, a young woman of twenty-seven, the widow of one of my fellow officers in the regiment, who has a child, and no fortune, or very little. It's a far cry from the marriage-portion of Mademoiselle de Charlus. But I love her passionately, and have for more than three years."

"Another chapter of a novel," said M. de Claviers, still without losing his good-humor. "This does not displease me. I will not deny that I have been just a little disgusted with you. I was afraid that you had some wretched liaison in your life. You have a real love. That's a different matter. I love to have people love, you see — love long and dearly and faithfully. No fortune?" He repeated, "No fortune? My dear boy, how I would like to be able to say to you: 'Don't let that disturb you!'" A cloud passed over his face, which was as transparent as the blue sky of that waning afternoon, stretching above his beloved forest, all turned to gold by the autumn. — "This is not the time to discuss that question, which I have wanted to talk to you about for a long while. We have many charges on the estate. If it still produced what it did once, we could extricate ourselves more easily — and, perhaps, if I had known better how to handle our interests. Consider that there have been two genera-

tions over which this outrageous Civil Code has passed, with its compulsory partitions, which are grinding France to powder. Of the income of a million which your great-grandmother saved during the Revolution by not emigrating, and demanding her pretended divorce, how much have I had? Three hundred thousand francs a year, and, in addition, all the burdens of the old days! I say again, this is not the time to talk about it. — For three years? " he added, after a pause. " Who is it? What is her name? "

" Madame Olier," replied the young man.

" Ah! " exclaimed the father, " and she was born — ? "

" Mademoiselle Barral."

" Olier? — Barral? — Why, in that case, she is not a person of your own rank? Answer me frankly, my boy. I am your father, the head of your family. You owe it to me. You are her lover? You have a misstep to repair? The child is yours? "

" No, father, I give you my word of honor. Twice in my life I have told her that I loved her. Once when her husband was alive. She refused to see me again except on my promise that I would never speak to her again of my sentiments. The second time was today. That was the reason of my being late."

M. de Claviers had listened to this confession with contracted brows and lips tightly closed. His blue eyes took on that somber hue which his son knew too well. It indicated the clash of profound emotions in that violent temperament. There was between the two men a further pause coincident with the stopping of the motor before the Mauchaussées' house, a dainty structure which the châtelain of Grandchamp placed at the disposal of his former retainer, without rent. The curtains at the windows and the thread of smoke issuing from the chimney bore witness to the physical well-being of these vassals of his charity. He had, however, the countenance of a magistrate rather than an almsgiver as he alighted from the automobile, without speaking to his son, who did not follow him.

The ten minutes which his father passed in the little house seemed immeasurably long to Landri. To be sure he felt as if a weight had been lifted from his heart: the first part of his confession was made, the part that had seemed to him the most formidable to put in words. It touched such a sensitive spot in his heart! Would he have the courage to make the second part, and to inflict another blow upon that man, whom he felt once more to be so impassioned, so loving, and so impetuous? By what sort of an explosion would the wrath vent itself, with which he had seen that powerful brow suddenly overcast? Other questions arose in his mind: why had the marquis, whose repugnance for financial affairs was so intense, spoken with such detail of the wealth of the Charluses, and of his own with that reserve laden with hidden meaning? Landri was too unselfish to think of his own future and of the possible diminution of his inheritance. He knew that his father was very wealthy,

and he had never wondered at a lavish expenditure which the marquis had seemed always able to support. He had never even asked for his own property after the guardianship accounts were once settled. The marquis gave him an allowance which represented the fifteen hundred thousand francs he had inherited from his mother. Did this enigmatic plaint mean that the *grand seigneur* would be compelled eventually to reduce an establishment which was as necessary to him as breathing and moving? At the same time that he resolved this question in his mind without putting it to himself so plainly, the young man was thinking of the negotiator of the Charlus marriage.

"What an idea of Jaubourg's to meddle again in my affairs! It's just as it was before about Saint-Cyr. He has never shown anything but antipathy to me, and he is always putting himself between my father and me. That is why he wanted them to send me up to him. — But the door is opening — I must prepare to sustain the assault! — Courage! it's for Valentine."

The charming image passed before his mind. It was exorcised instantly by a chorus of voices saying in the accent of the countryside: "Bonjour, Monsieur le Comte. Is everything right with you, Monsieur le Comte?" — It was the five Mauchaussée children, their mother, grandmother, and grandfather, whom the marquis was driving before him toward his son. The wondering, laughing eyes of the little boys and girls, the timid and humble bearing of the two women, the jovial bloated face of the drunkard, supplied a comic illustration of the speech with which M. de Claviers presented them to their future patron.

"Do you recognize them?" he said. "The little monkeys are growing. They are pushing us aside, Mauchaussée, and you too, Madame Martine. Soon they'll be pushing you too, Landri, but you have the time. Come, children, shout, 'Vive Monsieur le Comte!'"

"Vive Monsieur le Comte!" chirped the five children.

"And vive Monsieur le Marquis!" exclaimed Mauchaussée. It was amid acclamations as paradoxical, in the year 1906, as the existence of M. de Claviers himself, that the automobile resumed its journey.

"To the château," he said to Auguste. Then, taking his son's hand and pressing it: "That is why you cannot make the marriage of which you spoke to me just now. It is because of the Mauchaussées and their like — and they are legion — who live on us, on the house of Claviers-Grandchamp: for there is a house of Claviers-Grandchamp. Surely you cannot wish to assist in destroying it. When one demolishes a roof, one destroys all the nests in that roof. When one cuts the trunk of one of these trees, all the branches die. Our family, as I told you just now, is like that of the Charluses. Not a *mésalliance* since 1260. One can count them on one's fingers, such lineages as that. You will not demean yourself."

"Is it demeaning myself," demanded Landri impatiently, "to bring you as your daughter-in-law a woman of irreproachable character, whom I love pro-

foundly and who loves me — pretty, refined, and intelligent? One demeans one's self by lacking a sense of honor. Does it show such a lack to marry according to one's heart, without regard to money, without any secret prompting of ambition? In what way would Madame Olier, having become Comtesse de Claviers-Grandchamp, embarrass the Mauchaussées and all this generous task of supporting traditionary dependents, which forms one of the moral appanages of great families and a *raison d'être* of the nobility, I fully agree with you; — in what way? "

"In this — that she is Madame Olier, born Barral, simply; that her child has Olier uncles and aunts and Olier cousins, and she has Barral cousins, perhaps brothers and sisters — a whole social circle. That circle, by marrying her, you make akin to us. That family you ally with ours. You ally it! Dig into that word, so profound in its significance, like all those in which the language simply translates instinctively the experience of ages. That means that between the Oliers, the Barrals, and the Claviers-Grandchamps, you establish a bond of fellowship, that all those existences are bound together. — I will suggest but one question to you: tell the Mauchaussées that Madame de Claviers' cousin keeps a shop, for instance, that he is like one of their own relations. Do you think that Madame de Claviers will retain the same prestige in their eyes? And let us assume that there are no Oliers, no Barrals in this case — do you think that our kinsfolk, the Candales, the Vardes, the Nançays, the Tilliers, in France, and all the others, and the Ardrahans in Scotland, the Gorkas in Poland, and the Stenos in Italy, will be altogether the same to your wife as if she were a Charlus? So that our family unity will be impaired. You will have diminished the importance of the house of Claviers, without failing in honor — that goes without saying. But, do you see, a name like ours is honor with something more."

" Or less," retorted Landri. " Why, yes," he insisted, as his father recoiled in amazement, " less life, life, to which all men have a right, but not I. No right to individual happiness — you just told me so. No right to individual action. How much it cost you to allow me even to enter the army! What else is there for us to do? Defend tombs? You have the strength for that, but I haven't."

He had never said so much concerning his secret thoughts. It had been too painful to him to hear from the marquis' lips the same objections, in almost the same words, as from Valentine's. He had felt too strongly their implacable and brutal truth. The pain had been all the keener. He had no sooner uttered that cry of rebellion, than he had a passionate reflux of emotion toward his father. He took his hand, saying: " Forgive me! " while M. de Claviers returned the pressure, and answered in an affectionate voice, but so firm, so virile — the voice of a man who, having reached the evening of his days, girds up his loins and declares that he has not gone astray in his faith.

"Forgive you, and for what, my poor boy? For loving, and for feeling an impulse of rebellion of your whole heart before an obstacle in which all boys

of your age, and even of your class, would see today, as you do, only a prejudice? For being young, and for having this longing to employ your energy to some purpose, which you cheat by playing at soldiering — for it is only a game and you know it perfectly well? Suppose that tomorrow the people who rule us order you to execute one of their infamous jobs, the burglarizing of a church, what shall you do? "

As he uttered these words, which by their unconscious divination proved how much he thought about his son, the marquis was looking at his idea. He did not notice the young man's sudden start. On the latter's lips was an exclamation which he did not utter. He listened to the words in which his father continued, with an interest all the more intense, because M. de Claviers was not in the habit of discussing his convictions. He asserted them by his mere presence. Doubtless his affection for Landri warned him that that was a fateful moment, such as most frequently occurs unexpectedly, in the relations of a father and son, when a word misunderstood may lead to tragic dissensions; and as if he were determined to justify in advance the sternness of his veto by arguments impossible of refutation even by him who was destined to be their victim, he explained himself, he confessed himself, or, better still, he thought aloud: —

" Do you think that I have not gone through such rebellions? Do you think that I, too, when my father spoke to me as I am speaking to you, did not ask myself if he were not a man of another century, who did not understand his epoch and who wished to involve me in his error? Do you think that I was not attracted by action, by actions of all sorts, by war, by diplomacy, the tribune? that I never heard the voice of the tempter whispering: 'One does not serve the government, one serves France'? How many of my friends listened to that voice! I do not judge them. I could not do it, and I do not repent. This is why. Listen. What I am going to say will seem to you a long way from the starting-point of our conversation. But I do not lose sight of it. — No, I could not do it, because by dint of studying her, I realized that this France, offspring of the Revolution, had other workmen than me to employ, in its barracks, its public offices, its assemblies, and that we were very little able to serve her elsewhere. You have told me sometimes that I had the heart of an 'émigré.' It is true. But who saved France from dismemberment in 1815, if not the 'émigrés,' and Louis XVIII, first of all? Had there been no 'émigrés,' had not the King, supported by that handful of loyal subjects, made himself felt during twenty years in the councils of the coalition, the country would have been partitioned. What did they preserve for it, for that country which was so cruelly hostile to them? — *A principle.* Who will measure the strength of principles, of social truths, maintained by a group of men, by a single man sometimes, if he is called the King? Ah, well! the disease of France, offspring of the Revolution, does not lie in facts, nor in men, but in lack of principles, or in false principles, which is worse. I am not unjust to her, to this France I speak of. She has

worked hard during these hundred years. She is working hard. What an endurance, what a sturdy will, what impetuosity! With all these is she bankrupt in all her aspirations — yes or no? Yes or no, does this country hold in Europe an inferior place to that she held in the worst days of the old monarchy? She is no older than England, however, her great rival in the Middle Ages! Has she progressed in social tranquillity? Has she found stability, that test of all political doctrines, as the regular beating of the pulse is the test of health? The fact is that the Revolution tried to base society on the individual, and that nature insists that it be based on the family. When I understood that great law, I understood the nobility. I understood then that our prejudices were profound social truths, elaborated by the result of experience during long ages which is called custom, and transformed into instinct. It is a profound social truth that there is no increase in the strength of a country unless the efforts of successive generations are combined, unless the living consider themselves as enjoying the usufruct only, between their dead and their descendants. But that is the law of primogeniture and entails! Another profound social truth: families must be deeply rooted in order to endure; they must have territorial interests, they must be amalgamated with the soil. But that means patrimonial domains, which are left undivided that they may not be sold! — Another profound social truth: there must be diverse environments, in order that there may be morals, and there are no environments unless there are classes, and distinct classes. But that means the three estates! Another profound social truth: every individual is simply the sum of those who have preceded him, a single moment in a long lineage. By marrying him to another individual at the same stage of family development, there is the chance of obtaining a superior creature, of solidifying acquired characteristics. But that means race! — All these truths the old France put in practice, and they were incarnate in the great Houses! On the instant that I realized their importance and that they were the working-out of the very laws of the family, the rôle of the noble in the presence of the Revolution was made clear to me; to maintain his House first of all. If we had all acted on that theory, what a reserve force France would have had for the hour of the inevitable crisis! However, there are still enough of us who fulfilled that duty, each as he could, especially in the provinces, and in that sturdy rural aristocracy which you will find in existence today, as in '71. But, even if I were alone of my kind, I should be no less assured of my duty. If we are fated never to be wanted again, let us at least make a noble end. *Decenter mori.* An aristocrat should either remain an aristocrat or die. I have remained one. The misfortunes of the times have not allowed me to add a page to the history of the Claviers-Grandchamps, but I have written that history, and I have maintained our House in its place. I have sounded the splendor of the name, as our ancestors said. What more can I say, Landri? Your father has continued his father, who had continued his. They all ask you by my mouth: 'Will you continue us?' "

"I revere you and love you," replied the young man; and it was true that that profession of faith, pronounced by the old nobleman among the trees of the hereditary domain, assumed an almost painful grandeur. After an interval of a hundred years the Claviers-Grandchamp of Condé's army expressed his thoughts by the mouth of his grandson with that self-consciousness which is one of the characteristics of the thoroughbred. He realized that, before they disappear, the social species like the animal species spend their last vigor in producing most perfect types in which all the excellences of all that have gone before are consummated. Once more Landri had a realizing sense of the superiority of that man who, for lack of a suitable environment, had spent his long life in attitudinizing, and for motives so profound, so blended with the most generous idealism! He was too intelligent not to understand the bearing of the lofty philosophy amassed by M. de Claviers in his solemn harangue. In spite of himself, as was so often the case, his mind acquiesced in ideas which, none the less, he did not choose to accept. In what utter solitude they had confined his father! His heart, too, rebelled against it. "The profound social truths," as the marquis had said, are but cold friends of mature years. A lover of less than thirty will always sacrifice them to a glance from two bright blue eyes, to a reflection of the light upon golden hair. Images of that sort were still floating before Landri's eyes; they gave him strength to argue with his father.

"But in that old France, which you claim to continue, the classes intermingled and by marriages, too. Colbert's daughter was a duchess, Monsieur de Mesmes' daughter a duchess, Gilles Ruellan's daughter a duchess, and Colbert's father was a draper, Monsieur de Mesmes' father a peasant of Mont-de-Marsan, and Gilles Ruellan had been a carter."

"That is true," rejoined M. de Claviers. "But in those days France was sound. She was like those strong constitutions which can safely indulge in deviations from a regular diet. The great houses were not attacked. The great social truths which their existence alone represents today did not need to be defended in every detail. There is not enough 'irreconcilability' in our time, even among us, for me to renounce mine. I admired nothing so much in my youth as the attitude of the Comte de Chambord, when he carried his white banner — and how many understood it, even among our friends? No, Landri, one does not compromise in the defense of a vanquished principle. One can never defend it too vigorously."

"Then, if I should come some day to ask your consent" — the young man queried with a tremor.

"To marry Madame Olier? I shall refuse to give it."

"And if I should do without it?" he ventured to say.

"You will not do without it. She is the one, do you hear, she is the one who will not allow it. I know you, my Landri," continued the father, in an affectionate tone in striking contrast to the evident inflexibility of his decision. "For you to love this woman so dearly, she must be very pure and of a very

delicate sense of honor. It was she who insisted that you should speak to me before she gave you her answer, was it not? Such a woman will never consent to marry you against your father's declared wish. If she were not magnanimous and high-minded to that degree, you would not love her."

"And if it were so, you would not be touched?"

"There is no question here of my emotions, my son, nor of yours. It is a question of our name. Military heroism is not the only sort. There is a family heroism. As a soldier, you would consider it a perfectly natural thing to sacrifice your life. A man of a certain name should consider it natural to sacrifice his happiness. But is there really so much at stake? It is a crisis, and it will pass away. In any event," he added, in a tone of affectionate banter, "you haven't asked for my consent. So that I have not refused it. We have talked about plans, probabilities, supposititious cases — nothing more. All the same, be agreeable to Marie de Charlus this evening. Don't be too angry with her for having distinguished you, as our grandmothers used so prettily to say. And now let us enjoy what my grandmother left us. Here we are out of the forest and in the park. If the fearless woman had not stayed here, during the Terror, everything would have been cut down, devastated, burned, pillaged. I never return to Grandchamp without giving her a thought."

He ceased to speak, and his blue eyes were filled with pious veneration as he looked at the château, a sedate and grandiose structure in Mansart's very earliest manner. In the eighteenth century a Claviers-Grandchamp, to whom a friend, in gratitude for a service rendered him, had bequeathed a fortune made in the Compagnie des Indes, had reconstructed it inside without touching the façade. In front lay an immense garden *à la française*. Twelve gardeners were required to keep up this marvel, laid out in flower-beds, ponds, and tree-lined paths, with many bronze groups about the ponds, and stone statues in the paths. In that closing hour of a lovely day, in that atmosphere now so delicately tinged with gray, the garden was a beautiful sight. Like those of Versailles, and of the whole seventeenth century, it bore the physiognomy of nature respected in its strength and at the same time guided, regulated, and harmonized in its expansions. It was in truth visible "order," the order of the society of olden time whence the Claviers-Grandchamps had sprung. The trees, which were still vigorous, but pruned and trimmed, did not put forth their leaves until they had been disciplined.

EUGÈNE-MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ

EUGÈNE-MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ, Vicomte, and descendant of an old French aristocratic family, was born at Nice in 1848. His youth, apart from the terms at college, was spent rather monotonously at the old château of Gourdan in the Cevennes Mountains. Here he read Bossuet, Pascal, and Saint-Simon; soon Romanticism began to hold his young imagination; he studied Rousseau; of Victor Hugo he said many years later: "The 'Orientales' are still singing in our memory like the most delightful music that ever intoxicated us at twenty." But the true masters of his thought and of his talent at that time were Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Alfred de Vigny. In their works he found the expression of his own ardent dreams, his love of travel, of foreign countries, and of the Orient in particular.

Hardly twenty years old, he followed his passionate longing for the South and went to Italy, taking with him, amongst his luggage, his first poetical efforts. Political events, however, broke in rudely upon his dreams. At the first reverses to French arms, in 1870, he offered his services to his country. Two of his cousins fell in battle almost immediately; his younger brother died at his side at Sedan; he himself, seriously wounded, became a prisoner of war and was interned at Magdeburg until the end of hostilities. Disappointment and humiliation led him to deep reflection, and became one of the most decisive and lasting impressions of his life. National disaster had taught him a lesson which he felt called upon to convey to his readers at every opportunity. On the first of January, 1890, he wrote, in the preface to a series of essays entitled 'Regards Historiques et Littéraires' [Historical and Literary Considerations], an open letter addressed "To those who are twenty years old," containing the following words:

"It is now nearly twenty years ago that the truth made itself known in a flood to the one who writes these lines, as to many others — to all those who were being carried along the road to Germany on the night of the first and second of September, 1870. The miserable procession was descending the slopes that lay between Bazeilles and Douzy. Below us the bivouac fires of the conquerors starred the valley of the Meuse. From the field of blood where were camped the hundred thousand men whom we thought sleeping, worn out with their victory, there arose upon the air one strong, one single voice from the hundred thousand breasts. They sang the hymn of Luther. The solemn prayer spread over the whole horizon, it filled the heavens, as far as there were fires — Germans. Far along in the night we heard it: it was so grand, so majestic, that not one of us could help thrilling with awe; even those who, crushed by suf-

fering and fatigue, were being driven out of what had been France — even they forgot their grief for a moment in the unwelcome emotion. More than one of us, young as we were, and unripened by reflection, saw clearly in that moment what power it was that had vanquished us: it was not the girdle of steel cannon, nor the weight of regiments; it was the one superior soul, made up of all those different souls, steeped in one Divine national faith, firmly convinced that behind their cannon, God was marching with them at the side of their old king."

He, almost more than anyone else in France, saw the necessity of the nation's return to religious ideals; and he fearlessly set forth this view even in the presence of freethinkers like Jules Ferry. At the conclusion of his essay on Tolstoy, he says: "And we, how shall we escape Nihilism and Pessimism, these phenomena that have so little of the true French spirit in them, and that yet for fifteen years past have invaded our literature and burst into the view of those even who are least able to discern? Shall we end by adopting Mysticism? There is reason to believe that our national temperament will preserve us from that; we may hope that the religious idea, the necessary goal of all progress, will in the end comfort those young talents who deny and suffer with so much bitterness, or that it will raise fresh talents if these have gone under." A few years later he was able to express himself more hopefully and decisively, on a matter which was so dear to his heart, in an article on the Neo-Christian movement in France, which he wrote for Harper's Magazine.

Vogüé's greatest work was his critical study, 'The Russian Novel.' In 1876, after having, for some time, been engaged on matters of diplomacy at Constantinople, and after having visited Syria, Palestine, Greece, and Egypt, he went to St. Petersburg as Secretary to the French Embassy. Two years later, he married a Russian, the sister of General Annenkoff. The idea of his great work seems to have been suggested to him first by Countess Alexis Tolstoy; but it was not until he had realized all the possibilities of such a work "as the necessary preliminary to any serious political efforts," that he threw himself vigorously into the task. His method of bringing the characteristics of the great Russian authors within the imagination of his French readers is exceedingly simple and yet more powerful; with a few strokes of his pen, he evokes an idea already familiar to French minds. "Turgenev," he says, "has the grace and poesy of Corot; Tolstoy the simple greatness of Rousseau; Dostoyevsky the tragic austerity of Millet. Mourasow (the hero in one of Gogol's books) is no other than Monsieur Madeleine of Hugo's 'Les Misérables.'"

The value of 'Le Roman Russe' has been far from diminishing with the years; in the estimation of the best critics, it ranks with Madame de Staël's 'De L'Allemagne' and Taine's 'History of English Literature.' The criticism of Brunetière will probably be also the judgment of posterity:

"Without exaggeration it may be said that by analyzing the Russian novel in the way he did, and by appreciating the great writers, Gogol, Turgenev,

Tolstoy, and Dostoyevsky, Vogüé has joined himself to their number; he puts into their work no less of his own than he borrows from them; he disengages their thought from the veils or mists in which they like to clothe it, and, while making a place for them in the history of contemporary thought, he at the same time marks his own very deeply. Vogüé shows himself in his book always equal to his subject, often superior to it, and yet this subject was for many reasons one of the widest, almost the newest, one of the most complex and difficult that could tempt the ambition of a critic or of a philosophical historian."

The brilliant success of 'Le Roman Russe' opened the doors of the Academy to Vogüé when he was barely forty years old. The complete list of his works is as rich in number as it is varied in subject matter. The following are among the best of his publications: 'Histoires Orientales' (1879), 'Portraits du Siècle' (1883), 'Souvenirs et Visions' (1887), 'Remarques sur l'Exposition du Centenaire' (1889), 'Spectacles Contemporains' (1891), 'Cœurs Russes' (1894), 'Devant le Siècle' (1896), 'Regards Historiques et Littéraires' (1897), 'Historie et Poésie' (1898), 'Le Rappel des Ombres' (1900), and 'Sous l'Horizon' (1904).

Most of these books consist of series of short essays and sketches, betraying the author's universal interests. In one or two novels, De Vogüé was less successful; the literary form in which he excelled, and which he continued to use most frequently until his death, in 1910, was the essay, and even the short magazine article.

GRACE KING

REALISTIC LITERATURE

CLASSICAL literature considered man on the summits of humanity, in the great transports of passion; as the protagonist in some very noble and very simple drama, in which the actors divided among themselves certain rôles of virtue and wickedness, happiness and suffering — conformable to ideal and absolute conceptions about a superior life, in which the soul of man worked always to one end. In short, the classical man was the one hero whom all primitive literatures considered alone worthy of their attention. The action of this hero corresponded to a group of ideas — religious, monarchical, social, and moral — that furnished the foundation upon which the human family has rested since its earliest attempts at organization. In magnifying his hero for good or for evil, the classical poet was proposing a model of what should or should not be, rather than an example of what really existed. For a century, other views have insensibly come to prevail: they have resulted in an art of observation more than of imagination — an art which is

supposed to represent life as it is, in its entirety and in its complexity, and with the least possible prejudice on the part of the artist. It takes man in the ordinary conditions of life, characters from every-day routine, small and changeable. Jealous of the rigorous logic of scientific processes, the artists propose to inform us by a perpetual analysis of sentiments and acts, much more than to move us by the intrigue and spectacle of passions. Classical art imitated a being who governs, punishes, rewards, chooses his favorites from a select aristocracy, and imposes upon them his elegant conventions of morality and language. The new art seeks to imitate nature in its unconscious ability, its moral indifferences, its absence of choice; the triumph of the general over the individual, of the crowd over the hero, of the relative over the absolute. It has been called realistic, naturalistic; but would not democratic suffice to define it?

No: a view which stopped at this apparent literary root would be too short-sighted. The change in political order (political change) is only an episode in the universal and prodigious change that is being accomplished in the whole world about us. Observe for a century the work of the human mind in all its applications: one would say that a legion of workmen had been busy in turning over, to replace upon its base, some enormous pyramid which was leaning upon its apex. Man has begun again from the bottom to explain the universe; and he perceives that the existence of this universe, its greatness and its ills, proceed from an incessant labor of the infinitely small. While institutions were returning the government of the States to the multitude, science was referring the government of the world to atoms. Everywhere in the analysis of physical and moral phenomena, ancient causes have been decomposed, or, so to speak, crumbled away: for the simple sudden agents proceeding with great blows of power, which once explained for us the revolutions of the globe, of history, of the soul, has been substituted the continual evolution of infinitesimal and obscure life. . . . Is it necessary to insist upon the application of these tendencies to practical life? Leveling of the classes, division of fortunes, universal suffrage, liberties and servitudes on an equal footing before the judge, in the barracks, at the school — all the consequences of the principle are summed up in this word Democracy, which is the watchword of the times. . . . Literature, that written confession of society, could not remain a stranger to the general change of direction; instinctively at first, then consciously, doctrinally, she adapted her materials and her ideas to the new spirit. Her first essays at reformation were uncertain and awkward: romanticism (we must now acknowledge it) was a bastard production; it breathed revolt. In reaction from the classical hero, it sought its subjects by preference in the social depths: but, permeated still by the classical spirit, the monsters it invented were its old heroes turned wrong side out; its convicts, courtesans, beggars, were even hollower windbags than the kings and princesses of earlier times. The declamatory thesis had changed, but not the declamation. The public soon grew tired of it.

Writers were asked for representations of the world more sincere, and more in conformity with the teachings of positive science, which was gaining ground day by day: readers wanted to find some sentiment of the complexity of life; beings, ideas, and spirit of rationality which in our day has replaced the taste for the absolute. Thus realism was born. . . . Moral inspiration alone can make us pardon realism for the hardness of its processes. When it studies life with rigorous precision, when it unravels down to the minutest rootlets of our actions in the fatalities that cause them, it responds to one of the exactions of our reason. But it deceives our surest instinct when it voluntarily ignores that mystery which subsists above and beyond rational explanation: the possible quality of the divine. I am willing that the realist should affirm nothing of the unknown, but at least he should always tremble on its threshold. Since he prides himself upon observing phenomena without suggesting arbitrary interpretations of them, he should accept this evident fact: the latent fermentation of the evangelical spirit in the modern world. More than to any other form of art the religious sentiment is indispensable to realism; the sentiment that communicates to it the charity which it needs. As realism does not recoil from the ugliness and misery of the world, it should render them endurable by a perpetual pity. Realism becomes odious the moment it ceases to be charitable. . . . Oh, I know that in assigning a moral end to the art of writing I shall cause a smile among the adepts of the honorable doctrine of art for art's sake; — I must confess that I do not understand that doctrine.

To summarize my ideas of what realism should be: I seek some general formula to express both its method and its power of creation. I find only one: it is very old, but I do not know a better or a more scientific one, or one that comes closer to the secret of all creation: "God made man out of the dust of the ground." See how just the word is, how significant — the dust! Without prejudgment or contradiction of detail, it contains all that we guess about the origin of life; it shows us those first thrills of humid matter in which was formed and perfected the slow series of organisms. Made out of the dust of the earth: that is all that experimental science can know. . . . Yes, but there is something else than experimental science; the dust of the ground does not suffice to account for the mystery of life; . . . the formula must be completed to account for the duality of our being: therefore the text adds, "And he breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living being." This "breath," drawn from the source of universal life, is the mind, spirit, the sure and impenetrable element that moves us, infolds us, frustrates all our explanations, and without which they are insufficient. The dust of the earth: that is the positive knowledge that we can obtain in a laboratory, in a clinic, about the universe, about a man; it goes very far, but so long as the breath does not intervene, a living soul cannot be created, for life begins only where we cease to comprehend.

Translated for this series by Grace King

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE, the celebrated French literary critic, was born in Toulon, in the year 1849, and died in Paris on December 9, 1906. His studies were begun in the college of his native city and continued in Paris, in the Lycée Louis le Grand, where in the class of philosophy he came under Professor Émile Charles, by whose original and profound though decidedly pessimistic way of thinking he was powerfully influenced. His own ambition then was to become a teacher in the University of France, an ambition which seemed unlikely ever to be realized, as he failed to secure admission to the celebrated École Normale Supérieure, in the competitive examination which leads up to that school. Strangely enough, about fifteen years later he was, though not in possession of any very high university degree, appointed to the Professorship of French Literature in the school which he had been unable to enter as a scholar, and his appointment received the hearty indorsement of all the leading educational authorities in France.

For several years after leaving the Lycée Louis le Grand, while completing his literary outfit by wonderfully extensive reading, Ferdinand Brunetière lived on stray orders for work for publishers. He seldom succeeded in getting these, and when he got any they were seldom filled. Thus he happened to be commissioned by the firm of Germer Baillière and Company to write a history of Russia, which was never published, because it was never written. The event which determined the direction of his career was the acceptance by the Revue des Deux Mondes, in 1875, of an article upon contemporary French novelists. François Buloz, the energetic and imperious founder and editor of the world-famed French fortnightly felt that he had found in the young critic the man whom French literary circles had been waiting for, and who was to be Sainte-Beuve's successor; and François Buloz was a man who seldom made mistakes.

French literary criticism was just then at a very low ebb. Sainte-Beuve had been dead about five years; his own contemporaries, Edmond Schérer for instance, were getting old and discouraged; the new generation seemed to be turning unanimously, in consequence of the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War and of the Revolution of September 1870, to military or political activity. The only form of literature which had power to attract young writers was the novel, which they could fill with the description of all the passions then agitating the public mind. That a man of real intellectual strength should then give his undivided attention to pure literature seemed a most unlikely phenomenon: but all had to acknowledge that the unlikely had happened, soon after Fer-

dinand Brunetière had become the regular literary critic of the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Fortunately the new critic did not undertake to walk in the footsteps of Sainte-Beuve. In the art of presenting to the reader the marrow of a writer's work, of making the writer himself known by the description of his surroundings, the narrative of his life, the study of the forces by which he was influenced, the illustrious author of the 'Causeries du Lundi' remains to this day without a rival or a successor. Ferdinand Brunetière had a different conception of the duties of a literary critic. The one fault with which thoughtful readers were apt to charge Sainte-Beuve was, that he failed to pass judgment upon the works and writers; and this failure was often, and not altogether unjustly, ascribed to a certain weakness in his grasp of principles, a certain faint-heartedness whenever it became necessary to take sides. Anyone who studies Brunetière can easily see that from the start his chief concern was to make it impossible for anyone to charge him with the same fault. He came in with a set of principles which he thereafter upheld with remarkable steadfastness and courage. In an age when nearly every one was turning to the future and advocating the doctrine and the necessity of progress, when the chief fear of most men was that they should appear too much afraid of change, Brunetière proclaimed time and again that there was no safety for any nation or set of men except in a stanch adherence to tradition. He bade his readers turn their minds away from the current literature of the day, and take hold of the models of excellence handed down to us by the great men of the past. Together with tradition he upheld authority, and therefore preferred to all others the period in which French literature and society had most willingly submitted to authority, that is, the seventeenth century and the reign of Louis XIV. When compelled to speak of the literature of the day, he did so in no uncertain tones. His book 'The Naturalistic Novel' (1883) consists of a series of articles in which he studies Zola and his school, upholding the old doctrine that there are things in life which must be kept out of the domain of art and cannot be introduced into it without lowering the ideal of man. Between the naturalistic and the idealistic novel he unhesitatingly declares for the latter, and places George Sand far above the author of 'L'Assommoir.'

But the great success of his labors cannot be said to have been due solely or even mainly to the principles he advocated. Other critics have appeared since — Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, for instance — who have opposed almost everything that he defended and defended almost everything that he opposed, and whose success has hardly been inferior to his. Neither is it due to any charm in his style. Brunetière's sentences are compact — indeed, strongly knit together — but decidedly heavy and at times even clumsy. What he has to say he always says strongly, but not gracefully. He has a remarkable appreciation of the value of the words of the French language, but his arrangement of them is seldom free from mannerisms. What, then, was it that made

him the foremost literary critic of his day? The answer is, knowledge and sincerity. No writer of that time, save perhaps Anatole France, was so accurately informed of every fact that bears upon literary history. Every argument he brings forward is supported by an array of incontrovertible facts that is simply appalling. No one can argue with him who does not first subject himself to the severest kind of training, go through a mass of tedious reading, become familiar with dates to the point of handling them as nimbly as a bank clerk handles the figures of a check list. And all this comes forward in Brunetière's articles in the most natural, we had almost said casual way. The fact takes its place unheralded in the reasoning. It is there because it has to be there, not because the writer wishes to make a display of his wonderful knowledge; and thus it happens that Ferdinand Brunetière's literary articles are perhaps the most instructive ones ever written in the French language. They are moreover admirably trustworthy. It would never come into this author's mind to hide a fact that goes against any of his theories. He feels so sure of being in the right that he is always willing to give his opponents all that they can possibly claim.

In later years, moreover, it must be acknowledged that Brunetière's mind gave signs of remarkable broadening. Under the influence of the doctrine of evolution, he undertook to class all literary facts as the great naturalists of the day classed the facts of physiology, and to show that literary forms spring from each other by way of transformation in the same way as do the forms of animal or vegetable life. Among the works published by him after entering upon this line of development three were clearly intended to demonstrate the solidity of the theory, *viz.*: a history of literary criticism in France which was to form the first and remains the only published volume of a large work, 'The Evolution of Literary Forms' (1890); a work on the French drama, 'The Periods of the French Theater' (1892); and a treatise on modern French poetry, 'The Evolution of French Lyric Poetry during the Nineteenth Century' (1894).

Most of Brunetière's literary articles have been collected in book form under the following titles: 'Questions of Criticism' (1890), 'History and Criticism' (1884–86), 'Critical Studies on the History of French Literature' (1880–99).

At various times remarkable addresses were delivered by him on public occasions in which he often represented the French Academy from the time of his election to that illustrious body until his death. He also made excursions outside the domain of pure literature, in which he was an acknowledged master, to give expression to his views on public questions, especially when these questions involved one's attitude towards the Catholic Church, to which he was becoming more and more friendly. Thus he thrust himself into the thick of the fight connected with the famous Dreyfus case, taking a leading position among the opponents of the convicted captain. The speeches gathered by him

in his two volumes of 'Speeches of a Fighter' (1900) all belong to this side of his later activities.

In 1895 he was called to the editorship of the Revue des Deux Mondes, which he still occupied at the time of his death. The arduous labors connected with this responsible position, together with his public activities, resulted in somewhat lessening his productiveness in the purely literary domain, a fact greatly to be regretted, as it resulted in his leaving unfinished his most ambitious effort, an exhaustive history of French literature from the period of the Renaissance. Of this work, which he called a 'History of French Classical Literature,' he published only the first volume and part of the second. After his death an attempt was made to carry on the work by the help of the copious notes amassed by him, and the work was conducted in this manner to the close of the eighteenth century, which completes the third volume.

ADOLPHE COHN

THE LITERATURES OF FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND GERMANY

TWICE at least in the course of their long history, it is known that the literature and even the language of France has exerted over the whole of Europe an influence, whose universal character other languages perhaps more harmonious — Italian for instance — and other literatures more original in certain respects, like English literature, have never possessed. It is in a purely French form that our mediæval poems, our 'Chansons de Geste,' our 'Romances of the Round Table,' our *fabliaux* themselves, whencesoever they came — Germany or Tuscany, England or Brittany, Asia or Greece — conquered, fascinated, charmed, from one end of Europe to the other, the imaginations of the Middle Ages. The amorous languor and the subtlety of our "courtly poetry" are breathed no less by the madrigals of Shakespeare himself than by Petrarch's sonnets; and after such a long lapse of time we still discover something that comes from us even in the Wagnerian drama, for instance in 'Parsifal' or in 'Tristan and Isolde.' A long time later, in a Europe belonging entirely to classicism, from the beginning of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century, during one hundred and fifty years or even longer, French literature possessed a real sovereignty in Italy, in Spain, in England, and in Germany. Do not the names of Algarotti, Bettinelli, Beccaria, Filengieri, almost belong to France? What shall I say of the famous Gottschedt? Shall I recall the fact that in his victorious struggle against Voltaire, Lessing had to call in Diderot's assistance? And who does not know that if Rivarol wrote his 'Discourse upon the Universality of the French Language,' it can be charged neither to his vanity nor to our national vanity, since

he was himself half Italian, and the subject had been proposed by the Academy of Berlin?

All sorts of reasons have been given for this universality of French literature: some were statistical, if I may say so, some geographical, political, linguistic. But the true one, the right one, is different: it must be found in the supremely sociable character of the literature itself. If at that time our great writers were understood and appreciated by everybody, it is because they were addressing everybody, or better, because they were speaking to all concerning the interests of all. They were attracted neither by exceptions nor by peculiarities: they cared to treat only of man in general, or as is also said, of the universal man, restrained by the ties of human society; and their very success shows that beneath all that distinguishes, say, an Italian from a German, this universal man whose reality has so often been discussed, persists and lives, and though constantly changing never loses his own likeness. . . .

In comparison with the literature of France, thus defined and characterized by its sociable spirit, the literature of England is an individualistic literature. Let us put aside, as should be done, the generation of Congreve and Wycherley, perhaps also the generation of Pope and Addison — to which, however, we ought not to forget that Swift also belonged — it seems that an Englishman never writes except in order to give to himself the external sensation of his own personality. Thence his *humor*, which may be defined as the expression of the pleasure he feels in thinking like nobody else. Thence, in England, the plenteousness, the wealth, the amplitude of the lyric vein; it being granted that *individualism* is the very spring of lyric poetry, and that an ode or an elegy is, as it were, the involuntary surging, the outflowing of what is most intimate, most secret, most peculiar in the poet's soul. Thence also the *eccentricity* of all the great English writers when compared with the rest of the nation, as though they became conscious of themselves only by distinguishing themselves from those who claim to differ from them least. But is it not possible otherwise to characterize the literature of England? It will be easily conceived that I dare not assert such a thing; all I say here is, that I cannot better express the differences which distinguish that literature from our own.

That is also all I claim, in stating that the essential character of the literature of Germany is, that it is *philosophical*. The philosophers there are poets, and the poets are philosophers. Goethe is to be found no more, or no less, in his 'Theory of Colors' or in his 'Metamorphosis of Plants,' than in his 'Divan' or his 'Faust'; and lyrism, if I may use this trite expression, "is overflowing" in Schleiermacher's theology and in Schelling's philosophy. Is this not perhaps at least one of the reasons for the inferiority of the German drama? It is surely the reason for the depth and scope of Germanic poetry. Even in the masterpieces of German literature it seems that there is mixed something indistinct, or rather mysterious, *suggestive* in the extreme, which leads us to thought by the channel of the dream. But who has not been struck

by what, under a barbarous terminology, is attractive, and as such eminently poetical, realistic, and at the same time idealistic, in the great systems of Kant and Fichte, Hegel and Schopenhauer? Assuredly nothing is further removed from the character of our French literature. We can here understand what the Germans mean when they charge us with a lack of depth. Let them forgive us if *we* do not blame their literature for not being the same as ours.

For it is good that it be thus, and for five or six hundred years this it is that has made the greatness not only of European literature, but of Western civilization itself; I mean that which all the great nations, after slowly elaborating it, as it were, in their national isolation, have afterwards deposited in the common treasury of the human race. Thus, to this one we owe the sense of mystery, and we might say the revelation of what is beautiful, in that which remains obscure and cannot be grasped. To another we owe the sense of art, and what may be called the appreciation of the power of form. A third one has handed to us what was most heroic in the conception of chivalrous honor. And to another, finally, we owe it that we know what is both most ferocious and noblest, most wholesome and most to be feared, in human pride. The share that belongs to us Frenchmen was, in the meanwhile, to bind, to fuse together, and as it were to unify under the idea of the general society of mankind, the contradictory and even hostile elements that may have existed in all that. No matter whether our inventions and ideas were, by their origin, Latin or Romance, Celtic or Gallic, Germanic even, if you please, the whole of Europe had borrowed them from us in order to adapt them to the genius of its different races. Before re-admitting them in our turn, before adopting them after they had been thus transformed, we asked only that they should be able to serve the progress of reason and of humanity. What was turbid in them we clarified; what was corrupting we corrected; what was local we generalized; what was excessive we brought down to the proportions of mankind. Have we not sometimes also lessened their grandeur and altered their purity? If Corneille has undoubtedly brought nearer to us the still somewhat barbaric heroes of Guillem de Castro, La Fontaine, when imitating the author of the 'Decameron,' has made him more indecent than he is in his own language; and if the Italians have no right to assail Molière for borrowing somewhat from them, the English may well complain that Voltaire failed to understand Shakespeare. But it is true none the less that in disengaging from the particular man of the North or the South this idea of a universal man, for which we have been so often reviled — if any one of the modern literatures has breathed in its entirety the spirit of the public weal and of civilization, it is the literature of France. And this ideal cannot possibly be as empty as has too often been asserted; since, as I endeavored to show, from Lisbon to Stockholm and from Archangel to Naples, it is its manifestations that foreigners have loved to come across in the masterpieces, or better, in the whole sequence of the history of our literature.

JULES LEMAÎTRE

JULES LEMAÎTRE for years shared with Anatole France the leadership of the impressionist group of literary critics. Over against them were the ranks of the academic critics, who maintained that the proper attitude for a writer to take with regard to the book he was judging was a purely objective one; at the head of these, and, it may be added, towering head and shoulders above them, was the great Ferdinand Brunetière. Many a tilt took place between the two impressionist chiefs and the famous scientific critic; and on the whole the honors were evenly divided. Lemaître, for one, immensely enjoyed this bloodless warfare, conducted as it was on both sides with scrupulous regard for propriety and measure. We can imagine with what malicious pleasure he penned these words: "Our errors are without consequence; they are not bound up with one another; they concern only particular cases. If M. Brunetière, on the other hand, made a mistake, it would be a frightful thing; for besides the fact that he would have had no pleasure in his error, it would be without recourse or remedy; it would be total and irreparable: it would be the ruin of his whole being."

The belief of the impressionist critics was that an impersonal, coldly scientific attitude in face of a literary work was impossible. All the critic could be expected to do was to define as accurately as possible the effect upon himself produced by that work. The result of his inquiry was something as personal, as unique, as a novel or a poem, no matter how we might boast of applying to literature the inductive methods of natural science. "First," says Lemaître, "we should analyze the impression we receive from a book; then try to 'define' the author, describe his style, show what is permanent, what he seeks from preference, what the world means to him, what his opinions on life are like, what the kind and degree of his sensibility are — in fact, how his brain is made!" This manner of criticism, in unskilful hands, is singularly dull and unenlightening; handled by a Lemaître or an Anatole France it has the effect of a searchlight thrown upon the author studied.

Jules Lemaître was born in 1853 at Vennecy in the Department of the Loire. He was educated for the teaching profession, graduated with high honors from the École Normale in 1875, and for the next five years held the chair of rhetoric at Havre. Two years passed in Algiers and one in Besançon prepared him for a professorship at the University of Grenoble. Here, however, he felt the call of literature becoming too strong to be disregarded. He had already published two volumes of verse and a few essays and stories, favorably enough received by the critics.

In 1883 he resigned his chair at Grenoble and became a professional journalist in Paris, writing at first for the Revue Bleue. In the course of three months he contributed three brilliant reviews of Renan, Zola, and Ohnet. The last of these was sufficient to destroy at a blow the novelist's pretense to any literary qualities. Lemaître's fame grew apace, and in a year or two he was given the post of dramatic critic to the Journal des Débats. Here he was thoroughly at home; with an indefatigable energy he poured out critical essays, dramatic reviews, tales, novels, and plays. These last, while lacking the essentially dramatic qualities, were easy and natural in dialogue, and moderately successful. 'Le Député Leveau' (1890), and 'Le Mariage Blanc' (1891) are probably the best known.

In 1889 Lemaître collected seven volumes of his essays under the title 'Les Contemporains' [My Contemporaries], and ten volumes of his dramatic reviews, 'Impressions de Théâtre.' In 1895 he received public recognition through his election to the French Academy.

His later critical work included a charming series of essays entitled 'En Marge des Vieux Livres' [In the Margin of Old Books], a book on Rousseau (1907), to whom Lemaître, who had become an ardent monarchist, was not altogether fair, and discussions of Racine, Fénelon, and Chateaubriand. All of these were based on courses of lectures given before the Société des Conférences.

Lemaître, by the very grace and lack of effort shown in his essays, gave some readers the impression that he lacked decision and depth. This charge, however, could never be based on a sober and exhaustive study of what he wrote. His critical doctrine prevented him from being dogmatic, but not from being frank. He calmly admitted, for example, his inability to enjoy Shakespeare without adaptation. His reading was full and well-digested, as a glance at 'En Marge des Vieux Livres' will show.

Lemaître died in 1914, leaving behind him an established reputation as one who, in spite of his skirmishings with the academic critics, was as stanch as any Frenchman alive in upholding the classical traditions of his race.

THOUGHTS ON HAMLET

[A Criticism of the Adaptation of 'Hamlet' by Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice.]

I HAVE to talk today about 'Hamlet': that is terrible! Not only am I certain that I shall find nothing new to say regarding either Shakespeare's drama or its hero, for everything has been said already — everything, and more than everything; but I have forgotten what I learnt from all

those countless commentaries. I cannot even recall what I myself said four or five months ago regarding the performance of 'Hamlet' at the Porte-Saint-Martin. My mind is all bewildered, my eyes are befogged.

What sort of person are you, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, you weak-willed and headstrong youth, melancholy and violent, dreamy and brutal, superstitious and philosophical, sensible and mad: exquisite poet and tasteless jester: You vivid, incoherent creature and mournful image of the Soul in grief, individual to the point of eccentricity and generic to the point of symbolism: you, whom Shakespeare visualized as a corpulent, asthmatic boy, and whom we see only as a man pale and elegant and lissom, wearing a cap and doublet of black velvet, such as befit the elder brother of Faust, such as sit well also on the earliest exponent of the modern mind, of romanticism and pessimism and nihilism and neuroticism, and many other things which doubtless have never entered your mind? We have ascribed to you so many thoughts and feelings, poor Hamlet, that you no longer resemble anything in the world, and that, in order to get back to your real features we have first to scrape away the superimposed strata of expositions and interpretations. What would I not give to see you naked with new eyes — to see you as you went forth from the hands of Shakespeare, who was assuredly one of the greatest poets of all the centuries but who, if we were frank, would still have the effect on us very often, as he had on Voltaire, of a "drunken savage."

But, after all, there is a way for me out of my misery. If I cannot see Hamlet as he really is, I can at least see him as M. Mounet-Sully has shown him to us. For, however obscure, however full of contradictions a character in a play may be, a great actor can always make him live and interpret him, by lending him a body and a soul and thus, in spite of everything, a sort of unity. Hamlet is not incomprehensible as M. Mounet-Sully has been able to play the part and as he has played it to the universal applause of the public.

In order to play Hamlet, M. Mounet-Sully has necessarily had to make a choice. Among all the Hamlets whom we have invented, he has had to pick one and keep to him. It seems to me that the excellent tragedian has very wisely taken for an ideal on which to model himself — adapting to this ideal his mode of utterance and his whole bearing — the incomplete but comprehensible Hamlet defined by Goethe in 'Wilhelm Meister,' and that he has evaded or toned down everything in the personality of the Danish Prince which remains outside this famous definition. Last spring an actor of somewhat mediocre talent gave us all that there is of hardness and fierceness in this role, making of Hamlet a man of self-love and wickedness and madness. M. Mounet-Sully has been wiser. He diffuses over this same rôle an atmosphere of tenderness and melancholy. He has made Hamlet very young and very natural; he has given him a mind which is essentially gentle, pensive, languid, a mind which becomes unhinged by an appalling revelation and by the dreadful duty entailed upon him by that revelation, but the violences of which are brief and,

as it were, involuntary. Perhaps, indeed, he has emphasized a trifle overmuch the almost feminine gentleness of the youth; in the earlier part of the play especially he has tears too continually in his voice, suggests too much the plaintive tones of a sick child or of a child suffering from great sorrow. But what an adorable Hamlet he has given us nevertheless! This unhappy boy had loved his father, had cherished a passionate devotion to him; and he sees his mother marry another man before she has worn out the shoes in which she followed the dead King to his grave. Hitherto he has been happy and full of illusions, he has believed in friendship and in the goodness of men; now, suddenly, he learns, through the voice of a ghost, that his father was killed by his uncle, with the complicity of his mother. His childlike mind cannot recover from the blow, and all his discourses and his entire conduct, strange though they may seem, may be explained by the profound misery into which this discovery has plunged him. At first he becomes a prey to a bitter misanthropy, ingenuous in its application to all mankind. All men become instantly in his eyes cowards and scoundrels, all women impure and unstable, the whole universe a cesspool. Hence the disproportion and the ferocity of his jesting with poor Polonius, who, if a fool, is a good old fellow. Hence the extravagance and madness (only half feigned) of his wild talk to Ophelia. He is so miserable that he would kill himself if he dared: witness the famous soliloquy. It is the custom to go into ecstasies over the deep philosophy embodied in this passage, but really its philosophy is rudimentary and banal enough. It is the utterance of a child. This "To be or not to be" — what does it all mean? Honestly, would you understand it if what follows did not explain it? Hamlet places among the evils which disgust him with life "the law's delays" and the evils they cause for the man of letters (Shakespeare has it "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy take"). That is an unexpected sentiment, to say the least, just here. Note that it was Voltaire who discovered this passage and gave it its vogue in France — that should be for Shakespeare-lovers a reason for looking at it askance. . . .

Hamlet, however, cannot spend all his time soliloquizing. He has to act — and what an effort it is for him to act! He puts off acting as long as possible. First comes an orgy of scruples and precautions and preparations. He holds, to begin with, that in order to dedicate himself entirely to his task, he must renounce all thoughts of love, and this is why he breaks suddenly and brutally with Ophelia. In order to gain some moments, he says to himself that perhaps the Ghost was the devil and he has been deceived; he would fain assure himself of his uncle's crime, and, to this end, he has represented in his presence, by a troop of actors, a crime quite similar. But, fearing that Claudius may get wind of this project and prevent it, he pretends to be mad so that no one shall suspect what he has in hand — also, because the role of madman suits his book in other ways, permitting him to vent his spleen and to pose and strike attitudes. I assure you that Hamlet poses, that he looks at himself in the glass

and likes the figure that he cuts. . . . But the moment for action does at last come, all pretexts for procrastination have been exhausted. The opportunity now presents itself: he finds Claudius upon his knees, in prayer, and unconscious that some one approaches — he has but to strike. Strike he cannot, and he finds this admirable excuse for himself, that Claudius, dying while he prayed, would have gone straight to heaven! A little later, his mother calls him, having remonstrances to make to him. A curtain moves, he thinks that Claudius is concealed behind it — he rushes upon the curtain, and pierces it savagely with his sword. The incident is sudden, and, like all weak men, he is capable of such impulsive acts — above all, when he does not see his victim. The victim proves to be Polonius. Hamlet, beside himself, insults and mocks the dead body. . . . Then he turns upon his mother and, because he is weak, because he is madder than he knows, and because he would fain take out his own impotence in words, he bursts into a fury, upbraids the unhappy woman, assuming the air of an avenging archangel, and gives way to such excesses of rage that the Ghost appears, and, taking pity on the poor trembling Queen, intervenes in the spirit of divine mercy, murmuring the words: " Speak to her, Hamlet! Speak to her! " Whereupon, Hamlet's heart melts. His anger over, he takes his mother in his arms, kisses her and cries like a small child.

And thus it alternates right to the end of the play: languid gloom and insensate rage. At the burial of Ophelia, he acts in a fashion that at first seems astonishing. He insults Laertes and throws himself upon him, because he, Laertes, weeps and laments too loud. Why? Because it seems to him that Ophelia belongs to him the more in that it was through him she died: he cannot bear that any other shall presume to closer and more vocal grief for her than himself. It is perhaps remorse over her death that changes into violence, and, after all, Hamlet has been acting the rôle of madman for so long that one must ask oneself if his reason be still intact. Note that by this time we begin to have had enough of Hamlet and his feebleness and his rages and his pessimism, and his madness, whether it be assumed or real. It is about time he killed Claudius. He kills him eventually, as he was bound to kill him, without premeditation and in circumstances he has not foreseen. Altogether, there could be nothing more consistent than this character.

M. Mounet-Sully rendered with much charm and power, now the tenderness and languor of Hamlet, now the *cabotinage* with which, involuntarily, he plays the madman, now his burst of fury, now his attempts at actions in which he loses all self-control. M. Mounet-Sully made us realize all this perfectly. The way in which he played Hamlet illumines the text of Shakespeare for us better than all the dissertations.

It is to be observed, however, that in order to maintain the unity of the part he has been obliged to soften the tone of some passages and even — so I fear — to reverse the meaning of them. When the Ghost reappears for the third or fourth time, Hamlet, who a moment ago was listening on his knees, calls out:

"Well said, old mole!" The exclamation is surprising enough — is it terror that evokes it? Is Hamlet already beginning to lose his head? Or is it anxiety to maintain his coolness in front of his companions, and not to let them see he is nervous, that prompts this unseemly jest? I do not know. But in any case, I feel that there can be but one way of uttering this "old mole." It must be given out with an unthinking roughness in which one is conscious of a tremendous effort. Now Mounet-Sully murmurs "old mole" in tones which would suit the words "My adored father!" In the same way he recites Hamlet's distasteful mockeries over the dead body of Polonius as though they formed part of an elegy. He does well, if it was only thus that he could show us a Hamlet in some measure consistent. But, now that I come to think about it, perhaps that proves that the character of this Hamlet is not so consistent as I said just now. Shakespeare's Hamlet has to resort to brutalities and ferocities of speech and conduct most of which have been eliminated by Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice, but in what is left there is enough to disconcert us. And our doubts come back, and those contradictions which we thought explained, become troublesome again. This tender and gentle youth — do what I will, I find his conduct toward Ophelia absolutely odious. And what wretched *cabotinage* (I must use the word again), what puerile and extravagant misanthropy there is in the tirades he addresses to the poor little thing! The revenge he takes against the two men charged to escort him to the King of England (a passage suppressed in the Dumas-Meurice version) is undoubtedly legitimate, but most certainly it is not the action of a mind either gentle or weak or irresolute. And then, all the contradiction in his methods of thought! He believes in ghosts, he believes in the devil, in Heaven and Hell; and he has doubts regarding the immortality of the soul and one may ask oneself whether he really believes even in God!

But what does it all matter? These contradictions, now that I note them down in writing, cease to seem to me so serious after all. Illogicality in one's beliefs is a profoundly human thing, and as for Hamlet's brutalities, they are almost explicable on the ground of his time and his race. We have to remember that Hamlet by tradition belongs to the most remote period of medieval times, and by the play to the sixteenth century as it was in England. In short, and despite the mists which all those commentaries and dissertations without end have accumulated round Shakespeare's work, the figure which persists in emerging, the image which remains unconquerably before our eyes, is the one that Goethe saw, the one that M. Mounet-Sully made to live again the other evening. There remains, indeed, an environment of things unknown and unexplained, but this does not bother us and does but make us the more intent on the mystery in the hope of piercing it. And, indeed, thanks to this unintelligible part in his character, Hamlet resembles the more closely a live human being, for where is the man in whom there are no contradictions and who is absolutely intelligible to himself and to others? Shakespeare here, as in some

of his other plays, has shown more respect for this truth than dramatic poets do usually; above all, he has simplified the human soul less than have done Corneille and Racine and Molière. But his Hamlet is very much alive with all the mystery in the background of his nature. Besides, the impotence of will and the restlessness of thought of which the Prince of Denmark is the still ingenuous prey, are just the two diseases which have accentuated themselves most and become most widely spread during this century of ours among civilized peoples. So that even though Hamlet is a child and utters many absurdities, though his pessimism and his misanthropy are puerile and superficial, we recognize in him the germ of our own woes, we read our own malady into his and, without noticing it, introduce into his mind the minds of all the dreamers of all the men and women who have grieved and languished and known despair ever since his time, and that is why Hamlet is tremendous. Add to this the circumstance that there is no sort of spectacle which can awake in us such a wealth of memories and comparisons. The play of 'Hamlet' in its subject resembles a little 'The Choephori' and 'Electra'; Chateaubriand would not have failed to say that Shakespeare's hero is a Christian Orestes; and the entire Greek drama rises up before our imagination. . . . But 'Hamlet' is ancient Denmark, also Denmark in the remotest Middle Ages, half barbarous, wild and childish, a land of legends and of the supernatural, with white-bearded kings enveloped in furs. And 'Hamlet' invokes simultaneously the England of the sixteenth century with its pagan Renaissance — as well as French Romanticism and Lamartine and Musset and the great stimulus given by the genius of the North to our own and the enlargement of mind which resulted for us. . . . What is there that 'Hamlet' does not set us thinking about? It sets us thinking of so many things that we listen to it as in a dream and cannot feel at all what the play is worth.

It does seem, however, that the first three acts are of supreme beauty. I may admit frankly that the last two, in which Hamlet is no longer to the front, seemed to me the other evening most tedious. The behavior of Claudius is absurd. The Queen is an absolutely passive nonentity. The scene of the gravediggers, besides being of no use at all to the play, is of a grotesque kind of drollery which has come to seem terribly banal. And so with the scene of Ophelia's madness. In the complete text it is humorous because the poor girl sings immodest things in it, but, as given at the Comédie Française, it is a scene of keepsake and romance — a chromolithograph. The flight of the years, which has benefited certain portions of Shakespeare's dramatic writings so much, has wrought great injury to others. The things that were admired most in 1830 evoke our doubts today.

While these two intolerable acts were unrolling themselves slowly — oh, so slowly — I grew obsessed with an idea. I asked myself what the same subject would have become in the hands of Racine. The hypothesis is not so absurd as it may appear. Supposing that Racine had lived on for a long time and not

abandoned play-writing and that, having exhausted almost everything Greek that he could imitate, he had taken, like Corneille, to turning over the old chronicles at random, he might one day have chanced on the story of Hamlet and have felt its dramatic beauty. What kind of tragedy would he have drawn forth from it? What annoys me is that I feel almost entirely incapable of replying! I believe that he would have cut out many things, either from his sense of nobility and tragic dignity or in order to observe the three unities, or on account of the scenic requirements of the theaters in his time. I believe he would have suppressed the apparition of the Ghost and replaced it by a dream. Doubtless, he would have suppressed also the scene of the players. I do not know whether he would have retained Ophelia's madness — in any case I do not believe he would have had it represented on the stage. Would he have kept Hamlet's make-believe of madness? I think he would have suppressed this also, from his love of clarity. He might also have omitted the assault-at-arms in the last act. And then? Well, he would certainly have developed the rôles of the Queen and Claudius and have given them more truth and life. While modifying profoundly all the external portion of the drama, and preserving the style on a plane of restrained nobility, I imagine he would have read Hamlet's character like Shakespeare, but without furnishing him with philosophical disquisitions, and that he would have kept him strictly on the confines of Goethe's future definition, without ever going outside them, perhaps without filling them out completely. Doubtless he would have brought his 'Hamlet' still closer to the 'Orestes' of Euripides. His Hamlet would be neither brutal nor ferocious. He would merely intimate to Ophelia that he no longer had the right to love her, that he was dedicated entirely to a great task. Ophelia would not have fallen into the water while picking flowers but would perhaps have immolated herself with the dagger of the Princesses of Ancient Greece. Hamlet, in order to make certain as to the crime of Claudius, would find some simpler plan than the performance of the murder of Gonzago. What plan? I cannot say. He would not treat his mother after the style of Shakespeare's hero; he would address her with tears, listen to her confession and tell her to do penance. He would retain, however, the weaknesses, the irresolution, the terrible gloom of the English Hamlet: he would present the same "case," but it would be more clear. Claudius, I imagine, would be killed in a revolt (a revolt after the style of those in the fifth act of Quinault's tragedies) and before Hamlet should have had time to act. This dénouement, moreover, would be *en récit*. And this Hamlet would not give us nearly so much trouble as the Hamlet of the great "Will," but would say profound things to us, now and again, without seeming to do so, and we should be able to find romanticism and pessimism and anything we liked in him just as much as in the other. . . . Only he would be easier to analyze.

ÉMILE FAGUET

WHEN in June 1916 the news of Émile Faguet's death at Paris was published abroad, it created a stir, though the tremendous events of the Great War swiftly brought it to oblivion except in the minds of literary devotees. For Faguet represented to many who had never even set foot in his country a permanent aspect of the French genius — the spirit of humanism, the impartial diffusion of knowledge. With a zeal that seemed indefatigable, year after year had seen him bringing out books, each in its way admirable, each giving evidence of thorough research and mature reflection. It seemed impossible that one brain could produce so much without showing some effect in a dilution of the product. Yet no one has ever accused Faguet of being superficial in his treatment of a subject; where he occasionally does not entirely satisfy, it is because of a deliberate abstention, of which he himself was well aware, and to which he more than once referred.

Émile Faguet was born at La-Roche-sur-Yon in La Vendée, December 17, 1847. His father, a teacher of ability and a profound student of the classics, was also by way of being a historian. Under his guidance Émile grew up in an atmosphere of learning, but without a touch of pedantry. He was educated at Poitiers and at the Lycée Charlemagne in Paris, passed through the École Normale, as so many distinguished Frenchmen have done, and then took up school-teaching. In 1883 he won his doctor's degree, and shortly afterwards began his studies of the seventeenth century with a book on Madame de Maintenon (1885), which he followed up with critical accounts of Corneille and La Fontaine. In 1890 he was appointed to the Faculty of Letters at the Sorbonne, as assistant to Charles Lenient, the Professor of French Poetry. Faguet succeeded Lenient to the chair on the latter's death in 1897.

Meanwhile his books were building up his reputation as a sound and discerning historian of literature. The French Academy elected him successor to Victor Cherbuliez in 1901. From that time up to his death, Faguet dealt with almost every figure of importance in the pageant of French literary history. His 'Propos Littéraires' in five volumes (1902–1910) and 'Propos de Théâtre' (1903–1907) showed him a master in the field of the short occasional essay and the review. He had written regularly for the Revue Bleue and the Journal des Débats, where he succeeded Jules Lemaître as dramatic critic. His work on a larger scale is found in such panoramas as his 'Dix-septième Siècle' (1887), 'Dix-huitième Siècle' (1890), 'Histoire de la Littérature Française' (1900), and the history of French poetry which has appeared since his death. But he is probably at his best in dealing with small literary groups

and with single attractive figures, as in his 'Voltaire' (1895), 'Flaubert' (1899), and 'Political Views of Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Voltaire Compared' (1902).

In his later years Faguet dealt more and more frequently with philosophical, political, and moral questions. His 'Pour qu'on lise Platon' [That Plato May Be Read] of 1905 was a delightful introduction to the ideas of the great Greek thinker; his 'Cult of Incompetence' (1910) was a scathing but always judicious attack upon bureaucracy, and had a wide diffusion. It sounded an alarming note for the French public, but there can be little question that it had a salutary effect. The various books on literary masters entitled 'En Lisant,' in spite of the titles, are quite unlike Lemaître's casual impressions; they are rather guides to the reader who wishes to lay hold in the simplest and most effective way upon the thought of an author. Such works are not intended to be exhaustive; like Faguet's 'Introduction to Literature' they are purely initiatory, and excellently accomplish their end.

In a scrupulously exact and dispassionate account of himself, rendered for Petit de Julleville's 'Histoire de la Littérature Française' (1899), Faguet says: "What he abstains from, probably because he does not possess it, is the art of combining material into a whole, of distinguishing the general characteristic of a century, of following the sinuous lines of affiliations and influences — in a word, the art of general ideas in literature, the literary 'Spirit of Laws.' He affects not to believe in it, and as nearly always will be found, scepticism is here doubtless only the rather impertinent admission of a lack of ability."

And this very frank avowal sets a finger upon the one characteristic in Faguet's work which marks it out as distinct from the criticism of Renan and Taine, his masters. Faguet dislikes synthesis; he deliberately abstains from the comparative method of literary study even where that method seems to promise the most fruitful results. He is always anxious to reach the ideas behind a book or play, but not to place these ideas in their relations with others, and with European thought in general. When this has been clearly grasped by a reader, that reader will cease to look to Faguet for what the critic himself says he cannot give, and will be ready to enjoy the peculiar accomplishments which he so ably and thoroughly developed.

The literary style of Émile Faguet has been likened to his conversation — easy, familiar, occasionally a trifle rough in finish, but always the mirror of the man himself. Faguet never assumes a tone, whether he is writing an elementary text-book or analyzing an obscure author; he is entirely sincere.

A. Smillie Noad

AN ESTIMATE OF 'MADAME BOVARY'

From 'Flaubert' by Émile Faguet

THE construction of the book is marvelous. The author has found a means of transporting us into the life of a small town without allowing any of the thousand pictures in which he displays it to us to encroach upon the main character and divert our attention from it. Emma always occupies the center of the picture, and we never cease to see her and feel her presence even when we are dealing with Tuvache or Binet [minor characters in the novel]. In this respect the arrangement of the scene of the agricultural fair is a masterpiece; but note that all the scenes are laid in a similar fashion, and that there is not one which, though interesting in itself, does not bring us back to the central personage at the very moment in which it seems to be leading us away from it. In this respect the book is above criticism, except perhaps for the prologue — that is, the first marriage of Bovary; but we should remember that it must be made clear how Bovary came to marry Emma. A creature without initiative, he had to be dragged into a first marriage by his mother. It is only as a widower, and set free as it were by this first marriage that he is bold enough to choose for himself, and, be it said, with a good deal of assistance in this action. . . .

The general tone of the book is that of a conscientious, severe, and aloof writer. There is first the care to set down the truth, with the most rigorous and unimpeachable exactitude. Next there is the hate and scorn shown (too markedly) for the provincial *bourgeois,* the man of "coarse sensibilities," and no doubt we may find, as Sainte-Beuve did, that too much trouble has been taken to exclude from this little collection of human beings every truly generous soul, every elevated mind. It is certainly a misanthropic novel. But will people never realize that the realistic novel is the depiction of average humanity, and that the generous soul, the elevated mind are exceptions? Is it not true that the average of the human race is made up of beings who are neither virtuous nor villainous, but vulgar of mind, egotistical, vain, grasping, or obsessed? Now if there is not one virtuous person, properly speaking, in 'Madame Bovary,' there is not one rogue either, not one. Flaubert has not even shown the worst of his characters. He has said nothing of the hostility and furious hates that are so common in small towns. At most there is a little gossip. His characters are some of them simpletons, the rest almost simpletons. They are egotists or fools, and that is all. Is this so far from the average of truth, seen with the eye of a misanthrope? And here we have an opportunity of defining exactly Flaubert's misanthropy. Flaubert was a misanthrope, not because he found men to be wicked, but because he found them to be fools. He detested human stupidity with execration and rage. It exasperated him.

But he had no strong belief in the wickedness of men, and seems to have considered it negligible. This surely is no very ferocious misanthropy.

And then, from another point of view, the book is an act of ardent reaction against Romanticism. It often appears to be nothing but a pamphlet against Romanticism, a warrant drawn up against its influence. Those responsible for the transgressions of Madame Bovary are Walter Scott, Byron, Lamartine, George Sand, the albums and the keepsakes; so too is all the literature of imagination and sensibility. Another of Flaubert's books is entitled 'The Sentimental Education'; this one might be called 'The Romantic Education.' It is strange, and moreover to the credit of both, that Flaubert and George Sand should have become friends with a hearty affection for one another towards the end of their lives. At the outset, Flaubert might have passed for a deadly enemy of George Sand. Emma is the heroine of George Sand deprived of her poetry and turned to ridicule. "Do you wish to see what the foundation of Valentine, of Indiana, and of Lélia is? Here it is: Emma Bovary," is what Flaubert seems to be saying on every page of his novel.

The intention is unmistakable. In every other line you find written: "The bourgeois is a fool; but the woman who has aspirations to the artistic life and who wishes to escape from the bourgeois life is the most foolish of all." The eternal dualism of Flaubert, which was one of his torments, one of his discomforts, and yet one of his powers, is once more apparent here. There was in him a romanticist who found reality dull, and a realist who found romanticism empty, an artist who thought the bourgeois grotesque, and a bourgeois who thought artists pretentious, and the whole was wrapped up in a misanthrope who found the world ridiculous. If 'Madame Bovary' is such a great masterpiece, it is because Flaubert put the whole of himself into it, and the book was thus written by a romanticist who takes delight in tweaking the noses of the bourgeois, and by a realist who analyzes the brain of one of George Sand's heroines in order to show into what extravagances her spiritual ambitions finally lead her. In both operations he took an acute pleasure, not altogether without cruelty. To have found a means of giving vent at one and the same time to all the hatred of romanticism for the bourgeois, and all the bitterness of the bourgeois against romanticism — there was something he could relish.

As for the morality of the work, I shall say nothing at all about it. 'Madame Bovary' may be either deadly or healthful. It is very easy to take Emma as a model, by saying to oneself that nothing is simpler than to avoid the mistakes in domestic economy which alone (and not her moral misbehavior) lead to her death; then the book will be perfectly corrupting. It is easy, too, to believe, with the author, that moral and material disorder are always linked together, and, in association, invariably lead to ruin; then the book will be highly moral. Taking all in all, it is according to the spirit in which it is read that it will be good or bad, which amounts to saying that each reader will make of it what

he is himself, and that consequently the book in itself is indifferent. If you like, to repeat a famous remark which is not at all correct, the book is as moral as experience. Only experience is not moral; it is not immoral either. It does not teach vice, since vice hardly ever succeeds. It does not teach virtue, since virtue does not often succeed either. It does teach a happy medium, composed of prudence and the care to avoid excess in all things, good or bad. It teaches order, regularity, uprightness, exactness, and far-sightedness, all the average qualities that are not virtues. Every realistic book, by its very definition, will, if it is well written, teach this and no other thing. 'Madame Bovary' is an extremely well written realistic book.

REMY DE GOURMONT

ANDRÉ ROUVEYRE, writing more than ten years after the death of Remy de Gourmont in 1915, said of him, "He was never able to cut himself away from the Church." The remark was an acute one; it summed up one of the most permanent characteristics of Gourmont's work — its essential ecclesiasticism. Even when most Satanic, when representing the triumphs of the flesh over asceticism, or assuming a scientific tone in order to treat of 'The Physiology of Love,' he has always the air of the cleric gone wrong. Orthodox Christianity, in both its attractive and its repellent aspects for him, may be said to have haunted his mind all through his life. That life, however, he devoted entirely to the profession of letters.

Remy de Gourmont was born in 1858 at Bagoches-en-Houlme, of stout Norman stock. He studied at Coutances and Caen, and in 1883 came to Paris, where he obtained a post at the Bibliothèque Nationale. Oddly enough, the first literary works produced by this disciple of Baudelaire and intellectual cousin of Huysmans were books for the young, such as a popular life of Bertrand du Guesclin (1883), and an account of the French in Canada (1888). But without abandoning this early vein, Gourmont turned his hand to novel-writing, and published his 'Merlette' in 1886, in which he gave a foretaste of his real power by some charming descriptions of the Norman countryside. With 'Sixtine,' which appeared four years later, he entered the group of so-called "decadent" writers; the hero of this story, the action of which is almost non-existent, was an esthete of the most selective sort, a Des Esseintes with more of measure and reserve than Huysmans' creation, and enormously developed contemplative powers that crowded out the practical side of his nature.

In the same year (1890) Gourmont took a hand in the founding of the Mercure de France, along with Albert Aurier, Samain, and others, thus becoming one of the spokesmen of the Symbolist movement. For many years after this, he was a mainstay of the review, contributing critical articles and original sketches under his own name and under the pseudonym "Richard de Bury." In touch with the latest currents of ideas, though often, it must be admitted, imperfectly comprehending them, supplied with a vast erudition, Gourmont was able to turn out, season after season, pages of a scintillating prose, which never lost its freshness and aggressiveness. Only a year after the foundation of the Mercure, he was compelled to look to his pen as his chief support, when his position at the Bibliothèque Nationale was lost to him.

An article in which he suggested to his countrymen that they give up the idea of a war of revenge upon Germany, and strike an agreement with their foe, so incensed the government, then occupied with the negotiation of the Russian alliance, that they refused to keep an employee of such anti-nationalist tendencies.

Gourmont's next book was a learned one. 'Le Latin Mystique' (1892) was a history of Latin poetry of the early Christian era; in spite of a very real foundation of scholarship, however, there is so much purely imaginative writing in the work that it can only be regarded as a half-success. The influence of the medieval writers Gourmont had been reading was plain in some of the long rambling plays he composed, like 'Lilith,' where his attitude seems extraordinarily compounded of piety and sardonic humor. His short stories, of which he published several volumes, show the same mixed tendencies; there can be no doubt, too, that the 'Contes Cruels' of the eccentric Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, with their use of pseudo-science in support of the most wildly fantastic ideas, had a strong influence on him.

Gourmont's taste for the quaint and the antique even led him to found and maintain almost single-handed a quarterly review, L'Ymagier, which ran for three years (1894–1896); it was entirely devoted to the reproduction in sumptuous style of old prints and pieces of Renaissance typography. Yet in 1896 he turned to the creation of a portrait gallery of the new Symbolist poets and prose-writers; and in this swift transition from the very old to the most recent manifestations of literary and artistic genius we catch a glimpse of the peculiar diversity of the author's interests.

His 'Livre des Masques' (1896), with its supplementary 'Le Deuxième Livre des Masques' (1898), is one of the best known and most widely read of Gourmont's books. It is not hard to see why. In the field of the closet-drama and the short story he was outclassed by several contemporaries; his longer fiction, from the very nature of the characters he loved to deal with, could appeal to only an extremely limited public. His history of late Latin poetry and the other treatises he from time to time composed were intended for a chosen few. But the two sections of the 'Livre des Masques' portrayed in piquant fashion a whole group of men towards whom the eyes of the average reader were being more and more drawn. The brief sketches were rendered with sympathy but acute discrimination, while the striking wood-cuts which accompanied them helped to make the books attractive.

Gourmont's later work falls naturally into the two classes of criticism and fiction. In the first we have collections such as the 'Epilogues' (six volumes, 1903–1913), the 'Promenades Littéraires' (five volumes, 1904–1913), and the 'Promenades Philosophiques' (two volumes, 1905–1909), covering an enormous variety of subjects, and written in many moods. No single critical doctrine is to be distinguished after a reading of these brilliant magazine articles; Gourmont seems to have had no particular objection to contradicting

himself as often as he contradicted anyone. If he can be said to have had a philosophy it lay in his determination not to accept catch-words, but to get beneath them and lay hold upon the realities of his art. What he felt on reading a book he expressed forthwith, leaving to others the attempt to make a coherent system out of the whole.

In the other field, 'Le Songe d'une Femme' [A Woman's Dream] (1899) is a curious novel in letter-form, full of touches of the half-superstitious, half-epicurean diabolism we associate with most of Gourmont's fiction. 'Une Nuit au Luxembourg' [A Night in the Luxembourg Gardens] (1906) is a much finer achievement, perhaps the best thing he ever wrote. It comes nearer to genuine pathos than most of his novels. The last of his outstanding books, 'Un Cœur Virginal' [A Virgin Heart] (1907), has been translated into English by no less a writer than Aldous Huxley. It is a skilful and moving study of the relationships between an inexperienced girl and a disillusioned, somewhat shopworn man of the world. The lover stirs into life the dormant sensual nature of the young woman, but in the end her love centers itself upon another and a younger man.

Gourmont is seen at his best in his casual remarks on literature and on life in general. He had no special gift for the creation of character apart from a few general types; most frequently in his novels he developed the discussion of one or both of the mutually contradictory tendencies of his own nature — sensuality and asceticism. But when he laid hold upon some notion concerning which numerous misconceptions had grown up, letting his agile mind play about it and cast illuminating flashes into its very depths, he was wholly admirable.

THE GONCOURTS

From 'Le Deuxième Livre des Masques'

ALTHOUGH the most recent literary evolution has gone on far from the realm of M. de Goncourt, and although he showed his pride — or weakness — by taking no interest in it, there can be no doubt that one could not find just now a single authentic "symbolist," even the most set in his notions, who would not consent to sign a cordial eulogy upon the author of 'Madame Gervaisais.' The doubt which tarnished the brightness of the last respects paid to Alexandre Dumas, or the less illustrious funeral of M. Daudet, has now been resolved into the plain day of certitude pure and simple: the Goncourts were a great writer.

They had all the characteristics of one: originality, fecundity, and diversity.

Originality is the prime gift, a mysterious and fearful one; without it, all the other qualities of the writer are sterile, hurtful, or even a trifle ridiculous,

on the day when the laborious and intelligent (but no more) man of letters, proud of his numerous aptitudes, wishes to have himself erected like a statue upon a pedestal of volumes. More worthy of glory is the intermittent genius which shows itself by capricious flashes, or by the unexpected light of a single ray, and then will never be seen again. The Goncourts belong to the caste of sustained and continual genius; if they are not to be numbered among the demigods, they will be among the heroes who accumulated a total of noble actions equal to a single grandiose work. Each of the books of the Goncourts was one of these noble actions, each has a different and novel beauty.

Historians, applying to the events of yesterday the documentary method of Augustin Thierry, they restored, in place of a full-dress conception, a living and sincere eighteenth century, rejuvenated by typical anecdotes, lighted up with the smiles of women, explained by costumes, letters, prints, by street-cries, epigrams, and witticisms. This kind of history is not the whole of history, but it is perhaps the only kind which can henceforth interest minds which have become sceptical through too much reading, and which are more anxious to understand differences than to reduce to unity the diversity of events. If one remembers only the most general facts of history, those which lend themselves to parallels and theories, it suffices, as Schopenhauer used to say, to compare the morning paper with Herodotus: everything in between, a plain and unavoidable repetition of facts, very distant or very recent, becomes useless and tiresome. Bossuet rejects it. It was the first originality of the Goncourts that they created history out of the very detritus of history. A whole movement of investigation dates from that time; the publication of the 'History of French Society during the Revolution and under the Directory' opened the era of the "bibelot" — and do not imagine I use this word in a depreciatory sense. The historical "bibelot" was formerly called a relic; it is the material sign that bears witness before the present to the existence of the past. In this sense, the Musée Carnavalet [the civic museum of Paris], to take a very clear example, is the work of the Goncourts, and if it had bought the historical part of their Auteuil study, it might quite naturally have changed its name while enriching itself.

The historical work of the Goncourts, apart from its consequences and influence, has undoubted value. In the first place, they conceived the idea of "writing" history; they create, not speeches or dissertations, but books. They treat Marie-Antoinette not as a subject, but as a motive, around which are gathered all the little facts of the life lived by the queen: by becoming familiar with her games, her words, her dresses, and her ways of arranging her hair, they made their way the more easily into her mind, which, while it was no doubt occupied with political combinations, was also occupied with games, dresses, and coiffures. All these details, which the sober-sides of 1855 frowned on as childish, did not prevent them from being the first to make clear the actual part played by the queen, and to show how all the threads were looped

about her slim, dangerous fingers. The key to the enigma, which the " serious " professional historians had been seeking in vain, the Goncourts had found; perhaps it was in a lady's patch-box, but they found it none the less.

Their purely historical period closes about 1860. Then, without changing their methods, they asked of the facts of contemporary life what they had asked of the documents of the past — realistic truth.

To seek for truth appears a deceptive and paradoxical enterprise. With patience, one can sometimes achieve exactness, and with conscientiousness, veracity. These are the fundamental qualities of history; they are to be found in the novels of the Goncourts. Their fiction, more than any others, inspires confidence. One can study life there as in life itself; the facts, transposed according to the necessary tone, far from suffering disfigurement, are even accentuated and rendered more living by the art which puts them in their logical place and light. Realism never displays itself there with the democratic brutality to which it later descended; they handle social anecdotes with delicacy, as doctors do the most infected wounds, with pity, with disdain, with joy — always with an aristocratic superiority, the gift of those who, raised above low life, bend only their intelligence to it, and do not touch it with their hands. All their novels are observed from above, their glance dives deep into the subject; they dominate their characters; they are never friendly with them, but never insolent to them.

Disinterested observers, without beliefs, without social opinions, they went through life with their breasts bravely opened to the blade, and after the shock they noted down their sensations. They thus created for themselves an authentic repertory of evidence, the immediate truth of which they had tested in themselves. Whether these slips were arranged in their brains or in boxes, it was from them that they drew their material when they had to express an impression felt by one of their characters similar to the one they had themselves experienced. So they were always listening attentively to involuntary confidences, to cries of nature, swift to seize upon the significant value of a smile, a look, a gesture. Wishing to reproduce in its true elements the language of infants, they forced themselves to pass their afternoons immovable on a bench in the Tuileries, fixed in a pretended sleep, so as not to frighten away the chattering little sparrows. Both of them had a passion for listening at the doors of life; they sought for secrets as people seek for tiny shells in the sand of the dunes. The surviving brother kept, up to his last hour, this desire to know what was going on, to look out of the window, to raise curtains and blinds. Whatever could not logically find a place in the novels became the material of the ' Journal ' — that colossal note-book of a realistic novelist.

MAURICE BARRÈS

MAURICE BARRÈS was born in 1862 at Charmes-sur-Moselle of a mother of pure Lorraine race and of a father whose remoter family origin could be traced to Auvergne. His grandfather, a captain in the light infantry of the Guard, was one of the "grognards" [grumblers] of the Great Emperor. During the Franco-German war of 1870 the old soldier, taken as a hostage by the invaders of Lorraine, died of maltreatment in some unknown corner of the desolated province. The scenes of slaughter and devastation, of which the child was the terrified eye-witness at that time, made an indelible impression upon his mind. Brought up in a region rent and ruined by a crushing defeat, he grew up in an atmosphere of sadness. He first studied at the Malgrange College in the suburbs of Nancy and later in the lycée of the same town. A frail and over-sensitive child, he suffered from and resented the roughness of his schoolmates; besides, the dry or formal teaching he received was not suited to such an independent and inquisitive mind, so that his college memories were tainted with bitterness.

His family wished him to become a magistrate. In 1880 he began to study law, but Flaubert, Montesquieu, d'Aubigné, and many other thinkers attracted him a great deal more than the civil or the penal code. He contributed irregularly to La Jeune France. M. Allenet, director of that periodical, showed some of the young man's manuscripts to Anatole France and to Leconte de Lisle, who advised him to come to Paris. His essays not being always accepted by the editors, as he thought they should have been, he began in 1884 to publish himself Les Taches d'Encre [The Ink Blots], which lasted little more than a year, but helped him to gain admission to the leading dailies and periodicals. In 1884, in collaboration with Charles Le Goffic, he started another review, Les Chroniques, which was also short-lived. This time it was not to help the printing of his own prose but the verse of another, Jules Tellier, the charming Symbolist poet, who died too soon to give the real measure of his talent. Late in 1887 Barrès published his first book, 'Sous l'Œil des Barbares,' and in the early days of 1888 a remarkable article by Paul Bourget in Le Journal des Débats forced it upon the attention of the élite. At his first attempt Maurice Barrès had attained fame. With 'L'Homme Libre' (1889) and 'Le Jardin de Bérénice' (1891) this book forms a trilogy — 'Le Culte du Moi' — the cult of self or the cult of the ego.

To analyze these works is, to say the least, difficult; they have no plot, few episodes, and although the connection between the various parts is, on the whole, quite logical, the thread is difficult to follow. The 'Culte du Moi' is

a series of essays on the philosophical doctrine of the author and on his interpretation of life; he has himself called the series one of metaphysical novels. If the qualifying adjective "metaphysical" is justified, the same cannot be said of the substantive — for these books are not novels. Psychology plays an important part in them, but it is neither Taine's nor Bourget's; there is little analysis and much description.

Philip, the hero and practically the only character, has finished his studies in a provincial college. In the mind of this twenty-year-old boy the influences of literary Romanticism and Kantian philosophy are easily discernible. In him, religion, ethics, sentiment of nationality have been destroyed, and the teachings of his masters have been powerless to reconstruct any rule of life, so that he is content to hold to the only reality that, in his eyes, indubitably exists: his ego. Self-knowledge, self-culture, will be the ultimate goal of his efforts. But disturbing influences hinder him in his studies; he shuts like Vigny the door of his "*tour d'ivoire*" against the Barbarians of the external world and tries to avoid all contact with them. This proves to be a hard task, for life in society is made up of intercourse with others. Although he shrinks back from the touch of unsympathetic beings he soon realizes that the reaction causes new feelings, which he analyzes when he returns into his inner world: "Pleasure begins only with the melancholy of remembrances . . . to offer any sweetness an act must be transmuted into thinking matter." The external is only important in so far as it is modified by his thoughts; "it is he himself who creates the universe; he is the universe." This theory is akin to the transcendental idealism of Fichte. On the other hand, in reading of exploits of prowess, Philip yearns for action; he wants to rule and also to serve; but what torture "after having embraced in thought all the degrees of human development, to begin life from the lowest step of the ladder." He is thus induced to limit his inner world. Philip will continue to dream with the utmost energy, but will not attempt to transport his dreams into real life. "Like scientists who handle deadly substances and disturbing hypotheses, the makers of rare feelings must not attempt their experiments among men. Their over-developed souls have hardly any place in our world. They must keep what is most different in them to adorn their dreams."

In the two parts of 'Sous l'Œil des Barbares,' called respectively "With the Books" and "At Paris," after having examined and discussed the effects of study and culture on his soul as well as the reaction produced on it by contact with the outside world, Philip attains certitude. His ego does exist; it is the only thing of which he possesses a full and unquestionable consciousness. Consequently it is this ego that he must develop and improve.

Philip, having retired to the heart of Lorraine with his friend Simon, continues in 'L'Homme Libre' his experiments. After having submitted themselves to medical tests in order to ascertain that they are bodily sound, for physical disorder in their eyes would be as bad as being afflicted with "Victor

Hugo mental twist," they decide upon a rule and select that of St. Ignatius Loyola, an astonishing choice in a man who from the start decides that neither morality nor religion any longer exists. And then they commune with Sainte Beuve, Benjamin Constant, Marie Bashkirtseff, and other egotists.

Philip travels through Lorraine; he visits Bar-le-Duc, the ancient ducal town, Sion the religious shrine. In thinking of the fate of his province, "once the most populous in Europe, which gave promise of a high civilization and produced many heroes and has now lost the memory of her destroyed greatness and of her effaced genius," Philip trembles for himself. Will he fail?

During this pilgrimage Philip clarifies the conception of his ego and learns to master his own soul. There, in the tender and melancholy description of the scenery of his native land, so full of historical and sentimental associations, we foresee the awakening of his worship for his country.

Like many of his ancestors of Northern strain, the ancient Latin culture of Italy attracts him. In Milan, in Venice, he continues to dream, to feel, to study. The Queen of the Adriatic inspires him with some of his most brilliant pages. There he found a "psychic life that mingled with the depths of his subconsciousness in one vast reservoir of delight. And with such acuteness did he follow his most confused sentiments that in them he was able to discern the future in process of formation. His life was decided at Venice, and it was from Venice that he wished to date his future works." In Italy, Philip clears his conception of the Barbarians, of the non ego, and he learns how to assimilate what is most conducive in their works to his own development. From his experience he evolves a rule of life which represents the doctrine of Barrès during this early period. Its key-note is in the words, "Let us continue to embellish and increase our inner life."

In 'Le Jardin de Bérénice,' "a garden where bloom emotions soon uprooted," Philip comes willingly in contact with men. He enters politics and is elected deputy. He completes the education of his ego by studying the soul of humanity. His opponents have no special reason to rejoice at his entering the lists, for he is a hardy champion and does not spare them. As his opponent, Charles Martin, expresses some surprise at so much harshness in a philosopher, Philip answers:

"In taking for granted the wickedness and the bad faith of my opponents (and that is the usual theme of every controversy) I make an extremely convenient hypothesis. . . . The vices of my adversaries, even though fictitious, permit me to connect together without so many psychological subtleties a very large number of their discreditable actions. It is a conception which explains in a most happy manner the disapproval and the animosity they must inspire, although for reasons a great deal more complicated. In fighting their imaginary vices you triumph over their real faults."

Bérénice plays a small part; she is a purely instinctive agent. Is she a girl, the people's soul, or the Unconscious? asks Barrès himself. She participates in

some way with the friendly animals, the hairy dog and others, which roam in her garden — nay, she is little more than an accident of evolution. Sweet and fair, she is for the author a pretext for charming descriptions, but neither her character nor her opinions are significant.

This book, in spite of many admirable pages, is too subtle in its theories, in which we discern the influence of the philosophy of Hartmann and that of Schopenhauer; towards the end the author seems inclined to abandon the task of following the ego in its bewildering evolutions, and for the first time we find a trace of the nationalistic tendencies which are to play such a preponderant part in Barrès' after-life.

Barrès, having decided that the proper place for the ego was in the world, among men, was led to study sociological conditions. As the ego is paramount, not a single individual must be oppressed even for the sake of the community. With this truism as a starting point, André Malterre, the hero of 'L'Ennemi des Lois' (1893), examines how society can be organized. It need hardly be said that he is an anarchist from every point of view, political, moral, and intellectual.

Two women play a part in the book. Claire is all mind and has "a passion for professors"; Marina, a Russian princess, artless and sensual, is quite the reverse. Malterre is at first the lover of Marina, later on the husband of Claire, and finally they compromise by living all three together. Quite an immoral solution, had not the writer from the beginning explained that it was merely an allegory.

With Claire, Malterre visits Germany and analyzes the effect of German socialism upon German sensibility. For an intellectual like Barrès it is a shock to realize that economic revolution is their only aim, that their socialism appeals exclusively "to the belly." "Give something that will change the heart of man," exclaims André: "it is a state of mind and not laws that the world demands — a moral and not a material reform."

The 'Roman de l'Énergie Nationale' is composed of three novels or rather three volumes, the first, 'Les Déracinés,' being the only one that can be accurately called by that name. It is of special interest because of its presentation of Barrès' doctrine of "regionalism." 'Les Déracinés' [The Uprooted] are seven young Lorrainers of different temperament and station in life but substantially of the same formation. Having studied the system of Kant with Professor Bouteillier (whose characteristics are strangely similar to those of the late Professor Burdeau). they have retained of his teachings only the critical sense; he has given them "no prop either in their race or in their land." They go to Paris, and, severed from all former connections, are an easy prey to the onslaught of their passions. Three of these young men, Sturel, Roemerspacher, and St.-Phlin, have means; the first two represent the leisurely and intellectual middle class and the last the conservative county families. Bouteillier is the type of the educator who branches off into politics and

attempts to transport into life the dry theories of the classroom. Suret-Lefort is the climbing and unscrupulous newspaper man. Mouchefrin and Racadot, two penniless but ambitious youths, might have been worthy citizens had they remained in their native province, surrounded and supported by old friends and associations, but blinded by the intense life of the capital, insufficiently prepared, they launch a newspaper; they are driven to the wall, and in order to extricate themselves, resort to robbery and murder. Racadot is executed and Mouchefrin, his accomplice, escapes through the weakness of Sturel, who, though having knowledge of incriminating facts, keeps silent.

The episodes are too numerous to be related in detail, but the book, of an extremely diversified and keen psychology, has a deep moral and social meaning: we must remain faithful to our native province or region. If a race is to survive it must above all consider itself as the heir of the dead buried in its soil and must cherish all the customs accumulated through centuries. Every man who wishes to reach his highest development must remain attached to the land of his ancestors. "Regionalism" has had, ever since, considerable influence on French politics and literature.

'Les Amitiés Françaises' (1905) explains the genesis of Barrès' nationalism. The following quotations sum up clearly the purport of the book:

"Centuries have accumulated in our subconsciousness extremely remote moral forces. To educate a young man, one must give him above all a clear idea and a full possession of these latent forces, one must arouse in him the love of his native land, the memory of his forefathers."

"A little child whom you teach to differentiate and revere hereditary emotions, whose mind you fill all through his life with images of family and national life, will possess in his inner self a soundness, proof against dialectics, a solid ground to stand upon against all infractions, a creed, that is to say, moral health."

"At twenty, one is convinced that famous cities are young women; one hastens, heart a-flutter, to love-trysts: the shrine is empty, nothing but stone. . . ."

"Grandeur of soul, beauty, passion, sacrifice, we first enshrine you in legendary cities, for we see only too well that you do not belong to the past of our native town; but upon returning from a long journey among material things of life, when one has seen nothing but arid sand or worse still, exasperating fevers, if one has husbanded enough strength to master disillusion, one expects nothing except from this inner chant which our dead have transmitted to us in their blood."

In 'Au Service de l'Allemagne' (1905) Barrès studies the Alsatian problem: Does its solution lie in the abandonment of the soil to the conqueror, or must the young men stay in spite of all? Barrès in the person of his hero decides for the latter. Better to wear the German uniform when the age of military service comes than to give up the struggle (evidently the author had

not foreseen the Great War). The Alsatians must remain faithful to their ancient province, humiliated as she is, prostrated as they are, and fight to the bitter end to prevent the eradication of Latin culture.

'Colette Baudoche' (1909) forms with 'Les Amitiés Françaises' and 'Au Service de l'Allemagne' a trilogy called 'Les Bastions de l'Est.' It is really a novel; we find there a hero, Dr. Frederic Asmus, a young Pomeranian professor, who represents the German soul and nature, and Colette Baudoche, a young girl of Metz, who is evidently the impersonation of French culture. Asmus, appointed to the lycée of Metz, former capital of annexed Lorraine, finds lodgings in the house of Mme. Baudoche, a worthy widow full of common sense. Her heart still beats for France, but she is poor, the young instructor appears thoroughly respectable, and, after all, they must live. Asmus, who wants to perfect his French, makes himself as agreeable as he can to his landlady's daughter. He is influenced, conquered, by the polite and dignified ways of these two women; through their influence his views as well as his ways change a great deal more than he realizes himself. He appears so French that his colleagues become suspicious. He goes so far as to blame the harshness and awkwardness of the German masters towards their pupils. He dreams of a new Lorraine where the Teutons would come to perfect their education by intercourse with a more pleasant form of civilization. He forgets his German fiancée and asks for the hand of the young Frenchwoman. Colette hesitates, though she feels a good deal of sympathy for the young man, so anxious to please her and so kindly inclined towards her own people; but he is a German! She has a deeply rooted feeling of what she owes to her forebears, to those who have given their lives in vain for the independence of Lorraine. At the conclusion of a ceremony for soldiers of the war of 1870, these glorious dead inspire the young girl with a full conviction of her duty; she must not marry Asmus. She tells him so, and returns to her sad and colorless life without a regret.

In this book, full of charming descriptions and subtle analysis, we are in real life. Asmus and Colette are neither heroes nor symbols; they are plain every-day people. Asmus lacks delicacy, but he is upright and generous. Barrès has not tried to turn him into ridicule; he is lovable, so the girl loves him. Colette is young, honest, and keen of perception; she is the result, but not the highest product, of centuries of French civilization. There is probably less lyricism in this novel than in any other written by Barrès. Nevertheless, seldom has he shown to better advantage and under a more cleverly diversified style his power of description. The picture of Metz, which we give below, is a good example of his descriptive power.

'Greco ou le Secret de Tolède' is a psychological study of the work of the great Spanish painter and of the peculiarities of the strange, noble, and beautiful city of Toledo. "The genius of Greco lies in the fact that his thought is thoroughly, absolutely Spanish. His paintings placed in the very heart of

Spain give us an intuition of the motives of that nation in her classical period. Every one of his extraordinary personages bears in his inner self the same principle of hope, of ardor, of unconcern."

'La Colline Inspirée' (1913) is a true story more or less romanticized. Barrès' birthplace is not far distant from the spot where the events happened that form the basis of the book, and he most likely had many times heard of the legend. Other data were found in church papers deposited in the Nancy library. The story is of three visionary priests who at the beginning of the nineteenth century aroused a kind of religious mania among some people of that region. They wished shortly after the Revolution to install a peculiar form of mysticism in Lorraine. Léopold Baillard, "curé" of Flavigny, with the help of his two brothers, also priests, dreamed of erecting wonderful shrines and building up immense monasteries on the hill of Sion-Vaudémont (La Colline Inspirée). He founded a religious order which at first prospered. But his huge enterprise, financially unsound, caused anxiety to his bishop, who counseled him to be more prudent. Father Baillard, blinded with pride, refused to follow the advice. Soon he fell into debt; the order was disrupted; he was deprived of his title of superior, and relegated to the unimportant parish of Saxon. He refused to obey, and went to Normandy to see a certain Vintras who pretended to be an emanation of the Lord and to perform miracles. The man was a former house-servant, and had been several times convicted of theft, forgery, and embezzlement, but he possessed undoubtedly a great deal of personal magnetism and eloquence. He converted Baillard to his new faith and consecrated him pontiff and prophet.

Coming back to Lorraine the priest started his new cult with his two brothers, who became pontiffs in their turn, and they gained quite a number of followers. The new creed soon became entirely pagan in form as well as in purport, the ceremonies recalling the ancient Saturnalia. The Baillards, first interdicted, then excommunicated, were attacked by the infuriated inhabitants and had to flee. Peace reigned again on the hill. Towards 1857, one after the other, the three brothers came back to their native soil. Baillard, who was married and a traveling salesman for a wine firm, was still living in daily intercourse with the occult. Father Aubry, his former adversary, converted him on his death-bed, but his last prayer was for the soul of Vintras! This strange story is treated by Barrès in his usual poetic manner. At the close of the book we find a dialogue between the meadow and the chapel which is a masterpiece of suggestive prose. The meadow is the spirit of the soil — ancestors, liberty, inspiration; the chapel represents rule and authority; salvation lies in the union of both, conciliating thus enthusiasm with discipline, the heart with reason.

'La Grande Pitié des Églises de France' is a book of polemics. After the separation of Church and State in France, confessional associations had been charged with the upkeep of religious buildings, but the Church rejected the

principle of these associations as contrary to canonical rules. The municipalities were not responsible for the maintenance of the old churches, and they could prevent the Catholics from maintaining them. This unfortunate state of affairs permitted the desecration of some monuments and the destruction of a few others. Although an agnostic, Barrès was a poet and an artist and could not remain indifferent. He delivered on this subject in the Chamber of Deputies three speeches which form the bulk of the volume. A number of the French churches are of the highest artistic and historical value. Those classified as "historical monuments" are supervised and protected by the State. The number of the churches in this list is small. Barrès proposed to include all churches built before 1800. In spite of all efforts he failed; the Chamber rejected the draft of law he had proposed. But he succeeded in arousing in the whole country a lively interest not only among the Catholics themselves but also among all those who love art, beauty, and memories of the past.

During the War, Maurice Barrès published a number of books composed for the most part of newspaper articles. They form a series, 'L'Âme Française et la Guerre' [The French Soul and the War]. Their titles are 'L'Union Sacrée' (1914), 'Les Saints de la France' (1914–1915), 'La Croix de Guerre,' and 'L'Amitié des Tranchées' (1915).

This enormous production, and we have omitted quite a number of titles, is far from representing the whole of Barrès' work, for he was also one of the most prolific journalists in France. He contributed — and often regularly, publishing one or two articles a week — to Le Voltaire, Le Figaro, La Revue Indépendante, Le Journal, Le Courrier de l'Est, l'Écho de Paris, Le Gaulois, La Patrie, La Revue de Paris, La Revue Bleue, and La Cocarde, which he made famous in 1894–5 when he was political editor and published daily an article in its columns.

This literary activity would have been more than sufficient to fill the life of any man; it was not so for Barrès, who, besides, had a most strenuous public career. His speeches in the Academy, the Chamber of Deputies, and political meetings gained for him a well-deserved reputation as orator and debater.

In 1888, to put into practice his theories of 'L'Homme Libre' and probably to acquire data for 'Le Jardin de Bérénice,' he entered the lists and in 1889 was elected a deputy from Nancy after so savage a fight that on one occasion, at Champenoux, he was seriously wounded and his carriage broken to splinters and set on fire by the mob. He was then so youthful in appearance that frequently people thought he was campaigning for his father and were taken aback when he told them he was himself the candidate. He had joined the party of General Boulanger; that a man as clever as Barrès had chosen such an indifferent leader might occasion surprise. The explanation lies in the fact that he was a Lorrainer, and had never given up the hope of seeing his native

province restored to its former condition; Boulanger embodied for him the spirit of Revenge.

Beaten in 1893, Barrès did not abandon his political career. He kept on fostering by all means in his power the ideas of nationalism and regionalism. Elected deputy for Paris in 1906, he was regularly re-elected. In political circles he enjoyed a great deal more influence than might be supposed from his opinions: this was due to his prestige as a writer and a thinker, to a proverbial coolness under fire, and a dangerous gift for biting repartee.

Maurice Barrès married Mademoiselle Jougne, daughter of Colonel Jougne, and had a son, Philip, who plays an important part in some of his books, notably 'Les Amitiés Françaises.' He was elected to the Academy in 1906. At his death in 1923, the whole of France went into mourning.

A modern French critic whose opinions are a guarantee that he would not unduly praise Barrès said, shortly after the War: "Anatole France and Maurice Barrès are nowadays the only two men in French letters worth writing about." Paul Bourget in his turn thinks that: "Of the young men who since 1880 have entered the French literary world, Monsieur Maurice Barrès is certainly the most famous." The judgment of his fellow-authors as well as his influence on a large number of young men of his generation shows clearly the importance of his work. One of the most brilliant of them, Jean de Tinan, shortly before his untimely death said, "Barrès has been our educator, our professor of energy — he has known how to be our master without diminishing in any way our initiative . . . for that, we shall never be thankful enough."

As an artist Barrès was at first a Romantic; but his was a Romanticism purified from all its inferior characteristics: excessive imagery, doubtful grammar, inaccurate language. He is now a pure classic by the preponderance of the inner life, the concentration of thought, the clearness of expression, the impeccable syntax. He contributed more than anybody else to the reversion to traditional forms of style and at the same time had assimilated all that there was of real worth and likely to live in impressionism. The tendency toward classicism is more and more noticeable in his work; he himself has said in 'Le Voyage de Sparte': "I was mistaken in my manner of interpreting what I admired; I was striving for a certain effect and turned around things until I had obtained it. Now I meet life in a more familiar way; I wish to see it with eyes as simple as the Greek eyes were." Formerly the most subjective of artists, he tended towards an ever-increasing objectivity.

Barrès has been more or less misunderstood by Anglo-Saxons, and more particularly by Americans. His reasoning is often of too abstract and metaphysical a character to be likely to appeal to nations who are above all practical. Every educated Frenchman is a philosopher and has a fondness for philosophical speculation and a training in it quite uncommon among the reading public of the great Anglo-Saxon nations. For Americans "regionalism," Barrès' most characteristic tenet, is so difficult to appreciate that it is

almost impossible to state it in terms which for American readers will not involve a suggestion of absurdity. That a man should be fond or proud of his birthplace is natural enough; that he should be bound to stay there simply because it is his birthplace is to the vast majority of Americans unthinkable. Americans could better understand the supreme importance attached by Barrès to local traditions if he were a devout Catholic; when they learn that he is an agnostic they are at a loss to reconcile what appears to them inconsistency. But it is because Barrès has discarded all Christian faith that he clings to the tradition of the race.

Barrès is himself an example of his own theory in the sense that he is a peculiarly French author, passionately admired in his own country, and little appreciated beyond its limits except by students of French literature and philosophy. For those unfamiliar with the French language and with French habits of thought he is likely to remain practically a closed book, for the charm of his style is of that evanescent quality which is most difficult to carry over in translation. He will retain his place in French letters as a thinker of a most original turn of mind and also as one of the best stylists of the twentieth century.

PIERRE DE BACOURT

A RULE OF LIFE

From 'L'Homme Libre'

[This is the ideal set before himself by Philip, the hero of the book, during his stay in Italy.]

"TODAY I am living in a dream, made of moral delicacy and self-contemplation. Vulgarity cannot even reach me; for, sitting away down in the depths of my lucid palace, I cover up the aimless whisperings that come down to me from the others, by airs and variations, which my soul is ever ready to provide for me.

"I have given up solitude; I have decided to build my house in the very center of the century, because there are a certain number of appetites that can only be satisfied in active life. When I am alone, they beset me like lusty old soldiers eager for a fresh battle. The lower side of my nature, dissatisfied with its own inactivity, oftentimes used to disturb the better part in me. But now I have found it some playthings amongst men, so that it may leave me in peace.

"It was God's dark hour of affliction when He saw His angels, emanations of His own Self, desert His paradise and love the daughters of men. I have

found a way which makes it possible for me to tolerate those parts of myself that are inclined towards vulgar things. I have parceled myself out into a great number of souls. Not one of them is a suspicious soul; they all give themselves up to any feeling that may pass through them. Some go to church, others to bad places. I do not abhor it if some parts of myself degrade themselves occasionally: there is a certain mystical pleasure in contemplating, from the bottom of humiliation, that virtue to which we are worthy to attain; and besides, a truly beautiful mind should not distract its attention from its preoccupations, by weighing and measuring the villainies it commits at the same moment. I have, moreover, taken the precaution that my various souls do not know each other except within myself, so that having no other point of contact but my self-contemplation, which created them, they cannot cabal together. Should it happen that one of them compromises the security of the whole group, and attempts to entice the sum of my souls by its excesses, then they all rush upon the refractory one. After a short struggle they soon subdue it.

"Really, when I was very young, under the eye of the Barbarians, I went to excess in my distrust of the outer world. The world is repulsive, but almost inoffensive. One can easily govern men by getting hold of their vanities, as one would catch a wild ass by getting hold of its muzzle. With a little alcohol, and plenty of well-cooked dishes on your table, and with money in your pocket, you can stand almost any shock. A much more serious danger, in the inner world, is barrenness, and running riot. Today it is my one great preoccupation to avoid the one as well as the other of these outcomes of clumsiness.

"My method is well known; I hold my soul well in hand, so that it shall not stumble, like an aged horse that slumbers as it keeps trotting onward; and I use my imagination to procure new thrills for it each day. Everyone will agree that I excel in the art of bringing it back as soon as it tries to steal away. Sometimes I interrupt myself in this occupation, and give expression to the following prayer addressed to myself:

"'O Thou, who art Myself, Universe of which I gain each day a clearer vision, People that obey me at the sign of my finger, or a glance from my eye, think not that I forsake Thee if I cease henceforward to record the observations with which Thy development inspires me; but the interesting part is to create the method and to verify it in its first applications. Thou ever increasing sum of fiery and methodical souls, I shall no longer describe Thy efforts. I shall content myself with making known a few of the most elegant dreams of happiness dreamed by Thee. Let us, however, continue to embellish and increase our inner life, while our days shall go rolling onward through the bustle of the world outside us. Let us be convinced that actions are of no importance, for they by no means express the soul which has brought them about, and they have value only through the interpretation which the soul chooses to give them.'"

METZ UNDER GERMAN RULE

From 'Colette Baudoche'

"THERE is hardly a town that appeals more to our affections that Metz. If you recall to a Frenchman from Metz the Cathedral, the Esplanade, the narrow streets with the familiar names, the Moselle at the foot of the Ramparts, and the villages lying scattered over the hills, he will grow sad. Yet these people from Metz belong to an old civilization; they are moderate, well-balanced, and anxious to hide their capacity for enthusiasm. A chance passerby cannot understand this emotion on behalf of a city famous chiefly through wars, where he has seen nothing remarkable save perhaps, by a pleasant river, a fine cathedral and some eighteenth century remains. But one must understand that Metz does not aim at appealing to the senses; she seduces in a more subtle manner; she is a city for the soul, for the old French military and rural soul.

"The statues of Fabert and Ney, which have now those of William II, and Frederick-Charles close by, used to be surrounded by that prestige which is accorded to sacred monuments.

"People would point out to each other the heroes of the great wars, on the same squares on which today the German officers drill their recruits. The municipal buildings still retain the stamp put upon them by the engineers of our Army; straightness and simplicity everywhere, neatness in the carvings of the pediments, rectilinear appearance on the whole. From one side of the Place Royale to the other, the Courts of Law join hands with the Barracks of the Corps of Engineers; even the private houses seem to fall into line, and under the Arcades of the Place Saint-Louis there seems to float a spirit of discipline. This impression spreads over the soft valley of the Moselle. From the Esplanade, one can just distinguish, under a cloudy sky, twelve wine-growing villages, bathed or mirrored in the Moselle, and which, like the river, endear themselves to our imagination by the very liquid softness of their names: Scy, providing the first of our wines; Rozerieulles, where each house has its own vineyard; Woippy, home of strawberries; Lorry, made rich by its yellow plums; all of them abundantly surrounded by fruit trees that seem to shelter and love them. But the hills on which they are ranged are leveled on the summit; for they have become the forts of Plappeville, Saint-Quentin, Saint-Blaise, and Sommy.

"The Metzians of the time before the War, soldiers or relatives of soldiers, all of them, lived in daily touch with the agricultural region. People of independent means had their farms out there, tradesmen their customers, and down to the most unpretending family they all dreamed of one day possessing a country house, where they would go each fall to superintend the grape-gathering.

"All this made up an atmosphere which was very appropriate for the preservation of the old French type. Those who have not known this city and meditated upon it, are perhaps not aware of the value of a civilization grown out of the habits and customs of agriculture and of war. The emigrants from Lorraine do not yearn only for landscapes and lost customs, or for their scattered fellow-countrymen; it seems to them as if they had left behind something indispensable to their moral health.

"I never pass the threshold of this city, whose tradition has been forced from its beaten path, without being conscious of the break in our destinies. Metz is the place where can best be measured the depression in our strength. Here, people have toiled for a Glory, a Country, a Civilization, which all three are lying low today. A group of women alone protects them still. By instinct I turn my steps towards the Isle of Chambières and sit down near the monument which the 'Ladies of Metz' have erected in memory of the soldiers whom they had nursed. This is one of our sacred stones, an Altar, and a place of refuge, the last of our Menhirs.

"All around this high place, the Teuton flood rises unceasingly and threatens to submerge all. The immigrants, twenty-four thousand in number (without counting the Garrison), are dominating in the elections the twenty thousand natives. Will the old French edifice be carried away by the force of this onrush? A traveler arriving in Metz will, from the outset, judge the worth of this town as if it had been entirely reconstructed along German lines and to suit the needs of the Conquerors.

"The new railway station, where you arrive, proclaims the firm endeavor to create a style of the Empire, the Colossal style, as they call it, putting the accent on the last syllable. This station evokes our wonderment by its Romanesque style and by a steeple which, so they say, William II himself designed; but there is no soaring upwards, everything is held in, crouching, pressed down by a prodigious, spinach-green lid. You find in it the traces of an ambition that would be worthy of a cathedral, but the result is only a tart, or a huge meat pie. Pretension and lack of taste are still more clearly seen in the details. The worthy architect has strained his imagination, in order to show the destination of the building in every ornamental motive. We loyal Germans, truth-speaking artists that we are, and kindly condescending to amuse our serious population when they come to buy their tickets, we shall show them, as chapters of our pillars, the heads of soldiers wearing spiked helmets, faces of employees with stylish mustaches, engines, customs officers examining a traveler's suitcase, finally, an old gentleman in a top hat, shedding tears while bidding farewell to his grandson. This series of platitudes is doubtlessly the product of a philosophical conception, and might at a stretch be defended by force of reasoning; but no person of taste will ever excuse them, if he has seen them in all their dismal reality.

"On leaving the station, one falls straight into an entirely new quarter,

where hundreds of houses allure us first by their color of coffee, chocolate, or tea, revealing, so it seems, a predilection for eatables on the part of German architects. I see nowhere a wide, open, and beautiful avenue leading into the city, but the same craze for the enormous seems to have built huge apartment houses and private villas encumbered with cheap and blustering carvings. There are house fronts with many-colored woodwork, Alsatian fashion, flanked by turrets that rise up in so sharp a point that no one can enter them. Then there are houses in the style of Louis Seize, but built in red brick, decorated with cast-iron vases and crowned by tinplate garrets. Here copies of Augsburg Gothic, there a few samples of that Romanesque which has always seemed mysteriously to excite Prussian sensibility. Lastly, a thousand goblins, elfs, and sprites, bent under invisible burdens.

"I have no feeling of power before this frontage, made of unsquared stones that are only a thin veneering over brick. And I do not any more enjoy a feeling of happy imagination, on seeing a mason taking out of his bag, at random, an infinite assortment of architectural motives. These constructors possess extensive erudition, and moreover, a Frenchman can well see that they have copied some excellent pieces at Versailles, some very good bull's eyes, pilasters, obelisks; but all these motives are placed one beside the other, haphazard; they are neither reduced to their just proportions nor executed in the proper materials. The whole of this new quarter, which aims at a show of power and wealth, is but a falsehood and a sign of disorder and poverty of genius. It is, in fact, inconceivable, except as the frenzied work of overdriven students, or the taunting tomfoolery of a painter's 'prentices making game of their master. You could almost imagine seeing before you, congealed in lard, the foolish tricks of some students of architecture straight from Auerbach's Cellar. In a corner of this huge nightmare, away underneath a rubbish heap of old baskets and dented pails, is that not the ancient gate of Saint Thiébaud? Ah, let them demolish it, let them give the finishing stroke to that martyr!

"I tread more firmly again and breathe more freely, as soon as I have crossed the line of the old ramparts. I would not say that these small and much used houses, with their convenient shutters and here and there a wrought-iron balcony, are beautiful, but they do not excite laughter. Simple people have constructed these dwellings after their own image, and, peacefully wishing to live life as it is lived in Metz, they have not taken the trouble to look for models in all the centuries and under all climates. See how harmonious and pleasing are those suitable buildings of the old gunpowder factory, shaded by fine old trees and washed by the Moselle, at the foot of the Esplanade. So much moderation and calm seems poor to German esthetes. This country was drained, clarified, I should like to say, spiritualized; they disturb, overburden, encumber it; they pour in their dregs. The roofs of the houses still remain French, but gradually the ground floor, the shops, become Germanized.

At any moment one can see the front of a house being scraped and taken down, and the poor, ripped-up building is then clad in iron armor, with great big windows, where at night the electric lights will shed their blinding splendor over mountains of cigars. Teuton dullness begins to posses Metz, and worse than dullness, that degrading odor of railway refreshment-rooms, of sour beer, wet woolen garments, and stale tobacco smoke.

"Certain quarters, however, remain intact; Mozelle, the Sainte-Croix Heights, and the Quays, where one can find those aspects of Metz that will last forever. The peasants still come to bring the grain from the Seille and from up country to the old mills. The women, in their goffered bonnets, are pushing along their carts laden with butter, eggs, and poultry. The Hôtel de Lyon is still overflowing on Saturdays with country folk come to the pig market, which is held on the Cathedral Square, and the Côte-de-Delme Inn remains the meeting-place of amateurs when the horse-dealers, on the Place Mazelle, show off the big plow-horses that have a twist of straw braided in with their tails.

"Am I the dupe of an illusion, a dream of my forewarned heart? In the network of these narrow streets, where the old names over the shops give me a thrill of pleasure, I seem to feel the simplicity of former courteous manners, and those virtues of humility and dignity which, in our fathers, were in tune with each other. I taste the wholesome coldness of one-time discipline, tempered by humor, and so different from Prussian constraint. Emotion gains our hearts in these old parts of Metz, where today women and children predominate. They brighten our gift of spirituality. They lead us back towards France, and France on her knees is the most frequent synonym of the Ideal. Those who remain faithful to her, place a sentiment above their positive interests. If a few disown her, it is because they are enslaved by utilitarian principles, and because they sacrifice their share of moral life."

HENRI LOUIS BERGSON

OF Jewish origin, Henri Louis Bergson was born at Paris and educated at the Lycée Condorcet. In 1878 he entered the École Normale Supérieure, and passed the "agrégation de philosophie" on leaving it in 1881. For two years after this he was professor of philosophy at the Lycée at Angers, and held one or two similar appointments before taking the doctorate in letters in 1889, his thesis being entitled 'Quid Aristoteles de loco senserit.' In the same year he published his essay, 'Sur les Données Immédiates de la Conscience,' which was later translated into English under the title 'Time and Free Will.' His appointment to one of the most famous lycées in France, the Lycée Henri IV in Paris, followed. In 1896 he published 'Matière et Mémoire, Essai sur la Relation du Corps avec l'Esprit' [Matter and Memory], and again received promotion, this time to be lecturer at the École Normale where he had once been a student. His essay on laughter, 'Le Rire, Essai sur la Signification du Comique,' coincided in publication with his appointment to the highest academic dignity in France as professor at the Collège de France, which he still holds. He is also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute, and of the Academy of Moral and Political Science. He was elected to the French Academy in 1914. His 'L'Évolution Créatrice' [Creative Evolution] was published in French in 1907 and in English in 1911, and his two Oxford lectures, 'La Perception du Changement,' in 1911; he has also published a number of articles in philosophical journals, one of which was translated into English under the title 'Introduction to Metaphysics' in 1912. In 1913 he received the degree of Litt. D. at Columbia University, New York City, and gave a course of lectures which was extraordinarily successful. In England he was elected President of the Society for Psychical Research, and delivered an address of very great interest. M. Bergson's polished literary style and his unusual charm as a lecturer make his philosophical discourses and writings peculiarly attractive to the non-philosophical mind, and his remarkable popularity has perhaps militated to some extent against his reputation as a philosopher.

Bergson's philosophy contains: —

I. A methodological theory of the way in which truth in science and philosophy should be sought. (Set forth in 'Time and Free Will.')

II. A psychological theory of the relation of the mind of the individual to his brain and body. (Set forth in 'Matter and Memory.')

III. A biological theory of the manner in which life evolves from lower to higher forms. (Set forth together with his other theories in 'Creative Evolution.')

IV. An ethical and religious theory of human personality. (Nowhere explicitly set forth, but more or less implied in all of his writings.)

The four branches of this philosophy appear to have sprung from a single source; *viz.*, an *aperçu* or intuitive vision on the part of their author as to the inner nature of conscious life and of reality itself.

For Bergson, as for other mystics who found their philosophy upon a principle that is a product of feeling rather than of thought, it is hard to communicate the result in terms of reason. We may gather, however, from his various descriptions that Bergson's intuition reveals the self of man (1) as temporal rather than spatial; (2) as active rather than passive; (3) as free and creative rather than fixed and bound by law; (4) as a flowing continuum of dynamic states rather than a system of definitely related objects; (5) as a being that carries its own increasing past with it, and by means of this "pure duration" creates its own future, the nature of which not even the most perfect science could predict. From the standpoint of this intuition the world of mere intellect (consisting of definite objects and logical relations, of matter and space and physical law) is revealed as something which, though it was originally derived from the life-force, is now an antagonist which must, by the process of evolution, be subdued, and molded to the needs of the very spirit which created it and which increasingly pervades it.

Fortunately it is not necessary to understand this mystic revelation, in which all aspects of the Bergsonian philosophy are summed up, in order to appreciate the main parts of Bergson's system. For in spite of their common origin these parts are fairly independent of one another and can with advantage be treated separately. We shall, then, consider them in turn.

I. Methodological: The Nature of Truth and the Criterion of Knowledge. — In his theory of the nature of truth and of the best way of obtaining it, Bergson combines in an interesting and original manner two standpoints which in philosophy are usually opposed to one another; he is at once a pragmatist and a mystic.

With the pragmatists he holds that the intellect and all the laws and forms of logic are evolved by the life-force as instruments in the struggle with matter. And as thought originates from practical needs so it has for its end or goal the satisfaction of practical needs. The tradition known in philosophy as intellectualism, which holds that thought begins and ends in itself, that logic is independent or at least autonomous, and that its laws are determined without reference to vital interests, is repudiated. Intellect as the creature of life is also its servant. Its aim is not to copy reality but to control it, and the supreme criterion of theoretical excellence is practical utility. But having gone thus far with the pragmatists, Bergson refuses to take the final step; he refuses, that is, to identify the new ideal of utility with the old ideal of truth. "Intelligence should aim at the useful, because the useful is the true," say the pragmatists. "Intelligence should aim at the useful, although the useful is

not the true," says Bergson. In short, Bergson takes the discovery of truth in its ordinary meaning as the discovery of what things actually are, regardless of whether the practical consequences of discovery are useful or harmful to the one who attains it. To discuss truth in this old-fashioned sense of the term, it is necessary to abandon the intellect to the pragmatist, and turn to that alleged faculty which the mystics of every age have adopted, namely intuition. It is not without significance that Plotinus, the most famous of ancient European mystics, is Bergson's favorite philosopher. And yet intuition, as Bergson employs it, is far more accessible and far less mysterious than the intuition which Plotinus called "ecstasy" and which was to be obtained only in a state of trance. To our philosopher, the intuitive vision of reality is available to anyone who will turn his gaze away from the outer world with its practical interests, and watch, or rather feel, the inner current of his life as it wells up afresh at each moment and before it has time to split up into the perceptions and conceptions of science.

Something of the nature of the reality thus revealed we have already described in the introductory section of this article. And here we can only repeat that the vision thus given suffices to convince Bergson that pure spiritual activity, enduring and creating in time, is infinitely more real than the world of matter extended in space and governed by fixed laws. The latter, which to most men is so terribly and oppressively real, is to Bergson merely the broken and inverted reflection of the life from which it originates.

Bergson's theory of method may be criticized on the ground that it fails to explain why the scientific picture of the world should be so useful if it is false. Ordinarily, if an idea is of use, it is because it pictures or presents the facts. If intuition is correct in its revelation of all reality as pure spiritual activity, it is hard to see why it should be helpful for the scientist to misrepresent it as composed of indestructible particles of matter which are controlled by mechanical laws. This objection is partly met by Bergson himself in his later books, in which he seems willing to accord to matter a more realistic status than in his earlier work. From this later standpoint, dead matter appears as the spent remnant of what was formerly life, and might be compared to the ashes that are produced by a fire. In this connection Bergson compares physical substance and its laws to the stick of a rocket, which in falling back to the earth reverses the principle of its former ascending movement. If we take this more realistic view, the theories of science appear not as useful falsehoods but as half-truths which present in exaggerated and over-simplified abstraction a perfectly true aspect of the evolving world. And intuition, instead of contradicting logic, is now employed to supplement its one-sidedness and to reveal to us that in addition to matter there is another and greater reality, namely, spirit.

A more serious objection to Bergson's theory of method, or rather to the mystical part of it, is the misunderstanding to which it has given rise in the

minds of those who have failed to study it in the light of the more positive parts of his philosophy. This misunderstanding is twofold. It has, in the first place, aroused so much prejudice on the part of scientists that they have neglected to give proper attention either to his destructive criticisms of commonly accepted theories in psychology and biology or to his still more interesting constructive hypotheses in both of those sciences. In the second place, the same mysticism which has repelled the scientists who should be his friends has attracted to him many foolish people who hate logic in any form and who hope above all things to see modern science discredited and their own pet brands of obscurantism and emotionalism enthroned in its place. We can only hope that this double misunderstanding will pass away and that time will bring to Bergson a new alignment of friends and of enemies.

II. Psychological: The Nature of Mind and its Relation to Body. — As in his theory of method Bergson combined the new theory of pragmatism with the old theory of mysticism, so too in his psychology he combines a new point of view, sometimes called "behaviorism," with the much older doctrine of dualism, according to which the mind or spirit is an independent entity separable from the body. "Behaviorism" is a name used in America to characterize a rapidly increasing tendency on the part of contemporary psychologists to treat all mental states as forms of the body's behavior when it is reacting to its environment. Not only acts of will, but thoughts, emotions, and even such passive states as sensations are treated as responses made by the nervous system to outside stimuli.

Bergson holds that the perception of an object is merely the anticipation or potentiality of our body's reaction to that object. In 'Matter and Memory' he writes: "Everything will happen as if we allowed to filter through us that action of external things which is real, in order to arrest and retain that which is virtual. This virtual action of things upon our body and of our body upon things is our perception itself." Thus while Bergson does not agree with the behaviorists in identifying perception with bodily action itself he does identify it with potential or virtual action; and to that extent he is in sympathy with the prevailing tendency to interpret consciousness biologically as a motor function of the organism rather than spiritually as the inner state of a soul. Now if Bergson were to stop here his theory of mind would be only a variant of the biological materialism of present-day psychology. But it is just at this stage that a wholly different set of considerations are introduced. The real mind or self is for Bergson something entirely different from perceptual consciousness. The real mind consists of the enduring past which each individual carries with him in his memory, and which increases with each moment of life, as a snowball increases by accumulating the snow through which it rolls. Nothing that is once experienced is ever lost; and what we call "forgetting" is only the inability to bring the unconscious into consciousness.

How is our perceptual consciousness related to this system of enduring

memories? Perceptual consciousness, Bergson tells us, is only the fighting edge of the real self; or better, it is the surface of contact between the spirit of man and the world in which man lives. We could no more identify the self with conscious experience than we could identify a solid with one of its sides.

How is the brain related to the true self of memory? The answer usually given is to the effect that memories, like other aspects of mind, are in the brain or at least dependent upon it, and explainable either as specific modifications of the cerebral substance or as associative paths of conduction between the various cerebral centers. Bergson answers quite differently. For him, the brain is in no sense the container of memory but rather is it a bridge connecting the realm of spiritual memory with the realm of bodily action. The memories constituting our spirit can exist without the brain, but they cannot act without the brain. And as memory is the stuff of life, and therefore dynamic in character, it is constantly pressing, as it were, upon the brain in order to express itself on the plane of perceptual consciousness. The extent to which this immaterial and unconscious mind can realize its creative activity will depend upon the condition of the brain and its relation to the other physical objects outside the body. During waking life the mind will modify and control the perceptual responses of the body; all intelligent beings react to the present in the light of the past experience. But during sleep, when the brain is deaf to the solicitations of the outer world, the inner voice can be heard more clearly; and in the imagery of the dream we shall find expressed the unsatisfied needs and interests of the unconscious self. In his theory of dreams Bergson is in accord with Dr. Sigmund Freud, though he does not attach that exclusive importance to sex desires which the great Austrian, on the basis of his extensive clinical observations, believes to be justified.

Thus Bergson's psychology, although beginning with a behavioristic interpretation of perception, ends in a dualism of mind and body. This dualism, which resembles that of Descartes, the founder of French philosophy, is based upon the impossibility of explaining in physical terms of brain action that endurance of the past which is expressed in memory. The theory is in keeping with the religious conception of human personality and its survival of death; for it allows us to explain the apparent deterioration of mental life which accompanies the disease and decay of the brain as due, not to a real destruction of the mind itself, but only to a destruction of the organ by which the mind comes into experiential contact with physical objects.

The weak point of Bergson's dualism is the weak point of all dualism — namely, the difficulty of conceiving how a purely immaterial being could exist, and the manner in which, having no position in space, it could be causally related to the material brain.

III. Biological: The Life-Force and its Evolution. — When Bergson turns to the problem of evolution, he finds himself confronted with two very ancient theories, neither of which appeals to him as satisfactory. These theories, which

concern the nature of the world-process, are known as "idealism" and "materialism," or, with more precision, as "teleology" and "mechanism." The teleologist holds that the world's evolution is the working out of a plan that pre-existed in the mind of God. The mechanist, on the other hand, holds that all that happens in nature, including both the development of individual life and the evolution of life in the species, happens blindly, without purpose or foresight, and in accordance with the same purely mechanical laws which suffice to explain the inorganic phenomena of physics and chemistry.

The first or teleological theory is criticized by Bergson as follows: If the entire evolutionary process pre-existed as a plan in the mind of God, the relation of higher species to lower would constitute the same sort of problem, and would generate the same explanations as at present. The only difference would be a change of scene from the earth to the mind of God, and a change of name from biology to divine psychology. Moreover the temporal process itself would be meaningless if evolution were a mere repetition of a pre-existing reality. Time is real, and, as real, it must make a difference to things — which means that it must bring into being genuine novelties. In a true time-process the future cannot have pre-existed in the past, even as a potentiality. Thus does Bergson, in this brief but curiously penetrating criticism, dispose of the teleological conception of evolution.

His criticism of the mechanistic theory is empirical and inductive rather than deductive and dialectical. He brings together numerous instances of evolution which seem impossible to account for on the present Darwinian theory according to which life advances blindly by the principle of natural selection alone, and every useful organ and instinct is regarded as built up out of an accumulation of minute variations which originate accidentally, and which have been preserved because they enable the animal possessing them to survive in the struggle for existence. Turning from criticism to construction, Bergson argues that there are many facts connected with the growth and behavior of the individual animal, and also with the development of new and higher species, which indicate the working of an *élan vital* or life-spirit. This life-spirit is neither stone-blind, like the atoms of the materialist, nor all-seeing, like the God of the idealist, but intermediate in wisdom and power. It gropes its way dimly outward and upward through matter. For this reason the specific form of a living organism will always be a composite product of two factors, (1) the life-force itself and its needs or interests, and (2) the particular form of matter available to the life-force. The original source of vital activity thus becomes split up into increasingly many forms and individuals, all of which, however, because of their common origin, retain a certain sympathy and community of nature. One current of life, for example, seizes upon the material of chlorophyl, and by virtue of that substance becomes able to derive its food directly from the air and from the soil in which it takes root; and so the vegetable kingdom is formed. Other streams of the

life-current utilize the type of matter with which they are confronted to form organs of locomotion by means of which they can pursue their food from place to place; and so the animal kingdom is formed. Of the animals, some develop the material presented to them in such a way as to form in their own bodies nerve-mechanisms by which they perform unerringly and, as it were, intuitively many actions which further the life of their species; these are such animals as the bees, and in them instinct reaches its highest perfection. In other animals, however, the life force experiments with a more plastic and more centralized nervous system, in which the unerring and somewhat unvarying instincts are replaced by variability of adjustment and the ability to profit by individual experience; this line, developing through the vertebrates, culminates in man, whose variability is so great that he can make from the matter outside of his body tools to accomplish his needs. And it is because of this tool-making faculty that we call him not merely intelligent but rational.

Thus, according to Bergson, the useful variations in the way of sense-organs, instincts, and intelligence (by the accumulation of which life evolves from lower to higher forms) are neither the result of germinal accident plus natural selection as the neo-Darwinians claim, nor of conscious effort and design upon the part of the individual, as is maintained by the neo-Lamarckians, but rather are they the expression, unforeseen and yet purposive and harmonious, of the needs and interests of the life-force operating upon the matter surrounding it.

In his vitalistic biology as in his dualistic psychology, Bergson is strong in his destructive criticism of current theories, and original and stimulating in his constructive suggestions. He gives us the conception of a life-force struggling against matter's tendency to fixity and equilibrium, groping its way upward towards more and more perfect expressions of the freedom and mobility which is its essence, and experimenting now with one form and again with another. Though there remains the difficulty, inherent in all dualism and vitalism, in conceiving how an immaterial force can act upon a material body, this difficulty by no means deprives his system of permanent values and significance.

IV. Theological: The Religious and Ethical Implications of Creative Evolution. — Every individual life, every species of life, in a sense even matter itself, is derived from a single source, one great original impulse from which the whole world proceeds. This source of life may well possess something of the unity and individuality which constitutes what we know as conscious personality. But if the Origin is personal it is not therefore a self-contained substance existing behind or above the world, a spectator of evolving nature. The power which was the transcendent cause is now the immanent essence of living individuals, who are thus at once the creatures of and the participants in the cosmic life. Thus the world is not merely a neo-Platonic emanation from God, but also it is a self-creative evolution of God. The cosmic life, which

is found in its unity in each individual, maintains itself in some measure distinct from its multiple forms of expression, and may even be communed with or prayed to by those through whom it flows. And yet, when we speak of life in its universal aspect as God, we must recognize that such a God is not omniscient in the sense of foreseeing the future; for a future that was adequately foreknown would be already realized, and time would have lost its significance. The Bergsonian God is also lacking in omnipotence, being bound by the past which he has created but which is now a limiting part of him. Yet on the other hand, if God and his creatures are alike in being limited by the past, they are also alike in being free as to the future. For the future is not a mysterious realm towards which we are drifting, and in which strange destinies may lurk. The future cannot be foreseen, because there is nothing in it to foresee. It is absolutely empty and open, and will be filled only with what we choose to fill it. Life universal and life individuated, God and his creatures, are comrades in an absolute venture, creating their future as they go and possessed of a power and a freedom that is limited only by their own past.

It is such a religion, if religion it can be called, which appears implicit in Bergson's teaching. And as for his ethics, likewise implicit rather than expressed, the central idea would seem to be the same as that which I have attributed to his religion — the idea, namely, of the open future. Life's evolution is a creation, not a fulfilment. It makes its ideals as it goes. If we still seek in the spirit of an older ethic to demand of Bergson an answer to such questions as: — (1) What is the good of life, what is it for? (2) What is the end towards which the whole creation moves? (3) What is the categorical imperative or absolute moral law? (4) What is sin? It seems to me he might reply as follows: — (1) The good of life — what it is for — is more life, and more abundant life. (2) The end towards which life moves and strives is its own unendingness. (3) The categorical imperative or absolute moral law is the law that there shall be no law except such as may happen to serve freedom, and may be capable of being instantly revised or abandoned when it has ceased to serve freedom. (4) Sin is the yielding by life to the temptation to become fixed by habits, legalized, stereotyped. The vegetable is lower than the animal because it has let itself become less mobile, less effortful, less free. For the same reason the animals protected in sluggishness by their heavy shells are inferior; likewise those who have chosen the unerring but unvarying efficiency of instinct rather than the erring but more adaptable intelligence. The man encrusted and dominated by habits, the society weighted down and kept safe by unchanging laws and customs, sin also against the life-spirit. The thing that should be most precious to the conscience, and which God or nature has most at heart, is the unending increase of free and varied life for all.

Conclusion. — There is a large and increasing class of people throughout the world whose minds are unable to accept the idealism of traditional re-

ligions and whose hearts are reluctant to accept the materialism of modern science. To such as these Bergson must be the supreme prophet of the present day. His philosophy, though daringly original, is neither anti-scientific nor anti-religious. It reveals a new appreciation of the meaning and promise of evolving nature, and a new sense of the freedom and power of human life.

W. P. MONTAGUE

CREATIVE EVOLUTION

Passages selected from the book under that title translated by Arthur Mitchell.
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ALL our analyses show us, in life, an effort to remount the incline that matter descends. In that, they reveal to us the possibility, the necessity even of a process the inverse of materiality, creative of matter by its interruption alone. The life that evolves on the surface of our planet is indeed attached to matter. If it were pure consciousness, *a fortiori* if it were supra-consciousness, it would be pure creative activity. In fact, it is riveted to an organism that subjects it to the general laws of inert matter. But everything happens as if it were doing its utmost to set itself free from these laws. It has not the power to reverse the direction of physical changes, such as the principle of Carnot determines it. It does, however, behave absolutely as a force would behave which, left to itself, would work in the inverse direction. Incapable of stopping the course of material changes downwards, it succeeds in retarding it. The evolution of life really continues, as we have shown, an initial impulsion: this impulsion, which has determined the development of the chlorophyllian function in the plant and of the sensori-motor system in the animal, brings life to more and more efficient acts by the fabrication and use of more and more powerful explosives. Now, what do these explosives represent if not a storing-up of the solar energy, the degradation of which energy is thus provisionally suspended on some of the points where it was being poured forth? The usable energy which the explosive conceals will be expended, of course, at the moment of the explosion; but it would have been expended sooner if an organism had not happened to be there to arrest its dissipation, in order to retain it and save it up. As we see it today, at the point to which it was brought by a scission of the mutually complementary tendencies which it contained within itself, life is entirely dependent on the chlorophyllian function of the plant. This means that, looked at in its initial impulsion, before any scission, life was a tendency to accumulate in a reservoir, as do especially the green parts of vegetables, with a view to an instantaneous effective discharge, like that which an animal brings about, something that would have otherwise

flowed away. It is like an effort to raise the weight which falls. True, it succeeds only in retarding the fall. But at least it can give us an idea of what the raising of the weight was.

Let us imagine a vessel full of steam at a high pressure, and here and there in its sides a crack through which the steam is escaping in a jet. The steam thrown into the air is nearly all condensed into little drops which fall back, and this condensation and this fall represent simply the loss of something, an interruption, a deficit. But a small part of the jet of steam subsists, uncondensed, for some seconds; it is making an effort to raise the drops which are falling; it succeeds at most in retarding their fall. So, from an immense reservoir of life, jets must be gushing out unceasingly, of which each, falling back, is a world. The evolution of living species within this world represents what consists of the primitive direction of the original jet, and of an impulsion which continues itself in a direction the inverse of materiality. But let us not carry too far this comparison. It gives us but a feeble and even deceptive image of reality, for the crack, the jet of steam, the forming of the drops, are determined necessarily, whereas the creation of a world is a free act, and the life within the material world participates in this liberty. Let us think rather of an action like that of raising the arm; then let us suppose that the arm, left to itself, falls back, and yet that there subsists in it, striving to raise it up again, something of the will that animates it. In this image of a creative action which unmakes itself we have already a more exact representation of matter. In vital activity we see, then, that which subsists of the direct movement in the inverted movement, a reality which is making itself in a reality which is unmaking itself.

Everything is obscure in the idea of creation if we think of things which are created and a thing which creates, as we habitually do, as the understanding cannot help doing. We shall show the origin of this illusion in our next chapter. It is natural to our intellect, whose function is essentially practical, made to present to us things and states rather than changes and acts. But things and states are only views, taken by our mind, of becoming. There are no things, there are only actions. More particularly, if I consider the world in which we live, I find that the automatic and strictly determined evolution of this well-knit whole is action which is unmaking itself, and that the unforeseen forms which life cuts out in it, forms capable of being themselves prolonged into unforeseen movements, represent the action that is making itself. Now, I have every reason to believe that the other worlds are analogous to ours, that things happen there in the same way. And I know they were not all constructed at the same time, since observation shows me, even today, nebulæ in course of concentration. Now, if the same kind of action is going on everywhere, whether it is that which is unmaking itself or whether it is that which is striving to remake itself, I simply express this probable similitude when I speak of a center from which worlds shoot out like rockets in a fireworks dis-

play — provided, however, that I do not present this center as a thing, but as a continuity of shooting out. God, thus defined, has nothing of the already made; he is unceasing life, action, freedom. Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely. That new things can join things already existing is absurd, no doubt, since the *thing* results from a solidification performed by our understanding, and there are never any things other than those that the understanding has thus constituted. To speak of things creating themselves would therefore amount to saying that the understanding presents to itself more than it presents to itself — a self-contradictory affirmation, an empty and vain idea. But that action increases as it goes on, that it creates in the measure of its advance, is what each of us finds when he watches himself act. Things are constituted by the instantaneous cut which the understanding practices, at a given moment, on a flux of this kind, and what is mysterious when we compare the cuts together becomes clear when we relate them to the flux.

So that all life, animal and vegetable, seems in its essence like an effort to accumulate energy and then to let it flow into flexible channels, changeable in shape, at the end of which it will accomplish infinitely varied kinds of work. That is what the vital impetus (*élan vital*), passing through matter, would fain do all at once. It would succeed, no doubt, if its power were unlimited, or if some reinforcement could come to it from without. But the impetus is finite, and it has been given once for all. It cannot overcome all obstacles. The movement it starts is sometimes turned aside, sometimes divided, always opposed; and the evolution of the organized world is the unrolling of this conflict.

For life and its evolution, two things only are necessary: (1) a gradual accumulation of energy; (2) an elastic canalization of this energy in variable and indeterminable directions, at the end of which are free acts.

This twofold result has been obtained in a particular way on our planet. But it might have been obtained by entirely different means. It was not necessary that life should fix its choice mainly upon the carbon of carbonic acid. What was essential for it was to store solar energy; but, instead of asking the sun to separate, for instance, atoms of oxygen and carbon, it might (theoretically at least, and apart from practical difficulties possibly insurmountable) have put forth other chemical elements, which would then have had to be associated or dissociated by entirely different physical means. And if the element characteristic of the substances that supply energy to the organism had been other than carbon, the element characteristic of the plastic substances would probably have been other than nitrogen, and the chemistry of living bodies would then have been radically different from what it is. The result would have been living forms without any analogy to those we know, whose anatomy would have been different, whose physiology also would have been different. Alone

the sensori-motor function would have been preserved, if not in its mechanism, at least in its effects. It is therefore probable that life goes on in other planets, in other solar systems also, under forms of which we have no idea, in physical conditions to which it seems to us, from the point of view of our physiology, to be absolutely opposed. If its essential aim is to catch up usable energy in order to expend it in explosive actions, it probably chooses, in each solar system and on each planet, as it does on the earth, the fittest means to get this result in the circumstances with which it is confronted. That is at least what reasoning by analogy leads to, and we use analogy the wrong way when we declare life to be impossible wherever the circumstances with which it is confronted are other than those on the earth. The truth is that life is possible wherever energy descends the incline indicated by Carnot's law and where a cause of inverse direction can retard the descent — that is to say, probably, in all the worlds suspended from all the stars. We go further: it is not even necessary that life should be concentrated and determined in organisms properly so called, that is, in definite bodies presenting to the flow of energy ready-made through elastic canals. It can be conceived (although it can hardly be imagined) that energy might be saved up, and then expended on varying lines running across a matter not yet solidified. Every essential of life would still be there, since there would still be slow accumulation of energy and sudden release. There would hardly be more difference between this vitality, vague and formless, and the definite vitality we know, than there is, in our psychical life, between the state of dream and the state of waking. Such may have been the condition of life in our nebula before the condensation of matter was complete, if it be true that life springs forward at the very moment when, as the effect of an inverse movement, the nebular matter appears.

It is therefore conceivable that life might have assumed a totally different outward appearance and designed forms very different from those we know. With another chemical substratum, in other physical conditions, the impulsion would have remained the same, but it would have split up very differently in course of progress; and the whole would have traveled another road — whether shorter or longer who can tell? In any case, in the entire series of living beings no term would have been what it now is. Now, was it necessary that there should be a series, or terms? Why should not the unique impetus have been impressed on a unique body, which might have gone on evolving?

If our analysis is correct, it is consciousness, or rather supraconsciousness, that is at the origin of life. Consciousness, or supraconsciousness, is the name for the rocket whose extinguished fragments fall back as matter; consciousness, again, is the name for that which subsists of the rocket itself, passing through the fragments and lighting them up into organisms. But this consciousness, which is a need of creation, is made manifest to itself only where creation is possible. It lies dormant when life is condemned to automatism; it

wakens as soon as the possibility of a choice is restored. That is why, in organisms unprovided with a nervous system, it varies according to the power of locomotion and of deformation of which the organism disposes. And in animals with a nervous system, it is proportional to the complexity of the switchboard on which the paths called sensory and the paths called motor intersect — that is, of the brain. How must this solidarity between the organism and consciousness be understood?

The consciousness of a living being, as we have tried to prove elsewhere, is inseparable from its brain in the sense in which a sharp knife is inseparable from its edge: the brain is the sharp edge by which consciousness cuts into the compact tissue of events, but the brain is no more coextensive with consciousness than the edge is with the knife. Thus, from the fact that two brains, like that of the ape and that of the man, are very much alike, we cannot conclude that the corresponding consciousnesses are comparable or commensurable.

But the two brains may perhaps be less alike than we suppose. How can we help being struck by the fact that, while man is capable of learning any sort of exercise, of constructing any sort of object, in short of acquiring any kind of motor habit whatsoever, the faculty of combining new movements is strictly limited in the best-endowed animal, even in the ape? The cerebral characteristic of man is there. The human brain is made, like every brain, to set up motor mechanisms and to enable us to choose among them, at any instant, the one we shall put in motion by the pull of a trigger. But it differs from other brains in this, that the number of mechanisms it can set up, and consequently the choice that it gives as to which among them shall be released, is unlimited. Now, from the limited to the unlimited there is all the distance between the closed and the open. It is not a difference of degree, but of kind.

Radical therefore, also, is the difference between animal consciousness, even the most intelligent, and human consciousness. For consciousness corresponds exactly to the living being's power of choice; it is coextensive with the fringe of possible action that surrounds the real action: consciousness is synonymous with invention and with freedom. Now, in the animal, invention is never anything but a variation on the theme of routine. Shut up in the habits of the species, it succeeds, no doubt, in enlarging them by its individual initiative; but it escapes automatism only for an instant, for just the time to create a new automatism. The gates of its prison close as soon as they are opened; by pulling at its chain it succeeds only in stretching it. With man, consciousness breaks the chain. In man, and in man alone, it sets itself free. The whole history of life until man has been that of the effort of consciousness to raise matter, and of the more or less complete overwhelming of consciousness by the matter which has fallen back on it. The enterprise was paradoxical, if, indeed, we may speak here otherwise than by metaphor of enterprise and of

effort. It was to create with matter, which is necessity itself, an instrument of freedom, to make a machine which should triumph over mechanism, and to use the determinism of nature to pass through the meshes of the net which this very determinism had spread. But, everywhere except in man, consciousness has let itself be caught in the net whose meshes it tried to pass through: it has remained the captive of the mechanisms it has set up. Automatism, which it tries to draw in the direction of freedom, winds about it and drags it down. It has not the power to escape, because the energy it has provided for acts is almost all employed in maintaining the infinitely subtle and essentially unstable equilibrium into which it has brought matter. But man not only maintains his machine, he succeeds in using it as he pleases. Doubtless he owes this to the superiority of his brain, which enables him to build an unlimited number of motor mechanisms, to oppose new habits to the old ones unceasingly, and, by dividing automatism against itself, to rule it. He owes it to his language, which furnishes consciousness with an immaterial body in which to incarnate itself and thus exempts it from dwelling exclusively on material bodies, whose flux would soon drag it along and finally swallow it up. He owes it to social life, which stores and preserves efforts as language stores thought, fixes thereby a mean level to which individuals must raise themselves at the outset, and by this initial stimulation prevents the average man from slumbering and drives the superior man to mount still higher. But our brain, our society, and our language are only the external and various signs of one and the same internal superiority. They tell, each after its manner, the unique, exceptional success which life has won at a given moment of its evolution. They express the difference of kind, and not only of degree, which separates man from the rest of the animal world. They let us guess that, while at the end of the vast spring-board from which life has taken its leap, all the others have stepped down, finding the cord stretched too high, man alone has cleared the obstacle.

It is in this quite special sense that man is the "term" and the "end" of evolution. Life, we have said, transcends finality as it transcends the other categories. It is essentially a current sent through matter, drawing from it what it can. There has not, therefore, properly speaking, been any project or plan. On the other hand, it is abundantly evident that the rest of nature is not for the sake of man: we struggle like the other species, we have struggled against other species. Moreover, if the evolution of life had encountered other accidents in its course, if, thereby, the current of life had been otherwise divided, we should have been, physically and morally, far different from what we are. For these various reasons it would be wrong to regard humanity, such as we have it before our eyes, as pre-figured in the evolutionary movement. It cannot even be said to be the outcome of the whole of evolution, for evolution has been accomplished on several divergent lines, and while the human species is at the end of one of them, other lines have been followed with other species at their

end. It is in a quite different sense that we hold humanity to be the ground of evolution.

From our point of view, life appears in its entirety as an immense wave which, starting from a center, spreads outwards, and which on almost the whole of its circumference is stopped and converted into oscillation: at one single point the obstacle has been forced, the impulsion has passed freely. It is this freedom that the human form registers. Everywhere but in man, consciousness has had to come to a stand; in man alone it has kept on its way. Man, then, continues the vital movement indefinitely, although he does not draw along with him all that life carries in itself. On other lines of evolution there have traveled other tendencies which life implied, and of which, since everything interpenetrates, man, has doubtless, kept something, but of which he has kept only very little. It is as if a vague and formless being, whom we may call, as we will, man or superman, had sought to realize himself, and had succeeded only by abandoning a part of himself on the way. The losses are represented by the rest of the animal world, and even by the vegetable world, at least in what these have that is positive and above the accidents of evolution.

From this point of view, the discordances of which nature offers us the spectacle are singularly weakened. The organized world as a whole becomes as the soil on which was to grow either man himself or a being who morally must resemble him. The animals, however distant they may be from our species, however hostile to it, have none the less been useful traveling companions, on whom consciousness has unloaded whatever encumbrances it was dragging along, and who have enabled it to rise, in man, to heights from which it sees an unlimited horizon open again before it.

It is true that it has not only abandoned cumbersome baggage on the way: it has also had to give up valuable goods. Consciousness, in man, is pre-eminently intellect. It might have been, it ought, so it seems, to have been also intuition. Intuition and intellect represent two opposite directions of the work of consciousness: intuition goes in the very direction of life, intellect goes in the inverse direction, and thus finds itself naturally in accordance with the movement of matter. A complete and perfect humanity would be that in which these two forms of conscious activity should attain their full development. And, between this humanity and ours, we may conceive any number of possible stages, corresponding to all the degrees imaginable of intelligence and of intuition. In this lies the part of contingency in the mental structure of our species. A different evolution might have led to a humanity either more intellectual still or more intuitive. In the humanity of which we are a part, intuition is, in fact, almost completely sacrificed to intellect. It seems that to conquer matter, and to reconquer its own self, consciousness has had to exhaust the best part of its power. This conquest, in the particular conditions in which it has been accomplished, has required that consciousness should adapt itself to the habits of

matter and concentrate all its attention on them, in fact determine itself more especially as intellect. Intuition is there, however, but vague and above all discontinuous. It is a lamp almost extinguished, which only glimmers now and then, for a few moments at most. But it glimmers wherever a vital interest is at stake. On our personality, on our liberty, on the place we occupy in the whole of nature, on our origin and perhaps also on our destiny, it throws a light, feeble and vacillating, but which none the less pierces the darkness of the night in which the intellect leaves us.

These fleeting intuitions, which light up their object only at distant intervals, philosophy ought to seize, first to sustain them, then to expand them and so unite them together. The more it advances in this work, the more will it perceive that intuition is mind itself, and, in a certain sense, life itself: the intellect has been cut out of it by a process resembling that which has generated matter. Thus is revealed the unity of the spiritual life. We recognize it only when we place ourselves in intuition in order to go from intuition to the intellect, for from the intellect we shall never pass to intuition.

Philosophy introduces us thus into the spiritual life. And it shows us at the same time the relation of the life of the spirit to that of the body. The great error of the doctrines on the spirit has been the idea that by isolating the spiritual life from all the rest, by suspending it in space as high as possible above the earth, they were placing it beyond attack, as if they were not thereby simply exposing it to be taken as an effect of mirage. Certainly they are right to listen to conscience when conscience affirms human freedom; but the intellect is there, which says that the cause determines its effect, that like conditions like, that all is repeated and all is given. They are right to believe in the absolute reality of the person and in his independence toward matter; but science is there, which shows the interdependence of conscious life and cerebral activity. They are right to attribute to man a privileged place in nature, to hold that the distance is infinite between the animal and man; but the history of life is there, which makes us witness the genesis of species by gradual transformation, and seems thus to reintegrate man in animality. When a strong instinct assures the probability of personal survival, they are right not to close their ears to its voice; but if there exist " souls " capable of independent life, whence do they come? When, how, and why do they enter into this body which we see arise, quite naturally, from a mixed cell derived from the bodies of its two parents? All these questions will remain unanswered, a philosophy of intuition will be a negation of science, will be sooner or later swept away by science, if it does not resolve to see the life of the body just where it really is, on the road that leads to the life of the spirit. But it will then no longer have to do with definite living beings. Life as a whole, from the initial impulsion that thrust it into the world, will appear as a wave which rises, and which is opposed by the descending movement of matter. On the greater part of its surface, at different heights, the current is converted by matter into a vortex. At one point alone it passes freely, dragging with it the obstacle which will weigh on its

progress but will not stop it. At this point is humanity; it is our privileged situation. On the other hand, this rising wave is consciousness, and, like all consciousness, it includes potentialities without number which interpenetrate and to which consequently neither the category of unity nor that of multiplicity is appropriate, made as they both are for inert matter. The matter that it bears along with it, and in the interstices of which it inserts itself, alone can divide it into distinct individualities. On flows the current, running through human generations, subdividing itself into individuals. This subdivision was vaguely indicated in it, but could not have been made clear without matter. Thus souls are continually being created, which, nevertheless, in a certain sense, preexisted. They are nothing else than the little rills into which the great river of life divides itself, flowing through the body of humanity. The movement of the stream is distinct from the river bed, although it must adopt its winding course. Consciousness is distinct from the organism it animates, although it must undergo its vicissitudes. As the possible actions which a state of consciousness indicates are at every instant beginning to be carried out in the nervous centers, the brain underlies at every instant the motor indications of the state of consciousness; but the interdependency of consciousness and brain is limited to this; the destiny of consciousness is not bound up on that account with the destiny of cerebral matter. Finally, consciousness is essentially free; it is freedom itself; but it cannot pass through matter without settling on it, without adapting itself to it: this adaptation is what we call intellectuality; and the intellect, turning itself back toward active, that is to say free, consciousness, naturally makes it enter into the conceptual forms into which it is accustomed to see matter fit. It will therefore always perceive freedom in the form of necessity; it will always neglect the part of novelty or of creation inherent in the free act; it will always substitute for action an imitation artificial, approximative, obtained by compounding the old with the old and the same with the same. Thus, to the eyes of a philosophy that attempts to reabsorb intellect in intuition, many difficulties vanish or become light. But such a doctrine does not only facilitate speculation; it gives us also more power to act and to live. For, with it, we feel ourselves no longer isolated in humanity, humanity no longer seems isolated in the nature that it dominates. As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which is materiality itself, so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge, able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death.

EUGÈNE BRIEUX

EUGÈNE BRIEUX, one of the French Academy, who is generally regarded as the foremost French dramatist of the first decade of the twentieth century, was born in Paris, in the old quarter of the Temple, on January 19, 1858. His father was a carpenter. Brieux came, therefore, from the working class, and, despite the honors that have come to him in later life, he has remained at heart a man of the people. There is a noticeable difference, both in subject and in tone, between his plays and those of the more aristocratic playwrights of the boulevards. He seldom deals with what is called "high life," and then only to satirize it caustically; he prefers to deal with the problems of the middle class, and particularly with the various injustices which the middle class is forced to suffer because of the faults of the prevailing social system.

The early education of Brieux was merely meager. His parents were poor, and he was left an orphan at the age of fifteen. He proceeded through the primary and secondary schools; but beyond this point he could not go, because of the necessity to earn his living. He was, however, an inveterate reader in his youth. He never entered a theater until he was seventeen; but by that time he had already read and studied the most important works of French dramatic literature. He tried his hand at several one-act plays; and one of these, entitled 'Bernard Palissy,' which was written in collaboration with Gaston Salandri, was produced for a single matinée performance at the tiny Théâtre Cluny, in the Latin Quarter. This was on December 21, 1879, when Brieux was not quite twenty-one years old. This piece, which was rather violently theatrical, showed little merit; and it was more than ten years before the author was ever really heard of in the theater.

The desire to write, and the necessity at the same time to earn a regular stipend week by week, pushed the young Brieux into the profession of journalism. He began as a reporter for an obscure provincial paper in Dieppe. A few years later he was called to Rouen, where he became the editor of a newspaper called La Nouvelliste. The fact that Brieux spent the entire decade of his twenties in the provinces has been of great advantage to his work. If he had lived in Paris, it would have been only natural for him to imitate the most successful playwrights of the day; but, living in Rouen, he was obliged, in his apprentice efforts, to copy no one and to take his material immediately from life.

Of all the cities of France, the one that is least French is Paris. The capital is cosmopolitan, and prides itself on catering to foreigners; but, really to

understand the life of France, it is necessary to settle down in some comparatively little city like Rouen. In a dozen years devoted to newspaper work in the provinces, Brieux absorbed a sense of all of France. In this respect his experience ran parallel to that of Molière. The greatest of all French dramatists, after a preliminary false start in the capital, wandered for many years through all the little cities of the provinces, before he became ready to return to Paris and to bring to the Parisians news of France.

While Brieux was living in Rouen and editing La Nouvelliste, he continued to write plays and sent them up to Paris. The first of these to be accepted was 'Ménages d'Artistes' [Artists' Homes], a satire of the shallowness and affectation of the literary charlatans who had taken up the Symbolistic movement because it merely happened to be popular. This play was produced in 1890 by André Antoine at the notable Théâtre Libre, which had been founded by this pioneer three years before. 'Ménages d'Artistes' was sufficiently successful to warrant the encouragement of further compositions by Brieux; and in 1892 another play by the provincial editor was produced at the Théâtre Libre by Antoine.

This play was 'Blanchette'; and its success was so great that Brieux became a celebrity and was able to move up to Paris. For half a dozen years after his return to the capital he wrote regularly for Le Figaro; but by 1898 his fame as a dramatist was sufficiently established to permit him to renounce the secondary business of journalism.

'Blanchette' discussed a subject which was of great importance in provincial life. The heroine was a girl of peasant parents who had been educated beyond her station. After finishing her course at school, she was bored by the society of her illiterate progenitors; but she was unable to climb up to that higher station in life to which her educated talents now entitled her. Here, in the form of a dilemma to which there seemed to be no answer, was presented a social problem of immediate importance to thousands of families of the humbler class of France.

The success of this initial problem-play determined the drift of the future labors of the dramatist. It has never been the purpose of Brieux primarily to entertain; it has always been his aim to teach. This endeavor has been stated, in the following terms, by the dramatist himself: —

" It seems to me that the dramatic author should be an intermediary between the public and those great thoughts of great thinkers which are ordinarily inaccessible to the masses. He ought to offer to the public, in an interesting shape, beautiful and generous ideas. Yes, that is the rôle appointed for us: to seduce the public by placing the ideas of the philosophers within its reach."

In his subsequent plays, Brieux has always taken as his subject some social proposition of profound importance to the French nation of today, has built up a definite body of belief about this proposition, and has striven to inculcate this belief by means of his dramatic art. He does not always venture to sug-

gest an answer to the problem which it seems to him important to propound. The weakness of the "thesis-play," as it is called, is that the author may be tempted, in selecting his characters and inventing his incidents, to cog the dice in such a way as to necessitate a particular solution of the thesis, which may be either true or false. This danger has nearly always been avoided by Brieux. His habit is not to answer questions but to ask them. He poses a problem, presents the evidence on every side, and begs the public to endeavor to find the true solution.

No artist springs full-grown into the world, without a predecessor; and Brieux has acknowledged that the nature and the spirit of his effort were engendered by a desire to carry on the work of one who has gradually come to be regarded as the most important playwright of the nineteenth century in France, Émile Augier. Like Augier, Brieux cares more deeply about French society than he cares about the theater. Like Augier he desires to make France a better and a nobler country than it was when he was born in it. It is for this reason that he attacks the special social problems that primarily concern his country at the present time.

But, precisely because his themes are indigenous to French society, the plays of Brieux are rarely appreciated at their full value beyond the borders of his own country. His work, like that of his illustrious predecessor, can hardly be successfully exported. It is necessary to know France in order to appreciate such writers as Augier and Brieux; and, of the intimate details of the machinery of French society, the people of Great Britain and America have remained astonishingly ignorant.

This fact must be remembered when we read the record of Brieux in the theaters of America. In 1909, the late Laurence Irving presented in New York a translation of 'Les Hannetons,' entitled first 'The Incubus' and subsequently 'The Affinity.' This is a very brilliant comedy which teaches that a man who desires to conserve his liberty by avoiding legal marriage may find himself more tightly and embarrassingly bound if he enters into an illicit relation with a mistress. The next year, Irving presented in New York a translation of 'Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont' [Monsieur Dupont's Three Daughters]. In both these plays, the plots are well-articulated, the characters are real and vivid, and the dialogue is aglow with humanity and agleam with humor. Yet both pieces were written off as failures in the commercial theaters of New York.

The reason is that both 'Les Hannetons' and 'Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont' dealt with conditions of society which, being essentially French, seemed uncustomary to the theater-going public in America. In 'Les Trois Filles,' for example, the dramatist propounded the proposition that only three courses are open to a girl who comes of a *bourgeois* family in the provinces of France — namely, to follow the disastrous allurement of free love, to accept a life of frustrate and embittered celibacy, or to be mar-

ried mechanically by a contract of convenience arranged between her parents and the parents of a man she does not love. In this play, the author pleaded clearly for the permission of a marriage of love arranged directly by the two young people who want to wed each other. This being the theme and the teaching of the play, it is easy to understand why it could not succeed in America. Since Brieux was advocating a system of matrimony which is the only system that is commonly approved in the United States, his teaching seemed superfluous to the average American auditor; and the auditor found himself incapable of imagining the other tragic system which the dramatist was analyzing and combating.

The only great success of Brieux in the American theater was achieved in 1913 by a play which, oddly enough, was never intended for public presentation. This was 'Les Avariés,' or, as it is called in English, 'Damaged Goods.' 'Les Avariés' is not a dramatic composition, but a tract. It was acted only once in Paris, in 1902; and this single performance was intended merely to advertise the composition and to draw attention to the published text. But when this piece was presented in New York, at a semi-private matinée, by Mr. Richard Bennett, it attracted so much serious attention that it was subsequently acted many weeks in the metropolis and was taken on a tour that comprised the leading cities of the country. Two years later, Mr. Bennett produced in New York a translation of 'Maternité'; but the project failed commercially, because this play, which had been acted in Paris in 1904, dealt polemically with several details of the general problem of motherhood that seemed of little pertinence to the public of America.

'The Red Robe,' which is probably the most impressive of the Brieux plays and which was exceedingly effective when acted in French by the great Réjane, was only mildly successful in New York when it was played in English by Lionel Barrymore; and even so eminent an actor as E. H. Sothern achieved only a fair success when he appeared in an English version of a later drama by Brieux, called 'L'Avocat.'

Eight plays by Brieux have thus far been translated into English and published in the United States, namely: — 'The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont,' 'Maternity,' 'Damaged Goods' ['Les Avariés'], 'Woman On Her Own' ['La Femme Seule'], 'False Gods' ['La Foi'], 'The Red Robe,' 'Blanchette,' and 'The Escape' ['L'Evasion']. These eight plays can scarcely be said to represent the author's work with a disinterested fairness. Bernard Shaw, who is mainly responsible for the currency of these translations, was attracted more toward Brieux the propagandist than toward Brieux the dramatist. For this reason the reading public of Great Britain and America has been offered a solemn tract like 'Damaged Goods' instead of a brilliantly successful comedy like 'Les Hannetons.' By this process the English reader might be deceived into thinking that Brieux is more a lecturer than a playwright. But this impression is unwarranted. It was not for any sec-

ondary reason that 'L'Evasion' was crowned by the French Academy in 1897, and that Brieux was elected in 1910 to the seat with the immortal forty which had been left vacant by the death of no less renowned a dramatist than Ludovic Halévy. Brieux, though at heart a teacher of the people, is in all his finest work essentially an artist. To feel this, it is necessary only to study the text of 'The Red Robe,' which, although in its polemic aspect it is merely an attack on the French judicial system, is also, in its dramatic aspect, an exceedingly well-made and exceptionally moving play. By virtue of this single composition, Brieux would be entitled to remembrance as a dramatist of important purpose and extraordinary skill.

CLAYTON HAMILTON

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

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MME. DUPONT. Well, what is it?

Dupont [*with an air of importance*]. M. and Madame Mairaut will be here in an hour, at six o'clock.

Mme. Dupont. Yes?

Dupont [*craftily*]. And do you know why they are coming?

Mme. Dupont. No.

Dupont. To ask for Julie's hand in marriage. That's all!

Mme. Dupont. For their son?

Dupont. Well, my dear, it's not for the Sultan of Turkey.

Mme. Dupont. M. Mairaut, the banker.

Dupont. M. Mairaut, head of the Banque de l'Univers, 14 Rue des Trois-Chapeaux, second floor.

Mme. Dupont. Yes; but ——

Dupont. Now, now, don't excite yourself. Don't lost your head. The thing isn't done yet. Listen. For the last fortnight, at the Merchants' Club, Mairaut been taking me aside and talking about Julie — asking me this, that, and the other. As you may suppose, I let him run on. Today we were talking together about the difficulty of marrying one's children. "I know something of that," said he. "So do I," I said. Then he grinned at me and said: "Supposing Madame Mairaut and I were to come in one of these days to discuss the question with you and Madame Dupont?" You may imagine my delight. I simply let myself go. But no, when I say I let myself go, I do myself an injustice. I kept a hand over myself all the time. "One of these days? Next week, per-

haps? " I said, carelessly, just like that. " Why not today? " said he. " As you please," said I. " Six o'clock? " " Six o'clock." What do you think of that?

Mme. Dupont. But M. Mairaut — the son, I mean — Monsieur — what is his Christian name?

Dupont. Antonin, Antonin Mairaut.

Mme. Dupont. Antonin, of course. I was wondering. Is M. Antonin Mairaut quite the husband we should choose for Julie?

Dupont. I know what you mean. His life isn't all that it should be. There's that woman ——

Mme. Dupont. So people say.

Dupont. But we needn't bother about that. There's another matter, however, that is worth considering — though, of course, you haven't thought of it. Women never do think of the really important things.

Mme. Dupont. You mean money? The Mairauts haven't any. They only keep a couple of clerks altogether in their bank. They may have to put up the shutters any day.

Dupont. Yes: but there's some one else who may put his shutters up first. Antonin's uncle. The old buffer may die. And he has two hundred thousand francs, and never spends a penny.

Mme. Dupont. True. But —

Dupont. But — But — There you go. You're determined never to see anything that is more than an inch before your nose. I don't blame you for it. Women are like that.

Mme. Dupont. But suppose he disinherits Antonin?

Dupont. You forget I shall be there. I flatter myself I shall know how to prevent Uncle Maréchal from disinheriting his nephew. Besides, what is Uncle Maréchal?

Mme. Dupont. Antonin's uncle.

Dupont. You don't understand. I ask you what he *is*. What is his position, I mean?

Mme. Dupont. He's head clerk at the Préfecture.

Dupont. Exactly. And he could get me the contract for all the printing work at his office. Thirty thousand francs a year! How much profit does that mean?

Mme. Dupont. Five thousand francs.

Dupont. Five thousand? Ten thousand! If one is only to make the ordinary trade profit, what's the good of Government contracts?

Mme. Dupont. I'm afraid young M. Mairaut's character —

Dupont. His character! We know nothing about his character. He has one virtue which nothing can take away from him: he is his uncle's nephew. And his uncle can get me work that will bring in ten thousand francs a year, besides being as rich as Crœsus.

Mme. Dupont. Still, are you sure that he is the right sort of husband for Julie?

Dupont. He is the right sort of husband for Julie, and the right sort of son-in-law for me.

Mme. Dupont [*dubiously*]. Well, you know more of these things than I do.

Dupont [*looks at his watch*]. Ten minutes past five. Now listen to me. We have very little time, but I feel the ideas surging through my brain with extraordinary clearness. It's only in moments of emergency that I feel myself master of all my faculties, though I flatter myself I'm not altogether a fool at the worst of times. [*He sits upon a chair, his hands leaning upon the back of it.*] I will explain everything to you, so that you may make as few blunders as possible. We must get old Mairaut to agree that all the money, Julie's and Antonin's, shall be the joint property of them both.

Mme. Dupont. But there will be Julie's *dot.*

Dupont [*pettishly*]. If you keep interrupting we shall never be done. The joint property of them both, on account of Uncle Maréchal's money. Do you understand?

Mme. Dupont. Yes.

Dupont. That's a blessing. Well, then we shall ask for —

Mme. Dupont. No settlements. I understand.

Dupont. On the contrary, we shall ask for the strictest settlements on both sides.

Mme. Dupont. But —

Dupont. You are out of your depth. Better simply listen without trying to understand. [*He rises, replaces his chair, and taps her knowingly on the shoulder.*] In these cases one should never ask for the thing one wants. One must know how to get the other side to offer it, and be quite pleased to get it accepted. Well, then, I am giving Julie fifty thousand francs as her *dot.*

Mme. Dupont. Fifty thousand! But Julie has only twenty-five thousand.

Dupont. That is so. I shall give her twenty-five thousand down and promise the rest for next year.

Mme. Dupont. You can't mean that. You will never be able to keep such a promise. [*She rises.*]

Dupont. Who knows? If I get the contract from the Préfecture.

Mme. Dupont. We ought to ask Julie what she thinks of this marriage.

Dupont. We haven't much time, then. Still, call her; and take off these covers [*pointing to the chairs*].

Mme. Dupont [*she goes towards the door on the right; then returns*]. But have you thought —

Dupont. I have thought of everything.

Mme. Dupont. Of everything? What about Angèle and her story?

Dupont [*pompously*]. Angèle is no longer my daughter.

Mme. Dupont. Still, we shall have to tell them.

Dupont. Naturally. Since they know it already.

Mme. Dupont. I am nearly sure it was she I met last time I was in Paris.

Dupont. You are mistaken.

Mme. Dupont. I don't think so.

Dupont. In any case, in acting as I did I was doing my duty. I can hold my head up and fear nothing. Call Julie. She will help you to put the room tidy. [*Madame Dupont goes out.*]

Dupont [*rubbing his hands*]. I think I've managed things pretty well this time! I *think* so!

[Julie *and* Madame Dupont *come in.*]

Julie. Father, is it some one who wants to marry me?

Dupont. It is. [*To Madame Dupont, pointing to the chairs.*] Take off those covers. [*To Julie.*] You know young M. Mairaut — M. Antonin Mairaut? [*He sits down.*] You have danced together several times.

Julie. Yes.

Dupont. What do you think of him?

Julie. As a husband?

Dupont. As a husband. Don't answer in a hurry. Take off that cover from the chair you are sitting on and give it to your mother.

Julie [*obeying*]. Have his parents formally proposed for him?

Mme. Dupont. No. But if they should do so your father and I wish to know —

Dupont [*to Madame Dupont, giving her the last chair cover, which he has taken off himself*]. Take all these away. [*Madame Dupont goes out.*] The formal offer has not been made, but it will be soon, in less than an hour.

Julie. Is that why you are taking all this trouble? [*She points to the chairs.*]

Dupont. Precisely. We mustn't appear to be paupers or people without social position. [*He seizes a bowl in which there are some visiting cards.*] Very old, these cards. Very yellow. And the names, too common rather. I must put that right. [*To his wife, who returns.*] Go down to the printing office and ask Courthezon to give you some printed specimens of our new visiting cards at three francs — no, three francs fifty. And then put that Wagner opera on the piano which some one left to be bound. [*Madame Dupont goes. To Julie.*] I have no desire to influence you, my dear.

Julie. Still —

Dupont [*going to the mantelpiece*]. Still what? Wait until I light the lamp. [*He strikes a match.*]

Julie. Why, it's still quite light.

Dupont. When one receives visitors one doesn't wait till it is dark before — You are old enough to know — what the deuce is the matter with the oil? — old enough to know what you are about. Damn the lamps! When they are never lighted it is the devil's own job to make them burn. Yes, as I was saying, it is for you to weigh the pros and the cons. Marriage — There! [*He looks*

round him.] Is there anything else to be done to make things look better? What is that over there? That great stupid Caroline's hat!

Mme. Dupont [*coming in and bringing visiting cards and a piano score of an opera*]. Here are the cards and the music book.

Dupont. Thanks. [*He gives Caroline's hat to Madame Dupont.*] Take this thing away. And these stockings. Hide them somewhere. You don't want to appear to do your own darning, confound it! It's extraordinary you shouldn't have thought of that. [*Madame Dupont goes out, returning in a moment. Dupont continues mechanically to Julie.*] It is for you to weigh the pros and cons. This is better. Vicomte de Liverolles; M. L'Abbé Candar, Honorary Canon; Ange Nitron, Ex-Municipal Councillor. That will look well enough. The Wagner score on the piano, open, of course. That's right. There's something else I want, though. Julie, the box of cigars which M. Gueroult sent me when he was elected to the Chamber.

Julie [*bringing a box*]. Here it is.

Dupont. Give it me.

Julie. You haven't begun it yet.

Dupont. Wait. [*He rummages in his pocket and takes out a knife, which he opens.*] We must show them that other people besides deputies smoke cigars at five sous. [*He opens the box.*] Without being proud, one has one's dignity to keep up. There! [*He takes a handful of cigars and gives them to his daughter.*] Put those in the drawer so that the box mayn't seem to have been opened on purpose for them. [*He arranges the box on the table.*] A fashion paper? Excellent! And for myself [*to Mme. Dupont*], Léontine, give me a fresh ribbon of my Order of Christ. This one is faded. [*To his daughter.*] He is twenty-eight. He is good looking and distinguished. He passed his law examination at Bordeaux. [*He puts a fresh ribbon in his coat, and looks at himself for a considerable time in the glass.*] In a town where I was not known this would be as good as the Legion of Honor. [*He turns round.*] Well? Have you made up your mind?

Julie. I should like more time to think it over.

Dupont. You have still a quarter of an hour.

Mme. Dupont. She would like a few days, perhaps.

Dupont. That's it. Shilly shally! We are to have the story of that great stupid Caroline over again, are we? No! Your sister, whom you see now an old maid, who will never be married, unless her aunt in Calcutta leaves her some money — your sister, too, had her chance one day. She hum'd and ha'd; she wanted to think it over. And you see the result. That's what thinking it over leads to. Here she is, still on my hands!

Mme. Dupont. You mustn't say that. She earns her own living.

Dupont. She earns her own living, perhaps; but she remains on my hands all the same. By the way, we had better not say anything to the Mairauts about Caroline's working for money.

Mme. Dupont. They are sure to know.

Dupont. Not they. What was I saying? Oh, yes. She remains on my hands all the same. And one old maid is quite enough in the family. Two would be intolerable. Remember, my child, you have no *dot* — at least, none worth mentioning. And as things go nowadays, when one has no *dot,* one mustn't be too particular.

Julie. To marry nowadays, then, a girl has to buy her husband?

Dupont [*shrugs*]. Well —

Julie. And there's nothing but misery for girls who have no money.

Dupont. It's not quite as bad as that. But obviously there is a better choice for those who have a good fortune.

Julie [*bitterly*]. And the others must be content with damaged goods, much reduced in price!

Dupont. There are exceptions, of course. But, as a rule, husbands are like anything else. If you want a good article, you must be prepared to pay for it.

JUSTICE AND THE LAW

The last scene of 'The Red Robe.' Translated by A. Bernard Miall. Copyright by Brentano's, New York, and reprinted by their permission

MOUZON. Well! — in consideration of the time you have been in custody, I am willing that you should be set at liberty — provisional liberty. I may, perhaps, even withdraw my complaint if you express regret for having insulted me.

Yanetta [*calmly*]. I do not regret having insulted you.

Mouzon. Do you want to go back to prison?

Yanetta. My poor man, if you only knew how little it matters to me whether I go to prison or not!

Mouzon. Why?

Yanetta. Because I have nothing left, neither house, nor home, nor husband, nor children. [*She looks at him.*] And — I think — I think —

Mouzon. You think?

Yanetta. I think it is you who are the cause of all the trouble.

Mouzon. You are both acquitted, aren't you? What more do you ask?

Yanetta. We have been acquitted, it is true. But all the same, I am no longer an honest woman — neither to my husband, nor to my children, nor to the world.

Mouzon. If anyone reproaches you with the penalty inflicted upon you formerly, if anyone makes any allusion to the time you have spent in custody under remand, you have the right to prosecute the offender in the courts. He will be punished.

Yanetta. Well! It is because some one reproached me with that old conviction that my husband has taken my children from me. That some one is a magistrate. Can I have him punished?

Mouzon. No.

Yanetta. Why not? Because he is a magistrate?

Mouzon. No. Because he is the law.

Yanetta. The law! [*Violently.*] Then the law is wicked, wicked!

Mouzon. Come, no shouting, no insults, please. [*To the recorder.*] Have you finished? Then go to the office and have an order made out for her discharge.

Yanetta. I'm no scholar; I've not studied the law in books, like you, and perhaps for that very reason I know better than you what is just and what is not. And I want to ask you a plain question: How is the law going to give me back my children and make up to me for the harm it's done me?

Mouzon. The law owes you nothing.

Yanetta. The law owes me nothing! Then what are you going to do — you, the judge?

Mouzon. A magistrate is not responsible.

Yanetta. Ah, you are not responsible! So you can arrest people just as you like, just when you fancy, on a suspicion or even without a suspicion; you can bring shame and dishonor on their families; you can torture the unhappy, ferret into their past lives, expose their misfortunes, dig up forgotten offenses, offenses which have been atoned for and which go back to ten years ago; you can make use of your skill, your tricks and lies, and your cruelty to send a man to the foot of the scaffold, and worse still, you can drive people into taking a mother's children away from her — and after that you say, like Pontius Pilate, that you aren't responsible! Not responsible! Perhaps you aren't responsible in the eyes of this law of yours, since you tell me you aren't, but in the eyes of pure and simple justice, the justice of decent people, the justice of God, before that I swear you are responsible, and that is why I am going to call you to account!

[*She sees on Mouzon's desk the dagger which he uses as a paper knife. He turns his back on her. She seizes the knife and puts it down again.*]

Mouzon. I order you to get out of here.

Yanetta. Listen to me. For the last time I ask you — what do you think you can do to make up to me — to give me back all I've lost through your fault; what are you going to do to lessen my misery, and how do you propose to give me back my children?

Mouzon. I have nothing to say to you. I owe you nothing.

Yanetta. You owe me nothing! You owe me more than life — more than everything. My children I shall never see again. What you've taken from me

is the happiness of every moment of the day — their kisses at night — the pride I felt in watching them grow up. Never, never again shall I hear them call me "mother." It's as though they were dead — it's as though you had killed them. [*She seizes the knife.*] Yes! That's your work; it's you bad judges have done it; you have nearly made a criminal of an innocent man, and you force an honest woman, a mother — to become a criminal!

[*She stabs him. He falls.*]

[*Curtain.*]

EDMOND ROSTAND

EDMOND ROSTAND, the chief poetic dramatist of the past half-century in France, was born at Marseilles in 1868. He came of a good Southern French family, well-to-do, though not rich, and distinguished in the arts and in public affairs. His father, Eugène Rostand (1843–1915), in youth a brilliant journalist, gradually won high reputation as a student of economic and industrial questions. He published volumes on savings-bank reform, on agricultural credits, and on 'Social Reform through Individual Initiative,' several of which were crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. He was also a poet, of fine quality though not of great power or range. His translation of Catullus into French verse (1882) was crowned by the French Academy. His 'Poésies Simples' [Simple Poems] (1874) and 'Les Sentiers Unis' [Level Paths] (1885) contained much good verse, in simple, healthy, and happy vein; and some hearty denunciations of realism and Baudelairism:

> "I am athirst for virtue, chastity,
> For honor, goodness, beauty, nobleness,
> For the ideal. . . ."

In this case it was "like father like son." In the 'Poésies Simples' there is a large group of poems 'To Eddy,' full of the charm of home love and noble hopes for the son's career and character, none of which were destined to be disappointed. The father received high honors from the Government, was a member of many important commissions, national and international, on social and financial reform, and was made Officer of the Legion of Honor, Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy, and a member of the Institute of France in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. One of his brothers, Alexis Rostand, was president of the Comptoir National d'Escompte, and also a distinguished musician and writer on musical subjects.

Edmond Rostand was educated at the Lycée of Marseilles and, like Anatole France, at the Collège Stanislas in Paris, where he had a thorough classical training. He also, like his father, and like so many other eminent men of letters of all nationalities, went through law school, but did not practise law. His first important work was a volume of poems, 'Les Musardises,' published in 1890. In the same year he was married to Rosemonde Gérard, daughter of Count Gérard and granddaughter of Maurice Gérard, a marshal under Napoleon. It was at once a love match and a *mariage de convenance,* in many ways like that of Percinet and Sylvette in the 'Romancers.' He, like Percinet,

was twenty-one and a poet, worshiper of Shakespeare and the romantic school. She, like Sylvette, was eighteen, slender, with fair hair and blue eyes, and of exquisite charm. And they lived happy ever after. She was a poet too, and published in 1891 a volume entitled 'Pipeaux,' which won the commendation of Leconte de Lisle and was crowned by the French Academy. She published a play in verse, 'Un Bon Petit Diable' (1912), written in collaboration with the older of their two sons, Maurice Rostand, who has also published poems and plays.

Rostand's first important play, 'Les Romanesques' [The Romancers], was produced at the Théâtre Française on May 21, 1894, and had considerable success. It is a charming fantasy in three acts, poetic, yet composed with fine dramatic sense of what will be effective when seen across the footlights. The scene is laid in the stageland of fancy, yet everything seems real and true to human nature. As the author says, "The scene is where you will, provided the costumes be charming"; and a critic has added, "The characters are as charming as the costumes."

The next play was 'La Princesse Lointaine' [The Far-Away Princess], produced by Sarah Bernhardt at her own theater on April 5, 1895. It did not have so much popular success as some of Rostand's other plays, but is perhaps the finest of his works in poetic quality and significance. It is the old story of the Troubadour Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli (see Browning's poem), made symbolic of all devotion to the ideal, to beauty, and to poetry. Yet unlike most symbolic works, it loses nothing in common reality and truth, but gains rather; it is intensely alive, both with real life and with stage life, for Rostand is always a clever playwright as well as a poetic dramatist. Rudel's passionate worship of his distant princess takes possession of all the rough crew that he has engaged to take him on his half mystic quest; even, finally, of the man of science, the pilot; till the quest of beauty becomes a modern quest of the Holy Grail. And though the princess is in reality a very human woman, weak and selfish, she too is made noble and strong, and even holy, by this passionate idealization of her.

'La Samaritaine' [The Woman of Samaria] was first played by Sarah Bernhardt at the Théâtre de la Renaissance on Ash Wednesday of 1897, April 14. Rostand calls it "A Gospel in Three Tableaux." It shows us Jesus just entering upon his mission, meeting the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well, giving her to drink of the water of life, and inspiring her to win the whole city of Sichem to accept his teaching. The simplicity and unquestioning faith of the medieval mystery plays by which it was partly inspired, are successfully reproduced, with added gentleness, tenderness, and beauty.

Then came the great, the overwhelming triumph of 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' No other play has ever created such a furore throughout the Western civilized world. Its first performance, with Coquelin in the leading rôle, was at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theater, just at the end of 1897, December 28; within a year it

had been given in every country of Europe, in both the Americas, and in far islands of the seas. French critics of all schools, except the Decadents, acclaimed it as the renewal of the greatest days of French poetic drama. Lemaître, the impressionist, called it "a marvelous event . . . by far the greatest success of my lifetime . . . an exquisite romantic comedy . . . of rare and amazing merit." Faguet, the academic, said it was not only the "finest dramatic poem of the half century," but "the making of a new epoch." "Can it be true?" he exclaimed: "All is not over then! We shall have yet again in France a great poetic literature worthy of 1550, worthy of 1630, worthy of 1660, worthy of 1830. It is here! It has begun!"

This was enough to turn anyone's head. But Rostand felt the burden even more than the glory of the place thus given him, so suddenly and yet so certainly, in the history of literature. He neither remained content with past success, nor hastened to take advantage of it and follow it up. He chose his next subject carefully and with courage, and hid himself from the world to work at it, slowly, with devotion, energy, and enthusiasm. But before going on to the story of his other works, we must give some account of Cyrano.

Savinien Hercule de Cyrano Bergerac was a poet, philosopher, dramatist, fiction writer, and swashbuckler, of the first half of the seventeenth century in France. He was a member of the famous regiment of the Cadets of Gascony, commanded by Carbon de Castel-Jaloux; this sounds like a name manufactured by Dumas or Gautier, and might be freely paraphrased as Firebrand of Haughty-Hall; but it is in fact historical. Even in this regiment of the "Gardes-Nobles" Cyrano was known as a "triple Gascon," and a "triple brave." One of his exploits was a fight, single-handed, against a hundred ruffians, posted by a great lord at the Porte de Nesle to waylay Linière, a poet-friend of Cyrano, who had lampooned the "grand seigneur" in satiric verse. When the poet came to take refuge at Cyrano's house for the night, the hero refused to receive him. "Here," he said, "take this lantern, walk behind me and hold the light, and I'll make bedquilts of them for you!" Of the hundred, two were killed, seven wounded, and the rest took to flight. The round number may not be exact; but the story was common in contemporary annals, and was never denied; not only Cyrano's friend Lebret, but others, including Monsieur de Cuigy and Monsieur de Brissailes, men of some importance at the time, bore witness to the facts. The story of Montfleury, the fat actor whom Cyrano detested, is hardly less fantastic; and in connection with it we have the witness of Cyrano's own letter 'Against Montfleury the Fat, Bad Actor and Bad Author.' According to the books of theatrical anecdotes, Cyrano ordered him off the stage and forbade him to reappear for a month; when two days later he did appear, Cyrano drove him in disgrace to the wings. The audience protesting, Cyrano challenged them each and all to meet him in duel, and carried his point. Cyrano was also a serious soldier. He was wounded at the

siege of Arras in 1640. He is said to have fought in a hundred duels — again the round number is to be taken as such. Lebret says he always fought as second, for his friends, never on his own account; but Lebret was a timid and righteous soul, always "white-washing" Cyrano's reputation. We know enough of his character from other sources to make this gentle peacefulness somewhat doubtful as a constant characteristic of Cyrano; and then — there was his nose.

The famous nose is authentic. It appears in all the portraits, of which there are four; not a long, pointed, turned-up nose, such as some actors have worn in representing the character; but a large, generous, well-shaped, Roman nose, squarely planted in the symmetrical middle of the face; not ridiculous, but monumental. Legend relates that this nose brought death on ten persons; one could not look upon it but he must unsheath; if one looked away it was worse; and as for speaking of noses, that was a subject which Cyrano reserved for himself to do it fitting honor.

Every one of the historical incidents, characters, and characteristics connected with Cyrano, and many more besides, have been used by Rostand in his play. It has what might be called an all-star cast: D'Artagnan, of 'The Three Musketeers,' has a minor rôle of one line — but a thrilling one; the Cardinal Richelieu, and Corneille, both "walk on," in silent parts; the Count de Guiche, friend of the Cardinal, is one of the principal characters; the most obscure of the forty members of the Academy play their transitory rôles as "immortals." Cyrano's cousin, called in the play Madeleine Robin, becomes the heroine, under her name as a Précieuse, Roxane. The Baron Christian de Neuvillette is the handsomest of the Cadets of Gascony, just enlisted in the regiment, and loved at first sight by Roxane, who confides her love to Cyrano and begs him to protect the new cadet. But Cyrano is himself secretly and passionately in love with Roxane — and despairingly, for he cannot conceive that any woman, still less the fairest of all women, could love one so ugly as he is. He seizes the chance to serve her; and, since she has asserted that she will die of grief unless Christian turns out to be as eloquent at love-making as he is handsome, Cyrano must prompt the stupid Christian and compose for him his speeches and letters. Once, in the darkness under Roxane's Juliet-balcony, Cyrano has the joy of speaking himself; and from the siege at Arras, he sends letter after letter filled with his untold love. It is not until years after, on the day of Cyrano's death, that Roxane learns from his reciting, under the gathering darkness of an autumn evening in the convent garden, the last letter that she had received from Arras, that it is Cyrano's true self, his soul, as beautiful as he thought his face was ugly, which she has really loved all through the years. The play is so full of action and incident, and of eloquence and poetry, that no impression of it can be given by a summary or even by extracts. It must be read or seen. There are at least six or seven translations in English, two or three of them not impossible, though none, of course, at all adequate. Cyrano

has taken his place with the heroes of old, from Don Quixote to D'Artagnan, and is one of the eternal possessions of the human race.

'L'Aiglon' [The Eaglet] was first given at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt on March 15, 1900. Many of the French, for whom it expresses much of their national character and aspirations through a crucial moment in their history, consider it superior even to 'Cyrano,' but it has not made so great an impression in the rest of the world. It tells the pathetic story of the son of Napoleon, christened King of Rome, whom Victor Hugo had first called the eaglet in a famous line describing what happened after Waterloo,

England took the eagle and Austria the eaglet.

He is just growing to manhood, learning secretly of his father's glories, studying his campaigns, fitting himself by intense physical and mental training to answer the call which has already come from France to take up his inheritance. Meanwhile there is going on within him a constant struggle between the energy of his father and the impotence inherited through his mother from the long line of Hapsburg ancestors, many of them weaklings or even madmen. Metternich controls him and keeps him always conscious of the weaker half of his nature. His own ambition, his devotion to his father's memory, and the presence of Flambeau, a typical old grenadier of Napoleon's bodyguard, inspire him to attempt the return to France, only to be captured through a moment's hesitation on the battlefield of Wagram and brought back to die in his Austrian palace.

There seems to me to be a special significance that has never been noticed, in Rostand's choice of this subject and in his treatment of it. Rostand lacked the physical health and energy characteristic of abundant producers like Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas, which are necessary to the constant exercise of such creative power as he possessed. He was compelled, on account of serious lung trouble, to live much of the time in the Pyrenees, and to spare his strength so far as possible. At the time of the great triumph of 'Cyrano,' he had been hailed as the direct descendant of Corneille, Racine, and Victor Hugo, as the legitimate son of their imperial line, the one destined to rule the empire of letters and to lead in a new epoch of world-triumphs for the poetic drama, and he lacked the mere physical strength to rule that empire and to serve it. Yet he was bound to do his utmost, in spite of the handicap, and to die fighting, if need be, for poetry and for France.

The success of 'L'Aiglon' brought him his election to the French Academy, in 1903. At the time of his election he became the youngest member of the Academy, and was in fact elected at an earlier age than any other of the great poets of the nineteenth century had been.

The subject for his next play, 'Chantecler,' was suggested to him by watching the many denizens of a farmyard near his estate at Cambo in the Pyrenees, with their distinct individualities and more or less human characteristics. The

idea was developed through reading the sixty thousand lines of the medieval 'Roman du Renart.' After long preparation, it was finally given at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theater, on February 7, 1910. The chief characters are Chantecler, representing all that is most native and close to the soil in the French national spirit, and all that is most virile and masculine in humanity; Patou, the faithful old hound dog; the Blackbird, representing cynical scepticism and self-conscious cleverness; the Hen-Pheasant, a "new woman," yet intensely feminine; the Peacock, the Cat, the Swan, the Duck, the Turkey, a Hunting Dog, a Messenger Pigeon, the Nightingale and other birds of the forest, chickens, hens, fighting cocks, owls, and other night birds, toads, rabbits, and a score more of animals. The great secret of Chantecler, which the Hen-Pheasant wins from him, is that he believes that his crowing alone drives away the powers of night, brings back the dawn, and makes the sun rise. All the forces of night conspire against him, the forces of scepticism ridicule him, the clever hangers-on of the Guinea-Hen, who is a society leader and the would-be mistress of an intellectual salon, belittle him and conspire with the forces of night to have an armed fighting cock do away with him; but he triumphs over all of them, until the Pheasant, who has lured him away to the woods, hides the coming of dawn from him with her wings until the sun has risen. Disillusioned and ready to despair, he is saved by the message that all his farmyard subjects are in need of him, and have grown to believe in his power to bring order and light into the world.

The play is an allegory of the national French spirit, and of the human spirit. Chantecler is self-deceived perhaps, but heroic and idealistic self-deception is better than cynical aloofness or the sceptic sneer. This is the essential thought of Rostand's work, which is always heroic and ideal. But it gives no idea of the richness, variety, and humor of the detail of his work, or of its closeness to the average human character. Rostand is a national poet and even more a universally human one.

His style is inimitable. Never since Rabelais, to borrow Sainte-Beuve's phrase, "has the French language kept such festival." In abundance and freshness of imagery, only Victor Hugo is comparable to him; and he is not guilty of the same abuse of repetition and antithesis as Victor Hugo. His fantastics and extravagances often offend the sober standard of French taste, but the foreigner is inclined to say, so much the worse for the somewhat narrow French conception of style. He ranges from delicacy to flamboyance, from simplicity to spread-eagle eloquence, from short thrusts and sharp fencing to long-flowing phrases. He is equally successful in dialogue and in the long speech, and equally dramatic in both. And always he gives the sense of rapid improvisation in what has really been written with slow carefulness and infinite pains.

The construction of his plays cannot be praised so unreservedly. They are overloaded with scenes and incidents. The long speeches, magnificently written

and dramatic as they are, are too long and too frequent. Rostand is over-generous, over-abundant, in substance as in style; and in substance the fault is more serious, dramatically.

Rostand died in 1918. His spirit is the spirit of eternal youth and vitality, unconquerable by old age or even death. One of his chief motives was the love of glory, "la gloire." His chief idea or significance, if one must try to formulate in a word the meaning inherent in the life and character of his plays and people, is the glory of an ambitious and noble failure. It is Browning's

What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me.

Failure is more glorious, more noble, even more joyful, in Rostand, than success in Hervieu or Hauptmann, Ibsen or Sudermann.

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

THE POET-DUELIST

From 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' done into English verse by H. T. Kingsbury.
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CYRANO. "The ballade of Monsieur de Bergerac's duel
At the Hotel de Bourgogne with a booby."
The Viscount. What is that, if you please?
Cyrano. That is the title.
The Hall [*excited to the highest pitch*].
In place! — No noise! — In line! — This is amusing.

[*The players and spectators form a ring round the two duelists.*]

Cyrano [*closing his eyes for a moment*].
Wait, let me choose my rhymes — I have them now:

My hat I toss lightly away;
From my shoulders I slowly let fall
The cloak that conceals my array,
And my sword from my scabbard I call,
Like Celadon, graceful and tall,
Like Scaramouche, quick hand and brain —
And I warn you, my friend, once for all,
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

[*The swords meet.*]

You were rash thus to join in the fray;
Like a fowl I shall carve you up small,
Your ribs, 'neath your doublet so gay,
Your breast, where the blue ribbons fall,
Ding dong! ring your bright trappings all:
My point flits like a fly on the pane,
As I clearly announce to the hall
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

I need one more rhyme for "array" —
You give ground, you turn white as the wall —
And so lend me the word "runaway."
There! you have let your point fall
As I parry your best lunge of all;
I begin a new line, the end's plain,
Your skewer hold tight, lest it fall.
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

[*Announces solemnly.*]

REFRAIN

Prince, on the Lord you must call!
I gain ground, I advance once again,
I feint, I lunge. [*Lunging.*] There! that is all!

[*The Viscount staggers. Cyrano salutes.*]

For I thrust as I end the refrain.

METTERNICH ENCOUNTERS NAPOLEON'S SHADOW

From 'L'Aiglon,' translated by Louis N. Parker. Copyright by Harper & Brothers, and reprinted by their permission

[*In the third act the "Eaglet," as the Duke of Reichstadt, only son of Napoleon I, is called, is seen in his cabinet at Schönbrunn. The* Duke *opens his door very gently, listens a moment, then enters quickly and places one of Napoleon's little hats on the table.*]

THE DUKE. The signal!

[*He returns to his room.*]

[Flambeau, *an old soldier of Napoleon's, enters wearing the Austrian livery.*]

Flambeau. 'Tis time. Well, signal? Are you here? — Perhaps.

[*He hunts for it.*]

" Flambeau," he said, "you cannot fail to find it."
Now, is it high or low, or black or white?
Or great or small?

[*He sees the hat.*]

The Emperor's — ! Small and great!

[*He goes toward the window.*]

Oh, but the Countess watches in the park,
And if the signal's here I am to signal:

[*He takes out his handkerchief.*]

No! This won't do. A white flag makes her ill.

[A Servant *enters with a reading-lamp which he carries toward the Duke's room.*]

The Servant. The Duke of Reichstadt's reading-lamp.
Flambeau [*leaping upon him and seizing the lamp*]. You dolt!
It's leaking! It must have fresh air!

[*He takes it out on the balcony.*]

You wave it three times so: arrange the wick;

[*He does as he says and gives the lamp back to the Servant.*]

That's it. See that?
The Servant. Oh, aren't you clever?

[*He carries the lamp into the Duke's room.*]

Flambeau. Tomorrow — flight!

[Sedlinzky *enters.*]

Sedlinzky. The Duke?
Flambeau [*pointing to the room*]. In there.
Sedlinzky. Watch here.

Flambeau [*locking the door after him*]. Locked!
Sedlinzky [*without*]. Take the key out.
Flambeau. Out.
Sedlinzky. None but the Emperor has the key. Be careful —
Watch.
Flambeau. As I always do.

[*He bends over the keyholes and arranges them carefully.*]

And for the night
I'll close the eyelids of the keyholes softly.
Sedlinzky's Voice.
Good-night, you Piedmontese.
Flambeau. Good-night, my Lord.
Sedlinzky's Voice.
Remember! you're on duty.
I'm on duty.
Sedlinzky's Voice.
Well, that's all right. Good-night.
Flambeau. Good-night!

[*He throws off his livery coat. Puts on the busby, which is standing on the console, and shoulders the musket. He is now in the full accoutrement of a Grenadier of the Guards.*]

And thus,
Suddenly upright, thin, unliveried,
Locked in till dawn, and safe against surprise,
Glowering with grizzled brows beneath his busby,
Straight in his ancient uniform, his gun
Firm in his arm, his hand on his right nipple,
The fixed and regulation attitude,
Standing thus every night before your threshold
Giving himself a password full of pride,
Pleased with a deed that's grave, and yet a jest,
A Grenadier at Schönbrunn stands on guard
About the son as once about the father.
'Tis the last time! You'll never hear of it.
'Tis for myself. A private luxury.
I must be mad to do a thing like this
For no one's eye, but just to say "By Jove,
That's rather good!" At Schönbrunn! In their teeth!
But I'm delighted! — I'm content!

[*He hears the noise of a key in the door.*]

I'm damned!

[*The door opens gently.*]

Who can have got the key?

[*He retires into the shadow by the Duke's door.*]

[Metternich *enters, carrying a large candelabrum.*]

Metternich. No, no! This scene
Must never be repeated.
Flambeau. Nepomuk!
Metternich. Yes, I will speak tonight. We are alone.

[*As he puts down the candelabrum he sees the hat.*]

What's this? I never knew he had one like —
Ah! the Archduchess must have sent him this;
So there thou art, thou legendary hat!
'Tis many years — Good day! — What sayst thou?
What?
No, from thy little sable pyramid
Twelve years of splendor gaze on me in vain.
I do not fear thee now.
The leathern tag
With which he constantly could take thee off,
And so win cheers yet leave thy shape unharmed.
With thee he fanned himself after each victory;
Thou couldst not fall from his unheeding fingers,
But straight a king would stoop to pick thee up.
Today, my friend, thou art a reach-me-down,
And if I tossed thee through the casement yonder
Where wouldst thou end thy days?
Flambeau [*to himself*]. In a museum!
Metternich. The famous little hat — how very ugly!
They called it little — is it really little?
No; it is big; enormous; it's the hat
A little man puts on to increase his inches.
For 'twas a hat set the legend going:
The real Napoleon, after all, was Poupart.
Ah, never think my hatred of thee slumbers!
'Twas for thy shape's sake first I hated thee.
Thou vampire-hat of bloody battlefields,
Hat that seemed fashioned out of raven's wings.
I hated thee for pitilessly soaring

Above the fields which witnessed our defeats,
Half-circle, seeming on the ruddy sky
The orb half-risen of some sable sun!
And for thy crown wherein the devil lurks,
Thou juggler's hat, laid with a sudden hand
Upon a throne, an army, or a nation —
When thou wert lifted all had disappeared.
I hated thee for the salutes I gave thee,
For thy simplicity — mere affectation —
Thy insolent joy, thou piece of common beaver
Amid the glittering diadems of gold;
For staying firmly on his haughty head
When I sought flattering epithets to please thee.
Conqueror, new, acclaimed, I hated thee!
I hate thee now, old, conquered, and betrayed!
I hate thee for thy haughty shadow, cast
Forever on the wall of history;
I hate thee for thy Jacobin cockade,
Staring upon me like a bloodshot eye;
For all the murmurs sounding in thy shell,
That huge black shell the waves have left behind
Wherein the shuddering listener may hear
The rumor of a nation on the march.
I hate thee for the pride of France, whose bounds
Thou hast enlarged until she scorns the world,
For Béranger I hate thee, and Raffet,
For all the songs and all the pasquinades,
And for the halo of Saint Helena.
I hate thee, hate thee. I shall not be happy
Until thy clumsy triangle of cloth,
Despoiled of its traditions, is again
What it should ne'er have ceased to be in France —
The headgear of a village constable.
I hate — but suddenly — how strange! — the present
Sometimes with impish glee will ape the past! —
Seeing thy well-known shape before me thus
Carries my mind back to a distant day,
For it was here he always put thee down
When twenty years ago he sojourned here.
This room was then the ante-chamber; here,
Waiting till graciously he showed himself,
Dukes, Princes, Magyars, huddling in a corner,
Fixed from afar their humbled eyes upon thee,

Like lions, dreading with a helpless fury
The tamer's hat forgotten in the cage.
'Twas thus he placed thee, and here lay, as now,
Weapons and papers. One might say 'twas he
Had tossed thee carelessly upon the map,
That this were still his home, this Bonaparte!
And that by turning, on the threshold — there —
I should behold the Grenadier on —

[*He starts on seeing Flambeau standing rigid before the Duke's door; he rubs his eyes.*]

Ha!
No! no! I'm not feverish; my tête-à-tête
With the old hat plays havoc with my nerves!

[*He looks and draws near. Flambeau does not move.*]

Or have the moonbeams conjured up a scepter?
What is it, then? Let's see — let's see — let's see!

[*He strides furiously toward Flambeau.*]

Who are you, fellow?
Flambeau [*presenting his bayonet*]. Who goes there?
Metternich [*recoiling*]. The devil!
Flambeau [*coldly*]. Pass, devil.
Metternich [*with a forced laugh, coming toward him again*].
Yes — a very clever jest,
But —
Flambeau [*presenting his bayonet again*]. Who goes there?
Metternich [*recoiling*]. But —
Flambeau. Move and you are dead.
Metternich. But — I —
Flambeau. Quiet!
Metternich. Let me pass!
Flambeau. The Emperor sleeps!
Metternich. What!
Flambeau. Silence!
Metternich. I'm the Austrian Chancellor!
I am all-powerful! I'm —
Flambeau. Shut your mouth!
Metternich. I want to see the Duke of Reichstadt!
Flambeau. Out!
Metternich. How — out?

Flambeau. What's Reichstadt? Never heard of Reichstadt!
Auerstadt, Elchingen, they're dukes I know.
Reichstadt's no duke. There's been no victory there.
Metternich. But, we're at Schönbrunn!
Flambeau. I should rather think so!
Thanks to our new success we're quartered here;
And here we're getting ready at our leisure
To give the world another drubbing! See?
Metternich. What's that you say? A new success?
Flambeau. Colossal!
Metternich. This is July the ninth in Eighteen —
Flambeau. Nine!
Metternich. Can I be mad?
Flambeau. Who are you? Where d'you spring from?
Why aren't you snug in bed? It's very fishy —
Metternich. I —
Flambeau. Who let this braggart pass? The Mameluke?
Metternich. The Mameluke?
Flambeau. All's going to the dogs!
Metternich. But —
Flambeau. You here in the ante-room at night!
Metternich. But I —
Flambeau. You calmly cross the Rosa chamber
Unchallenged by the sentinel on guard!
Metternich. What?
Flambeau. When you ventured through the small rotunda,
Was there no yatagan to shave your cheek,
Were there no sergeants in the white saloon
Brewing their punch upon the golden stove?
No bristling veterans in the china room?
And in the galleries? The Grenadiers
Saw you come strolling as a matter-of-course?
A man may cross the oval cabinet
And not be turned to mince-meat by Duroc?
Metternich. The Marshal — ?
Flambeau. Is the bulldog turned to lapdog?
Metternich. I come here —
Flambeau. So the palace is an inn?
And when you'd managed all the sentinels,
Where were the rest? The porter? Gone to bed?
The valet? Absent? And the secretary?
Where was he hidden? In his own portfolio?

Metternich. But I —
Flambeau. Instead of being after you,
No doubt the Aide-de-Camp was after women!
Metternich. But —
Flambeau. And the Moor was saying prayers to Allah?
At any rate it's lucky I was here.
What discipline! If he looks into this
I'll bet my head he'll let the beggars know!
Metternich. I'm going —
Flambeau. Ah! don't stir! You'll wake him!
He's sleeping on his little bed of laurels.
Metternich [*falling into an armchair*].
Was never such a dream! 'Twill make an epic!

[*His hand touches the flame of one of the candles.*]

Well, but this candle —
Flambeau. Burns.
Metternich [*feeling the point of Flambeau's bayonet*]. This weapon —
Flambeau. Stings!
Metternich. Then I'm awake! I'm —
Flambeau. Hold your tongue!
Metternich. And what of Waterloo?
Flambeau. Of water — what?

[*Listening.*]

The Emperor stirred.
Metternich. The Emperor?
Flambeau. Oh, my stars!
Now you turn whiter than a bugler's horse!
Metternich. It is the Duke of Reichstadt! I'm not scared!
It is the Duke! I'm sure of it!
Flambeau. The Emperor!

[*The* Duke *enters, with the reading-lamp in his hand.*]

Metternich. Aha! 'Tis you! 'Tis you! It is your Highness!
Ah, but how glad I am!
The Duke [*puzzled*]. Why are you glad?
Metternich. The joke was played so well, I really thought
Another might come out!
Flambeau [*as if waking from a dream*]. Faith, so did I!
The Duke [*to Flambeau*]. What's this?
Flambeau. My little joke.

Metternich [*ringing*]. Help!
The Duke. Fly!
Flambeau. The window!
The Duke. The sentinel will shoot you!
Flambeau. If he can.
The Duke. Your livery!
Metternich [*putting his foot on it*]. No!
Flambeau. Bah!

[*Aside to the Duke, while Metternich rings again.*]

I will seek my cavern.
The Duke. But I —
Flambeau. The ball tomorrow!
The Duke. Are you mad?
Flambeau. You'll find me.
The Duke. Quiet!

[*Flambeau goes out by the window.*]

Metternich. If he'd only break
His neck — He's singing!
The Duke [*on the balcony*]. Hush!
Flambeau's Voice. My little joke!

[*A shot is heard.*]

The Duke. Missed!
Metternich. With what ease he finds his way about.
The Duke. He knows it; he has been here once before.
Metternich [*to the lackeys who show themselves at the door*].
Too late. Begone! I do not need your help.

[*The lackeys disappear.*]

The Duke. And not a word of this to the police!
Metternich. I never raise a laugh against myself.
What's the importance of a veteran's joke?
You're not Napoleon.
The Duke. Who has settled that?
Metternich. You have his hat, perhaps, but not his head!
The Duke. Ah, yes, an epigram to damp my ardor.
'Tis not the pin-prick this time, 'tis the lash
That drives me headlong toward the wildest dreams.
I've not the head, you say? How do you know?
Metternich [*takes the candelabrum in his hand and leads the Duke to the cheval glass*].

How do I know? Just glance into this mirror.
Look at the sullen sadness of your face,
The grim betrayal of your fair complexion,
This crushing golden hair — I bid you look!

The Duke [*struggling to get out of his gasp*].
No!

Metternich. You're environed with a fatal mist!

The Duke. No!

Metternich. Though you know it not, 'tis Germany,
'Tis Spain, for ages dormant in your blood,
Make you so haughty, sorrowful, and charming.

The Duke. No! no!

Metternich. Bethink you of your self-distrust!
You — reign? Come, come! You would be pale and wan;
One of those timid, introspective kings
Who are imprisoned lest they abdicate.

The Duke. No, no!

Metternich. Not yours the energetic brow!
Yours is the brow of languor and of yearning.

The Duke [*shaking, passes his left hand across his brow*].
My — brow?

Metternich. And drearily your Highness passes
Over an Austrian brow a Spanish hand!

The Duke. No!

Metternich. And those eyes through which your ancestors
Look forth!

The Duke. The eyes — ?

Metternich. Ay! note them well! The eyes
Wherein how many eyes we've seen before
Dream of the fagot, weep for perished squadrons!
Dare you, whose conscience is so sensitive,
Ascend the throne of France with eyes like those?

The Duke. Ah! but my Father! —

Metternich. Naught of him is in you!
Search! Search again! Come closer to the light!
He stole our ancient blood to mix with his,
That his might grow more ancient. But he stole
Only the racial melancholy, and
The feebleness, and —

The Duke. I beseech you!

Metternich. Look!
Look in the mirror! You turn pale?

The Duke. Enough!

Metternich. And on your lips you recognize the pout
As of a doll, of Marie Antoinette,
Her whom your France beheaded; for your father,
While stealing glory, stole mishap as well!
Nay! raise the chandelier!

[*He forces the chandelier into the Duke's right hand, and holds him by that wrist.*]

The Duke. I am afraid.
Metternich. You cannot gaze into this glass at night,
But all your race will gibber at your back!
Look — in the gloom — that shade is Mad Johanna,
And yonder Thing, that moves so deathly slow,
Is the pale sovereign in his crystal coffin.
The Duke. No! 'Tis the radiant pallor of my father!
Metternich. Yonder, recoiling, Rudolph and his lions!
The Duke. The clash of steeds and weapons! 'Tis the Consul!
Metternich. Lo! in a noisome crypt one fashions gold.
The Duke. He fashions glory on the sands of Egypt.
Metternich. Aha! Here's Charles the Fifth, with hair cropped close,
Dying for having sought self-burial!
The Duke. Help! Father!
Metternich. The Escurial! Grisly phantoms
And frowning walls!
The Duke. Ah, hither! smiling visions:
Compiègne and Malmaison!
Metternich. You see them! see them!
The Duke. Roll, drums of Arcola, and drown his voice!
Metternich. The mirror's teeming!
The Duke [*twisting his wrist loose, but still holding the chandelier*].
I will shatter it!
Metternich. Others, and others yet, arrive!
The Duke [*hurling the chandelier into the mirror*]. 'Tis shattered!
Not one remains! Not one!
Metternich [*pointing at the Duke with a terrible gesture*].
Yes! — One!
The Duke. No, no!
It is not I! Not I! — My father! — Help!

[*Curtain*]

THE DRAMA OF TODAY

WHILE the names of Rostand and Brieux were no doubt during the first fifteen years of the twentieth century the most illustrious or at all events the most widely discussed in the world at large, a host of other French dramatists were working hard and achieving success at the same time. These may be most conveniently represented by a few outstanding figures, arranged in groups so as to make clear their natural affiliations.

THE PROGENY OF NATURALISM: PORTO-RICHE

Among those who have continued the work of the naturalist writers of the late nineteenth century, and whose view of man presents a creature governed mainly by passion and instinct, the most capable is Georges de Porto-Riche (1849–), author of half a dozen plays centering about woman's love for man. Porto-Riche was a discovery of the Théâtre Libre, at which he brought out a one-act play, 'La Chance de Françoise' [Françoise's Luck], as early as 1889. He followed this up with three other dramas, 'L'Infidèle' [The Unfaithful One] (1890), 'Amoureuse' [She Loved] (1891), and 'Le Passé' [The Past] (1897), collecting and publishing all four as 'Théâtre d'Amour' in 1898.

'Amoureuse,' his first conspicuous success with the public, shows the characteristics to be noted in all of his later works. The passion of love is reduced to a devouring instinct which drives man and woman into each other's arms, but which in man dies out as soon as satisfied, while persisting in woman. As Porto-Riche presents them, man is the weak and fickle partner, woman the dominating, throbbingly sensitive, but eternally deceived one.

Porto-Riche's succeeding plays, 'Les Mal-fi-lâtre' (1904), 'Le Vieil Homme' [The Old Man] (1911), 'Zubiri' (1912) — a mere sketch — and 'Le Marchand d'Estampes' [The Print-Seller] (1917), show no signs of being influenced by the new moral tone which came into French literature in the years before the Great War. His men are still contemptible, at all events to an Anglo-Saxon observer, his women still preoccupied with sexual love and its demands. The suppression by the dramatist of practically all minor characters leaves him free to develop at great length his delineation of the major personage in each play; it is undoubtedly to his skill in picturing the woman who is wholly devoted to her lover, and in unraveling her mental processes, that Porto-Riche owes his high reputation. But we must not lose sight of the fact that he writes of a period which has gone by. His elevation to the French Academy in

1923 meant his consecration by the conservative element of the literary world, but also made it plain that his work was done. His "amoureuses" bear little resemblance to the Frenchwoman of the war years, or the "émancipée" of today.

The construction of Porto-Riche's plays is curious enough to demand a note. There are very few characters, and they all have a very great deal to say. Immensely long discussions, couched in brief, rather broken sentences, fill the scenes. Action is reduced to a minimum; at times it consists of no more than the gestures appropriate to the speeches.

MAURICE DONNAY

For Maurice Donnay (1859–), as for Porto-Riche, love is the chief consideration of life. Donnay, however, is far more of a social satirist. With a certain grim pleasure, he exposes the rottenness of the polite society of his day; his characters, it is true, talk morality from time to time, but they form their unions as instinct or interest bids them. 'Amants' [Lovers], his first brilliant success, which was played in 1895, shows a man and a woman who have the wisdom and the strength of will to cut the bond which has united them, in order to abandon the feverish life of Paris and settle down, the one in the colonies, the other in the provinces of France. In 'La Douleureuse' [The Reckoning] (1897) a happier conclusion is reached, but not until the lover and his mistress have been made to suffer exquisite tortures. Although Donnay does not attempt to draw a lesson from his pictures of gay Parisian life, his attitude towards adultery — the subject he most frequently treats — cannot be mistaken. It is perhaps an unavoidable evil, but none the less an evil.

Donnay occasionally takes up the question of feminism, as in 'L'Affranchie' [The Emancipated Woman] (1898), where the main character plays heartlessly with the affections of those around her. He is at his best, though, when he is not concerned with any definite thesis. Within his field, which is restricted to the leisured classes, he has been thoroughly successful. Perhaps he is inclined to an over-elaboration of psychological analysis. Claudine says to Vetheuil in 'Amants': "Ah! how you analyze your sensations. How complicated you are, even at the moment when you are most sincere and most moved!" This comment would apply equally well to the dramatist himself. He sees ulterior motives behind every act of man.

BATAILLE AND BERNSTEIN

Of the younger descendants of the naturalist school, the best known before the War were Henry Bataille (1872–1922) and Henri Bernstein (1876–). Bataille is the creator of at least one play that has lived in the favor of the Parisian public — 'Maman Colibri' (1904), although its picture of a middle-

aged woman who abandons home and family for a youthful lover verges upon the nauseating. In 'La Marche Nuptiale' [The Wedding March] (1905) he has a really noble and self-reliant heroine, one of the finest characters ever drawn by him. And there are some ten subsequent plays which are worthy of consideration; the chief titles are 'La Femme Nue' [The Naked Woman] (1908), 'L'Enfant de l'Amour' [The Love Child] (1911), 'Le Phalene' [The Moth] (1913), and 'La Tendresse' [Tenderness] (1921). In all of these we find a combination of brutal realism and poetic imagination, peculiar to Bataille. If anything, he is somewhat morbid in his disclosures of the hidden places in man's heart. He spares us nothing.

Bataille's mastery of stage effects is complete — he knows how to draw from a given situation the very maximum of its theatrical power. In such a play as 'La Tendresse,' where desire and affection are ever-present side by side, we are conscious that our feelings are being engaged in favor of a man who merits only our contempt; yet it is all but impossible to withhold our sympathy. The language, too, of Bataille's dramas is often magnificently evocatory, and reveals the essentially poetic quality of his talent.

Henri Bernstein has carried to its very limit the theatrical technique devised by Bataille. With him, the whole play becomes a framework built up to support one long and intensely thrilling scene. This scene invariably takes on the form of a struggle — the clash of temperament brought on by a forced intimacy between strong, unscrupulous natures. To some extent Bernstein has cheapened the drama, for a spectator leaves the theater, after seeing one of his almost hysterical compositions, not sobered and satisfied, but nervously racked and exhausted. Yet his surpassing skill in handling the method he has adopted cannot be denied.

Bernstein's 'Le Marché' [The Bargain] (1900) was a thorough success, and nearly all of his later works have been well received in Paris. 'Le Voleur' [The Thief] (1906), 'La Rafale' [The Squall] (1906), 'Samson' (1908), 'Israël' (1908), 'Le Secret' (1913), and the more recent 'La Galerie des Glaces' [The Hall of Mirrors] (1924) — every one of them is melodramatic, ill-balanced, but in its way impressive.

The characters drawn by Bernstein are rarely attractive. They talk and act with tremendous vigor in the main scenes, but have little of the gracious warmth that endears. Not one of his plays but contains some utterly ignoble parts. These, however, are not minutely analyzed, nor are they allowed to develop. They are flung upon the stage to take part in a crisis of great violence, and withdrawn when the storm has exhausted itself.

THE MORALISTS: HERVIEU AND LAVEDAN

Side by side with the playwrights who have dealt almost exclusively with the problems of love and the relations it entails between men and women, there

has developed in France a school of writers with a decided tendency to moralize, to treat abstract questions of right and wrong. The most prominent of these, Paul Hervieu (1857–1915), was also a novelist of no mean ability. In his plays, written in a superbly terse and energetic style, Hervieu handles themes like the conflict between the maternal and the filial instincts, as in 'La Course du Flambeau,' and brings to bear an inexorable logic. So thoroughly is his drama based upon intellectual processes that sometimes it seems to lack contact with reality; this pitfall, however, is one into which Hervieu rarely drops.

His first important play, 'Les Paroles Restent' [Words Remain] (1892), was a study of the evil consequences of slander. In 'Les Tenailles' [The Nippers] (1895) we have the idea developed that an unhappily married couple must remain together for the sake of their children. 'La Course du Flambeau' [The Torch Race] (1901) places a woman in a dilemma so strange that many will feel it to be impossible — she must cause the death of either her mother or her daughter. Obeying the urge to hand on the torch of life to a new generation, she chooses to sacrifice her mother. 'La Dédale' [The Labyrinth] (1903) is a problem of divorce and remarriage, very differently treated from the way in which Donnay would have dealt with it. Hervieu has to bring two of his characters to a violent end in order to extricate his heroine from the maze in which she is involved.

The beauty and compression of his style, his constant appeal to the reason, and the high tone of his plays have caused Hervieu to be compared to the great French classics, and not without reason. While he does not show much originality of thought or poetical imagination, he has won a secure place in the favor of the theater-going public.

Henri Lavedan (1859–) like Hervieu, began by writing novels, and he, too, has retained in his plays a certain ethical emphasis. In 'Le Prince d'Aurec' (1892), 'Les Deux Noblesses' [The Two Nobilities] (1894), and 'Le Marquis de Priola' (1902), he takes up the decline of the French aristocracy, endeavoring to show that its one hope of salvation lies in its imitation of the qualities that are found in the *bourgeoisie*. Since the time when he wrote these plays, Lavedan has produced nothing finer. Although his work is invariably well received, he can hardly be called a born dramatist, and some of his stage devices are out of date. 'Le Marquis de Priola,' a cleverly maintained study of the Don Juan type, in which the moral is not given too much prominence, is perhaps his best achievement.

THE IDEALIST DRAMA — FRANÇOIS DE CUREL

That uneven genius, De Curel, has now been at work for four decades, trying to embody satisfactorily in dramatic form the ideas which torment him. He has never won a conspicuous success upon the stage, and yet the critics are

agreed concerning his originality, sincerity, and philosophical depth. He lacks only the cunning of the practised playwright, so often shown by Bernstein.

Born at Metz of a great industrial family in 1854, François de Curel, after some unsatisfactory experiments with fiction, was discovered as a dramatist by Antoine, when he submitted three plays for the Théâtre Libre. One of these, 'L'Envers d'une Sainte' [The Other Side of a Saint], was played in 1892. It is an extraordinarily powerful and affecting study of a perverse soul — a nature which has been permanently tainted by yielding to the momentary temptation to do an evil act. The "saint," after expiating in a convent for ten years the murderous attack she has committed, returns to the world, outwardly perfect, but with her wickedness boiling within her. Other outstanding plays by De Curel are 'Le Repas du Lion' [The Lion's Share], 'La Nouvelle Idole' [The New Idol], and 'La Fille Sauvage' [The Girl of the Wilds]. The first deals with the conflict between Capital and Labor, and in spite of an unwieldy construction shows De Curel at his best. First played in 1897, it was rewritten and improved in 1920. The central character is a socialist leader who comes to recognize the right of the industrialist to enjoy and use the power he has won; thus the lion's share goes to the lion. Debatable as the thesis may be, no one can deny that De Curel's exposition of the struggle that goes on in his hero's mind is very fine. 'La Nouvelle Idole,' which was presented in 1899, and taken into the repertory of the Comédie Française in 1914, shows the martyrdom to science of a doctor, and his final recognition of a force even greater than the idol that he worships.

LIGHT COMEDY — DE FLERS AND CAILLAVET

In the field of the comedy the one purpose of which is to amuse, the names of Robert de Flers (1872–1927) and Gaston Armand de Caillavet (1870–1915) were long supreme. Robert de la Motte-Ango, Marquis de Flers, came of a distinguished French family, and had a varied and successful career as journalist, essayist, and dramatist. The comedies that he wrote in collaboration with Caillavet number about fifteen; they all show the light graceful touch of the skilled entertainer, the legitimate successor of Sardou, of Meilhac and Halévy. In addition, De Flers composed the librettos of several operettas. The best-known of the plays are 'L'Éventail' [The Fan] (1907), 'Primerose' (1911), and 'L'Habit Vert' [The Green Coat] (1912).

THE YOUNG MASTERS — BERNARD AND LENORMAND

Among the dramatic authors of the strictly post-war generation, Jean-Jacques Bernard (1888–) holds a prominent position, and, indeed, is already acclaimed as the head of a school. Bernard's literary output has been limited, but so far has shown that he possesses the best tendencies of neo-

classicism — restraint, compression, and the avoidance of rant. His main effort has been directed to the effective use of suggestion and implication in dialogue; instead of explaining their mental processes to one another (and the audience) at great length, the characters in a Bernard play talk about as people do in actual life. The really important things are left unsaid. We learn of them through gaps in the conversation, through significant gestures, and through sudden turns in the action. The scrupulousness which Bernard and his imitators exercise in this respect has led to the rather unfair invention by critics of a "school of silence," in whose technique silences are supposed to take the place of speech. This label, with its implications of doctrinaire excess, is in reality not a legitimate summing-up of Bernard's qualities. He is a thoroughly able and practised dramatist, and his theories are always kept well under control.

'L'Invitation au Voyage' [The Call to Adventure] first played at the Odéon in February 1924, tells the story of a discontented wife, who seeks refuge from the weariness of her humdrum existence in dreams. While keeping her love for her husband, an honest, respectable industrialist, she allows her fancy to play about the figure of a young friend, until this youth symbolizes for her all the adventure she feels she has missed in life. When business takes him away to the Argentine, his remoteness and the romantic background against which she sees him make him an even more significant subject of reverie. Suddenly she learns that he has returned, and eagerly seizes an opportunity of seeing him. But the reality shatters the dream; he is hopelessly commonplace, after all; and Marie Louise returns to her husband and her child a wiser woman. The extraordinary thing in the construction of the play is that the young man about whom the whole action centers never actually appears upon the stage. We learn of him solely through his effect on other people. So, too, the waking dream, the unsatisfied longing for romance, of Marie Louise are not specifically stated by her; we build up our knowledge of them bit by bit as we study her commonplace remarks and gestures. At the very opening of the drama, for instance, she looks out of the window at the fir-trees which surround her home, and says to her sister, "Have you never said to yourself that instead of those trees, which never alter, we might have others that would shed their leaves and put forth new ones each spring?" These words, and others like them, become more and more significant as the action proceeds.

Bernard's remaining plays — 'Le Feu Qui Reprend Mal' [Fire That Will Not Catch Again] (1921); 'Martine' (1922); and 'Le Printemps des Autres' [The Others' Spring] (1924) worthily support the reputation he has won. Perhaps the last is as good as anything he has written. The chief motive is here the suppressed love for Maurice Gardier of his mother-in-law, a love which is nowhere given utterance, but which Gardier's wife is able to divine in the powerful closing scene, where she and her mother face each other without the exchange of a word.

In H.–R. Lenormand we have a young dramatist of considerable philosophical depth, who has undergone the influence of the Italian Pirandello. He has made the human personality his especial study, resolving it into its component parts and trying to persuade us that it is a thoroughly unstable thing. 'Les Ratés' [Failures] (1920) deals with the steady decline in the world of two out-of-work players, a decline ended by a murder and suicide. 'Le Temps Est un Songe' [Time Is a Dream] (1919) is an almost equally depressing work, built up around the thesis that time is an illusion, that past, present, and future are coexistent, and that man's boasted free-will does not enable him to change the course of events. 'Le Lâche' [The Coward] (1925) is a pathological study of a type. Jacques, the unhappy creature who has evaded his duty to his country, is represented as one who has the impulse to think and act for himself, without the force of character necessary to enable him to defy the massed beliefs of his fellow-countrymen. Under the weight of this struggle he degenerates, becomes insanely suspicious, and finally is trapped into acting as a spy for the enemy. Our sympathy for him is kept by the dramatist's showing him as the victim of his temperament; but as with the other plays, the whole picture of human nature is a cheerless one.

A. Smillie Noad

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

MALLARMÉ is one of those writers whose influence at home and abroad has been out of all proportion to the bulk of their published work. Never a popular poet during his lifetime, he left behind him only two or three completed poems of any length, a volume of essays, and a translation of Poe. Yet his methods of composition and his peculiar literary theories have been canvassed, attacked, and defended almost continually since the beginning of the twentieth century; and at no time has the interest in them been livelier than during the period after the Great War, when the writings of Paul Valéry, an avowed disciple of Mallarmé in many ways, were winning distinction for their author. The fact is that Mallarmé may be considered the inaugurator of the present epoch in French poetry. Like Boileau in a previous age, he enunciated the principles and laid down the laws following which other and differently-gifted poets were to produce work of enduring value. Whether more of his own compositions than 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune,' one or two shorter pieces, and a few of the 'Divagations,' will be read fifty years hence is, it must be admitted, very doubtful. But beyond all doubt his name will occur in any discussion of French poetry in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and it will recur frequently in panoramas of the literature from 1895 to 1925. Take away all that was owing, directly and indirectly, to Mallarmé and you leave that period a mere husk.

Born in 1842 at Paris, Etienne Mallarmé (his baptismal name, though he always called himself Stéphane) was trained for the teaching profession which he followed for some thirty years. At the age of twenty he visited England, where he learned the language, and fell under the spell of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry. On his return to France he married, and was appointed to a school at Tournon; from then until 1871 he taught English in the southern provinces. During this period he worked at a prose translation of Poe's poetry, and made friends with such writers of the Provençal *felibrige* as Roumanille and Mistral. Mallarmé is supposed to have completed while at Avignon his epic 'Igitur d'Elbemond,' of which the late Sir Edmund Gosse once said, "It is earnestly to be hoped that this incomprehensible monster may never see the light." As a matter of fact, its recent publication has added little to Mallarmé's already well-established reputation.

He at length returned to Paris after the Franco-Prussian War, and was appointed to the staff of the Lycée Condorcet. He speedily became intimate with Leconte de Lisle, Catulle Mendès, and other literary figures; the ambitions of authorship nourished in private up to this time began to find their fruition. In

September 1874 there appeared the first number of a blue-covered "family gazette," of the type so popular in the last century — 'La Dernière Mode.' This was until January 1875 almost wholly the product of Mallarmé's pen; descriptions of dresses, theatrical advertisements, even recipes, they all bear the characteristic mark of his style, though none has his signature. The only signed contribution is a translation of Tennyson's 'Mariana'; evidently Mallarmé thought rather more highly of this. But it is curious that among the first published works of the "hermetic," "difficult" author there should have been pages addressed to the most uncritical of publics.

In 1875 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune' [The Afternoon of a Faun] was offered by Mallarmé to the editors of the 'Parnasse Contemporain,' and rejected by them. The poem, a masterpiece, did not appear until the following year, and was coldly enough received. In 1876, too, Mallarmé brought out his edition, a very careful and scholarly one, of Beckford's 'Vathek,' a work which may almost as rightfully be considered a French classic as an English one. Meanwhile he had established himself in the apartment on the Rue de Rome which was later to become a place of pilgrimage for young authors and artists, and had begun to gather round him a circle of friends and admirers. During the years which followed he worked hard and conscientiously as a teacher, and spent most of his spare time in composing and polishing his poems, the style of which grew more and more elliptical and obscure as the years went by. A tiny edition (limited to forty copies) of his collected verse came out in 1887, but naturally had no circulation outside the poet's immediate acquaintance. Mallarmé's prose version of the poems of Poe appeared the following year, and at irregular intervals thereafter he published small collections, illustrated by such artists as Rops, Monet, and Whistler. 'Divagations' (1894), which contains some of Mallarmé's finest prose writing, was almost his last work; the author died in 1898. He was buried at Valvins, by the Seine.

The strong and abiding influence of Mallarmé is partly to be ascribed to the extraordinary charm of his conversation. This is testified to by all who came into contact with him. From about 1883 up to shortly before his death he held gatherings on Tuesday evenings which were eagerly attended by young writers, musicians, and painters; all were given opportunities to expound and exchange their ideas, but in point of fact Mallarmé did most of the talking, and the others were perfectly content to have it so. Arthur Symons in 'The Symbolist Movement in Literature' has given us a thumb-nail sketch of these Tuesday evening communions. "No one who has ever climbed those four flights of stairs will have forgotten the narrow, homely interior, elegant with a sort of scrupulous Dutch comfort; the heavy, carved furniture, the tall clock, the portraits, Manet's, Whistler's, on the walls; the table on which the china bowl, odorous with tobacco, was pushed from hand to hand; above all, the rocking-chair, Mallarmé's, from which he would rise quietly, to stand leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, while one hand, the hand which did not hold the cigarette,

would sketch out one of those familiar gestures. . . . He seemed to be no more than brushing the dust off your own ideas, settling, arranging them a little, before he gave them back to you, surprisingly luminous." To read over the list of those who visited Mallarmé is like calling the roll of French achievement in art and letters during the last years of the nineteenth and the opening decades of the twentieth century: Maupassant, Hérédia, Manet, Forain, Kahn, Louys, Valéry, Henri de Régnier, Verhaeren, Gide are only a few of the more illustrious. Among the foreigners were Oscar Wilde and Whistler.

It is now time, however, to leave Mallarmé the man, the simple, rather homely teacher of English and charming host, and to speak of Mallarmé the poet and literary theorist, whose figure appeared so puzzling to many of his contemporaries, and still is a fruitful subject of discussion. The "difficulty" of which readers complain in Mallarmé is not lightly to be brushed aside; it is a very real obstacle to his comprehension even by well-equipped minds. For Mallarmé deliberately avoided being explicit. His poems are *not* the terminations of trains of thought, they are rather starting-points. The purpose of the poet in writing them was to set down the circumstances surrounding some state of his mind which he wished to perpetuate; he disclosed just so much of these as would enable a heart and brain perfectly attuned to his own to recreate the moment and in some sense live it again. Since no such perfect correspondence exists, it follows that each reader of one of Mallarmé's poems forms in his mind a conception only approximating the original one. Every word of every line is arranged with this in view, and Mallarmé's end is achieved if in his reading the intelligent reader is stimulated to the creation of a thing of beauty, not the thing he himself had envisaged, yet worthy of existence.

If, for example, the poet, while in a state of mental excitement during "composition," happens to find a window, or a chair, of the room in which he writes of supreme importance to his mood, he will bring that object into his poem, probably without naming it directly (for that would immediately suggest "a poem about a window, or a chair"), but rather leading the reader's mind to it, with its implications. The reader who is worthy will find it in its place, with a host of other details, and will gradually have recreated for him the condition the poet was in when these assumed such importance for him. To condemn writing based upon principles like these without having made a sincere and stern effort to understand it is clearly no true criticism.

In his later years Mallarmé became deeply interested in the subject of music, and studied the correspondences between it and poetry. It seemed to him that the musician by the use of pure sound accomplished in striking fashion the task of evocation which he had set himself to accomplish by the use of words. This explains why he so frequently refers to "le mot," and why so much of his time was given to an examination of words and their syntax. Certain expressions like "azure" seem to have haunted him; no doubt it was the musical value of such words which led him to use them over and over —

certainly not any poverty of imagination. But Mallarmé looked even further, and dreamed of a poetry which should be rid of all but purely poetic elements. He gradually withdrew more and more of the clues he had left to his states of mind, and at length practically abolished them. Thus most of his later poems (where, to add to the difficulty, all punctuation is omitted) come near absolute incomprehensibility. The labor of reading them is nearly that of writing a new poem.

A. Smillie Noad

IN AUTUMN

From 'Pastels in Prose,' translated by Stuart Merrill. Published by Harper & Brothers, and reprinted by their permission

SINCE Maria has left for another star — which one, Orion, Altair, or is it thou, green Venus? — I have always cherished solitude. How many long days have I passed alone with my cat! By *alone,* I mean with no material being; and my cat is a mystic companion, a spirit. I can therefore say that I have passed long days with my cat, and alone, with one of the last authors of the Latin decadence. For since the white creature is no more, strangely and singularly have I loved all that is summed up in that word: fall. Thus, of the year, my favorite season is the last languishing days of summer, that immediately precede autumn; and of the day, the hour that I choose for going forth is when the sun rests before sinking with rays of yellow brass upon the gray walls, and of red brass upon the window-panes. In the same way the literature from which my spirit seeks a sad voluptuousness will be the agonizing poetry of the last moments of Rome, so long, however, as it in no wise betrays the rejuvenating approach of the Barbarians, and does not lisp the infantile Latin of the first Christian prose.

I was therefore reading one of those dear poems (whose scaling enamel has more charm for me than the carnation of youth), and had plunged a hand in the fur of the pure animal, when a barrel-organ began to sing languishingly and mournfully under my window. It played in the long walk of poplars, whose leaves seem to me yellow, even in summer, since Maria has passed there with tapers for the last time. The instrument of those that are sad, yes, truly: the piano scintillates, the violin opens light to the torn soul, but the barrel-organ, in the dusk of memory, has made me despairingly dream. Now that it was murmuring a joyously vulgar tune, that made the heart of the faubourgs grow merry, a superannuated and hackneyed tune, whence came it that its flourishes lured me to dreams and made me weep like a romantic ballad? I imbibed it slowly, and I refrained from throwing a penny out of the window, for fear of making a movement and of finding that the instrument was not singing of itself.

HENRY DE RÉGNIER

HENRY DE RÉGNIER was born at Honfleur in Normandy. His father (who had been a playmate of Gustave Flaubert) belonged to a family of the lesser nobility of the province of Picardy of which all the men were officers in the king's army, brigadiers, Chevaliers of Saint-Louis; through his mother he descended from the Du Bards of Burgundy with whom literary ability seems to have been hereditary. His early childhood passed happy and carefree in the picturesque little city on the banks of the Seine, famous for its queer medieval houses and its charming but diminutive Norman Museum. In 1871 M. de Régnier, the father, who was an Inspector of Customs, was promoted to the rank of Receiver and sent to Paris. Three years later his son entered the Collège Stanislas. At fifteen he wrote his first poem. Larroumet, his professor, a poor littérateur who became later on a shrewd politician, declared it was simply "grotesque." The young man was a rather indifferent student but an omnivorous reader, quite eclectic in his tastes, enjoying with the same relish Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Flaubert and . . . the tragedies of the eighteenth century, not only Voltaire's plays but even those of Prosper Crébillon — a perversion shared with Leconte de Lisle. After his graduation in 1883 he studied law and passed the examination for the diplomatic service, but this was all he could do to please his family; the call of the Muses was too insistent, and he soon gave up all attempt at any career but that of a man of letters. Shortly after, he began to publish his first verse in the little review Lutèce, under the pen name of Hugues Vignix, a kind of monogram of Hugo and Vigny.

Stéphane Mallarmé at that time was famous in a mysterious sort of way. Ignored by the public at large, idolized by a small coterie of young artists of the pen, he was to his admirers a master, a demi-god, and a seer. De Régnier, introduced to him, became one of the most faithful habitués of the Tuesdays of the Rue de Rome, where he met the élite of the new Symbolist school. His intercourse with Mallarmé, Verlaine, Viélé-Griffin, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Stuart Merrill, Jean Moréas, and Gustave Kahn had the greatest influence, at least at the beginning of his career, on his artistic development. So it is not surprising to find "Mallarmean" inspiration in his first book, 'Les Lendemains' (1885), which is a promise of much higher achievements. In 'Apaisements' (1886) the author shows a greater mastery of meter. But with 'Sites' (1889) he wins the recognition of the public, and 'Episodes' (1888) establishes once for all his claim to the noble title of poet.

These four booklets, reprinted in 1899 as 'Premiers Poèmes,' form a logical sequence: 'Les Lendemains' shows Régnier's first contact with life, his painful realization of the difference between dream and reality; 'Apaisements,' his acceptance of the conditions of our world; hereafter the dream will reign over the inner life of the poet, who in 'Sites' builds the palaces and depicts the landscapes where the 'Episodes' of this inner life will unfold themselves.

About 1888 Henry de Régnier made the acquaintance of José Maria de Hérédia, the author of 'Les Trophées,' then curator of the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal; there he came in contact not only with all the literary celebrities of the time, but also with the gifted daughters of his host. One of these, Marie, had already composed poems which were to be published anonymously in the Revue des Deux Mondes in 1894. Common love for poetry was a scarcely needed tie between these two artistic young souls. In 1896 Henry de Régnier married Mlle. de Hérédia; later on under the pen name of Gérard d'Houville she published some remarkable novels, including 'L'Inconstante' and 'Esclave,' and some excellent verse. Let us mention incidentally that her two sisters also married men of letters, Maurice Maindron and Pierre Louys. Henry de Régnier was at that time a tall and slender young man with long elegant hands, an eye-glass in the left eye, a drooping mustache, but a powerful chin. His general appearance was one of distant, aristocratic, and rather languid distinction. Guarded in his words as well as in his gestures, he listened more than he talked, with an observant air rather suggestive of the diplomat than of the man of letters; but this outward frigidity was but the mask of an oversensitive soul.

Between 1887 and 1890 appeared in succession the various pieces of 'Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques.' In full possession of the technique of his art and with an equal mastery of the Alexandrine and of free verse, De Régnier enters upon a period of remarkable production, each new work of which is a seemingly impossible step towards higher perfection. 'Rustic and Divine Games' (1897) and 'Medals of Clay' (1900) pervaded with the clear beauty of Greece; 'The City of the Waters,' in which the pomp of the Versailles of old and the solitude of the Versailles of today are sung with sumptuous melancholy; 'The Winged Sandal' (1903–5) and 'The Mirror of the Hours,' whose calm majesty and faultless versification reach to the highest summits of poetry, form an ensemble which permits us to affirm without fear of contradiction that Henry de Régnier is not only the greatest of the Symbolist poets but one of the greatest France has known.

This was not enough for such a tireless worker, for, besides his poems, he has published to date five volumes of short stories, four of essays and criticism, and eleven novels.

The short stories appeared for the most part in reviews such as the Écrits pour l'Art, the Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires, the Revue de Paris, before being collected in book form under the various titles of 'La Canne de

Jaspe' [The Jasper Cane] (1897), 'Les Amants Singuliers' [The Singular Lovers] (1901), 'Trois Contes à Soi-même' [Three Stories for Oneself] (1907), 'Couleur du Temps' [Time's Color] (1908), and 'Le Plateau de Laque' [The Lacquer Platter] (1903). In all can be found the same elegance of style, poetic imagination, mysterious fancy, vivid evocation of the past; some are masterpieces of that particular form of literature, ranking with the best Maupassant has ever written.

'Figures et Caractères' (1901) is not merely a criticism but rather a method for the proper understanding of Michelet, Vigny, Hugo, Mallarmé. 'Sujets et Paysages' and 'Esquisses Vénitiennes' (1906) tell of the many journeys the author has taken to the cities of dreams, Bruges, Arles, Aigues-Mortes, Constantinople the city of the fountains, Venice, Damascus the city of fruits, New Orleans, and others. 'Portraits et Souvenirs' (1913) contains extremely clever studies of contemporary personalities.

We lack the space to give even a sketchy outline of De Régnier's many novels. They are fully equal to his verse. In a general way they might be divided into two classes, those which have for their setting the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as 'La Double Maîtresse' [The Double Mistress] (1899), 'Le Bon Plaisir' (1922), 'Les Rencontres de Monsieur de Bréot' [Monsieur de Bréot's Encounters] (1911), and 'La Pécheresse [The Sinful Woman] (1920), and those of the present time, such as 'Le Mariage de Minuit,' [The Midnight Marriage], 'Les Vacances d'un Jeune Homme Sage' [A Wise Young Man's Holiday] (1903), 'La Peur de l'Amour' [The Fear of Love] (1907), 'Romaine Mirmault' (1914). 'Le Passé Vivant' [The Living Past] (1905) spans the division and has a foot in either territory while his 'Scènes Mythologiques' are a literary diversion.

M. de Régnier received the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1897. In 1899 the Académie Française awarded him the "Prix Vitet" and in 1911 admitted him among its members in the place of Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé. He had been unsuccessful in a previous attempt, when the late Jean Richepin won the election.

Some time in 1900 M. de Régnier came to the United States on a lecture tour; he obtained at best a success of curiosity, but brought back some pretty memories delightfully expressed later on.

As De Régnier achieved the rare distinction of writing in prose and in verse with the same skill, his work must be considered from two different angles. As a poet he is before all a poet's poet; his craftsmanship could not be appreciated by the public at large, which at first ignored him, then laughed at him, and admired him only when the unstinted praise of the littérateurs had proved that it was the proper thing to do. But nothing could deter him, for he loved his profession as the early artists loved theirs. For him writing was not a means of expression, it was an end. He was, however, too profoundly intelligent not to feel that the brilliant fabric of his verse needed some solid background of

thought, so by mere instinct, he never went as far as some of his rivals who were content to produce harmonious but meaningless combinations of words.

His poetical work has been divided into periods: in the first his individuality is not complete; in the second we detect the first manner that can be called his own, a remarkably clever use of free verse, as in 'Jeux Rustiques et Divins'; in the third, the note is graver, and he returns to the Alexandrine as in 'La Sandale Ailée' and 'Le Miroir des Heures.'

Such a division is purely artificial. It is true that we notice in his very first attempts the influence of Victor Hugo, then that of Mallarmé and Verlaine; later on, more even meter and more elaborate combinations of sounds may suggest Hérédia; but nowhere can we find a trace of imitation. De Régnier is tuning his instrument, trying his chords, but he remains himself.

Some surprise has been expressed at his reversion to the classical forms. It was inevitable, for by heredity, nature, training, and taste he is a classicist. Still, from his association with the "vers-libristes" he gained a freedom, a flexibility in the handling of his rhymes and rhythms which make of his lawless Alexandrine an instrument of expression of the very highest order, in many ways superior to or at least more supple than its classical ancestor.

As to the general trend of his poems, we can but repeat what Amy Lowell has said in 'Six French Poets':

"Henry de Régnier is the poet of sadness, of gentle melancholy. He is also the poet of the nude. He almost attains the chaste and cool treatment of Greek statues. Probably it is this similarity of point of view which makes him so often choose mythological subjects. His attitude is not Greek in the historical and pedantic meaning of that term, it is rather the attitude of certain of our English poets in treating classical subjects. Beaumont and Fletcher in 'The Faithful Shepherdess" for instance, or Keats in 'Endymion' or 'The Grecian Urn.'"

Henry de Régnier's short stories might be considered as a transition between his poems and his novels. Not that poetic or rhythmic prose is to be found in them; the author knows his craft too well not to understand that different techniques and qualities belong to different literary forms.

He always takes great care that the style matches the subject. This is noticeable in his novels. In the modern ones, the language is terse, the sentences short, the descriptions bare of details. He shows an objective psychological skill in the concise presentation of subtle traits which could hardly be expected in a poet.

The so-called historical novels are perhaps still more remarkable. They are absolutely free from that pedantic show of knowledge which frequently mars books of this kind. References to dates, portraits of sovereigns or famous men, obvious peculiarities of words, and artificial local color are carefully avoided. We feel that we are in the seventeenth or the eighteenth century be-

cause the characters think, speak, act as we know people of that period would have done. The style itself is of the time; the periods, full of subordinate and incidental clauses, unroll themselves with an easy majesty, the secret of which was thought to have been lost ages ago. The atmosphere is so true that we are inclined to close the volume and look at the title-page to ascertain its date of publication.

Henry de Régnier has sometimes been reproached for a certain Rabelaisian coarseness which surprises us in such a refined poet. He is thoroughly Gallic, and never hesitates to use the proper word even when that word happens to be improper. There is indeed no deliberate immorality in this — only a child's innocence of morals with a touch of delightful impertinence. But, to cite again Amy Lowell, "it is undoubtedly true that this fastidious gentleman enjoys a very loud laugh at times."

What is De Régnier's outlook on life? Like many other modern authors, he has discarded the old creed. His temperament, firmly controlled by its own fine judgment and its own intuitive sense of measure, does not feel the need of the external restraint of social conventions which to ordinary people mean religion. He is inclined towards a pantheistic conception of the universe, or rather, as Havelock Ellis has very well said, a naturalistic pantheism of which we find traces in Maurice de Guérin, with whom he has on one side some affinity.

But to seek in his work a solution of the problems which now perplex our modern world would be a waste of time; Henry de Régnier is a dreamer, a poet, an artist, his aim is simply to create beauty for the consolation of his fellow-men,

> Car la forme, l'odeur et la beauté des choses
> Sont le seul souvenir, dont on ne souffre pas.

PIERRE DE BACOURT

THE FAUN WITH THE MIRROR

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SORROW, I have built your house, and the trees mingle their checkering with the stains of your marbles. Sorrow, I have built your green and black palace, where the yew of mourning mingles with the myrtles of hope; in the crystal panes of your windows are reflected the gardens, with balustrades and waters whose exactness frames the sky; the dismal echo converses with solitude who seeks herself among the cypresses; farther off is

silence and all the forest, the rude life, and the prowling wind, the lush grass on which is printed, according to what thing passes, an animal shoe in place of a divine foot; farther off is the satyr; and still farther, the God of the Woods and the Nymph, who, naked, inhabits the solitary fountains where, near the Thessalian waters, the Centaur nicks the pebbles in kicking; and then, gray sands after red sands, the monsters of Desire, the monsters of the Flesh, and beyond the arid beach is the Sea. Sorrow, I have built your house, and the trees have mottled the crystals of your basins like a marble; the white swan sees its black shadow in the water, as pale Joy sees in the lake of my memory her silver wings dimmed by a twilight through which her naked face, recoiling from her, makes signs to her across the forever that she is dead; and I, who have come in without shutting the door, I am afraid in the darkness of some hand on the key; and I walk from room to room, and I have veiled my dreams not to see myself in them any more; but, from beyond, I still feel shadows dogging my footsteps; and the crystal which tinkles, and the watered silk which my perpetually weary hand crumples, warn my anguish, for I hear in the hypocritical, sleeping chandelier the sound of silver water laughing in golden flowers, and the dripping of antique fountains where Narcissus drank, lips pressed to his own lips, for which the spring laughed at the anxious drinker; and I cursed my mouth, and I cursed my eyes, for having seen the warm skin and touched the cold water, and when my fingers again wrinkle the stiff stuff, I hear, out of my gossiping past which will not be still, the leaves and the wind of the old forest; and I walk among the solitary rooms where some one speaks with a pretense of being silent, for my life has the eyes of a sister who is not dead, and I am afraid, when I enter, of seeing from the threshold of the door some laughing and ghostly monster come from the shadow with the smell of the woods on his naked hide, some Faun who still has mud, and grass, and leaves, sticking to his resonant shoes, and of seeing him, in the silent room, dancing upon the polished floor and laughing to himself in the mirrors!

THE VASE

MY heavy hammer rang in the light air; I saw the river and the orchard, the field, and as far as the woods, beneath the sky growing bluer hour by hour, then rose and mauve in the twilight; then I stood up straight and stretched myself, happy in the task of the hours, numb with having crouched from dawn till twilight before the block of marble upon which I cut out the sides of the vase, still in its shell, that my ponderous hammer struck, stressing the clear morning and the good day, happy at being resonant in the light air.

The vase took shape in the worked stone. Slender and pure, it had grown larger, still unformed in its slenderness, and I waited, with idle and unquiet

hands, for days, turning my head to the left, to the right, at the slightest sound, without polishing the belly farther or lifting the hammer. The water ran from the spring as though breathless. In the silence, I heard the fruits of the orchard trees falling, one by one, from branch to branch; I breathed a heralding perfume of distant flowers on the wind; often I thought that some one spoke low, and one day that I dreamed — not sleeping — I heard, beyond the fields and the river, the playing of flutes.

Still another day, between the ochre and gold leaves of the woods, I saw a faun with shaggy yellow legs dancing; I caught sight of him also, another time, coming out of the wood, along the road, and sitting down upon a stump to take a butterfly from one of his horns.

Another time, a centaur crossed the river swimming, the water streamed from his man's skin and his horse's coat; he advanced a few steps into the reeds, snuffed the wind, whinneyed, and crossed back over the water; the next day I saw the prints of his hoofs stamped in the grass.

Naked women passed carrying baskets and sheaves, very far off, quite at the other end of the plain. One morning I found three at the spring, and one of them spoke to me. She was naked. She said to me: "Carve the stone after the form of my body in your thoughts, and make my bright face smile in the marble block; listen all round you to the hours danced by my sisters, whose circle winds itself, interlaced, and revolves and sings and unwinds."

And I felt her warm mouth upon my cheek.

Then the vast orchard, and the woods, and the plain, shivered to a strange noise, and the spring ran faster, with a laugh in its waters; the three Nymphs standing near the three reeds took one another by the hand and danced; red-haired fauns came out of the wood in troupes, and voices sang beyond the trees of the orchard, with flutes awake in the light air. The ground echoed to the gallop of centaurs; they came from the depths of the resonant horizon, and one saw lame satyrs, stung by bees, sitting on the rushing cruppers, holding twisted staves and big-bellied leather bottles; hairy mouths and vermilion lips kissed each other, and the immense and frenzied circle — heavy hoofs, light feet, fleeces, cruppers, tunics — turned wildly about me, who, grave while it went on, carved on the rounded sides of the vase the whirl of the forces of life.

From the perfume sent out by the ripe earth, an intoxication mounted through my thoughts, and in the smell of fruits and crushed grapes, in the shock of hoofs and the stamping of heels, in the fallow odor of goats and stallions, under the breeze of the circle and the hail of laughter, I carved upon the marble what I heard humming; and amidst the hot flesh and the warm exhalations, neighings of muzzles or murmurings of lips, I felt, loving or savage, upon my hands, the breath of nostrils or the kisses of mouths.

Twilight came and I turned my head.

My intoxication was dead with the accomplished task; and upon its pedestal, at last, from foot to handles, the great vase stood up naked in the silence, and carved in a spiral about its living marble, the dispersed circle, of which a feeble wind brought the echo of the vanished noise, turned, with its goats, its gods, its naked women, its rearing centaurs, and its nimble fauns, silently round the side, while alone forever in the gloomy night, I cursed the dawn and wept toward the darkness.

ODELETTE I

A LITTLE reed has sufficed me to make the tall grass rustle, and the whole meadow, and the gentle willows, and the singing brook as well; a little reed has sufficed me to make the forest sing.

Those who pass have heard it in the depths of the evening, in their thoughts, in the silence and in the wind, clear or lost, near or far. . . . Those who pass listening to their thoughts in the depths of themselves will hear it still, and hear it always singing.

It has sufficed me, this little reed gathered at the spring where Love comes sometimes to mirror his grave, weeping face, to make those who pass weep, and to make the grass tremble and the water rustle, and I have made the whole forest sing in the breath of a reed.

PIERRE MILLE

MPIERRE MILLE has so often expressed his admiration for Kipling and acknowledged his indebtedness to him that he would probably take as a compliment his popular tag of "a French Kipling," though it is far from an adequate description of his qualities. One cannot imagine Rudyard Kipling as a Frenchman, and it may be premised at once that Pierre Mille is something more (and less) than his first inspiration and model. Nowadays he writes sometimes like Kipling, and sometimes like Anatole France; into the gulf between these two one could drop most of the living writers of prose who are worth reading.

Born at Choisy-le-Roi in 1865, young Mille plunged into journalism and was sent by the Journal des Débats as its correspondent to the Greco-Turkish War of 1897. His dispatches, and some articles he wrote for the Revue des Deux Mondes, attracted attention, and formed the basis for his first book, 'De Thessalie en Crète' (1898). He had already made his journalistic début in the French colonies at Madagascar in 1896, and he afterwards visited Senegal and the Congo. His descriptive sketch, 'Au Congo Belge' (1899), was "crowned" by the Academy, and was followed by two other books on the Congo question, which was already exciting a great deal of public interest. But it was not till 1905 that he established his reputation as a story-teller in the volume, 'Sur la Vaste Terre.' The very title seems to smack of Kipling, whose name figures at the head of one of the stories, and whose influence is plainly discernible in others. The hero of the book, Barnavaux, is first cousin to Terence Mulvaney; an outline of 'Barnavaux, Général' will be enough to make the relationship clear. The story is told by Barnavaux, a marine serving in Madagascar, to a friend of higher social station (apparently a war correspondent) in the interval of some military operations. Barnavaux and his comrade, Razowski, were the sole garrison of the outpost of Vouhilène, and Razo fell ill from homesickness and reading the books of the Protestant missionary Stewart — the doctor called it tropical anemia. Sister Ludine, of the Catholic dispensary, tried to cheer him up and save his soul, but he said he was a free-thinker and would die like a man. Rakoutoumangue, the old chief whom Barnavaux had supplanted, came on a pretext to spy out the land, and found as "Commander of the garrison, chief of staff, colonel, captain, lieutenant, artillery, cavalry, infantry — Barnavaux. The rest of the garrison — in hospital." A few days later, the insurgents were heard attacking Stewart in his school. Barnavaux took his rifle to go to the rescue. Razo tried to get up,

but could not lift his head from the pillow. Then Sister Ludine took up Razo's rifle, and said to Barnavaux, "I am coming with you" — the idea that the poor little children would be burned to death in the school filled her with horror and turned her head. "But I could not see Sister Ludine transformed into a heroic warrior — it would be ridiculous," recounted Barnavaux, who may now be allowed to tell his own story:

"'Do not dishonor your cap,' I said to her. 'People don't bear arms in that costume. What we need is the prestige of the uniform. The outpost defended by a woman — it is the best way to show that all is lost.'

"'Do you think so? Well, it won't take long.'

"She undid Razo's bundle, took out a pair of trousers and a tunic, and ran without another word into the kitchen, which was a little hut at the other end of the terrace.

"Three minutes later she came back dressed as a marine — yes, a marine in full uniform, which did not embarrass her in the least — she was so excited. Her little old woman's body made her look like a child, except for her face, which was haggard, wrinkled, shriveled — but all shining with enthusiasm. Razo choked with emotion and I did not think of laughing or of protesting — I had tears in my eyes. I said:

"'Sister Ludine, you are out of your mind. Sister Ludine, I love you with all my heart. By all the powers, go and crack their heads.'

"At that moment I could have destroyed an army of a hundred thousand men all alone. Everything seemed to me cheerful, touching, easy, and sublime. It was not air I had in my lungs, but a kind of clear flame that ran hot in my blood. I was mad, I was happy, I was beyond myself. I wished to break out into exclamations, into songs, into all kinds of foolishness for my own pleasure — for a joke. I am telling you exactly how I felt.

"Things were pressing. Five or six houses were already on fire. Three or four corpses already stained the reddened soil. The insurgents were blazing away their ammunition, perhaps to show that they had plenty of it. Their yells, from afar, sounded like a litany in church — rising, swelling, falling, beginning again. The door of the school was shut, and Stewart was firing through a loophole; this solitary sound from the defense, thin and, as it were, trembling, froze me to the soul. It was five o'clock, and the setting sun cast long rays across the rice fields, which separated the outpost from the village. A rice field is a river in which there is mud instead of water, and green shoots above the mud. You can only cross it by the dikes.

"I said to Sister Ludine:

"'We must produce a grandiose and unexpected effect. You are the second division of the army. Go down behind the outpost, turn to the right, and cross the rice field by the third dike. Don't weaken your formation by delay on the march; you might lose stragglers! Once you are on the dike, the enemy will see you; then fire. By all the saints of Paradise, don't trouble to aim, but

fire all the cartridges in the magazine, recharge, and begin again. Your business is to make plenty of noise — that's all.'

"The sister laughed heartily.

"'That's what I'm here for,' she said. 'But how do you do it?'

"She held out her Lebel rifle with the look of a nigger who has received a money order and does not know what to do with it.

"'Ah, just so,' I replied.

"I showed her the mechanism of the dear little thing. She understood it at once.

"'*Comme ça, et puis comme ça, et puis comme ça? C'est bon. Au revoir.*'

"And she was going off when I recalled her with a shout:

"'I've forgotten to tell you the direction in which you're to march.'

"'Holy Virgin!' she answered. 'It's the school. You've no need to tell me that.'

"I never saw more conscientious work. She marched, fired all the balls from the magazine, made a few steps, stopped to recharge, began again — and did in every way just as I did, for I was advancing on my dike like a veritable Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcola.

"It is over a mile from the outpost of Vouhilène to the village; but we had opened fire all the same. The brutes who were attacking the school turned round in astonishment. They all believed — because they had been told so — that there was only one Frenchman on his feet at Vouhilène, and that he would not be mad enough to leave the outpost. My insolence impressed them, and the parallel demonstration of Sister Ludine was a surprise. The insurgents of Emyrne were poor devils who were dying of hunger; what gave them courage was the assurance that no one in the village would offer resistance — neither the guard of the outpost nor the inhabitants. But here was the garrison making a sortie."

The fever-stricken Razo completed the rout of the insurgents by letting off, from the top of the outpost, the fireworks intended for the fourteenth of July; and Rakoutoumangue, who had instigated the attack, when he saw the rebels giving way, came and helped to slaughter them. They tried to take refuge in the school, and the missionary, after imploring them to go away, killed one by throwing a block of granite on his head. His consternation at having "killed a man" recalls a similar incident in Kipling, though the circumstances are entirely different. "Well," said Sister Ludine, "I can take an oath that I have not killed anybody." "And it was absolutely true," Barnavaux comments. "If anyone can boast today that she never hurt a hair of her neighbor's head, it is that old saint — which proves the importance of moral strength, as the newspapers say."

In the upshot, the part played by Stewart and Sister Ludine in crushing the insurrection was suppressed in the official report, and most of the credit given to Rakoutoumangue, who was in consequence restored by the French

Government to his position as chief. Barnavaux was promoted to corporal. His interlocutor remarked that he no longer wore the stripes:

"He blew away a cloud of smoke and replied: 'The air of big cities is not good for me. Three months after the victory, I was recalled to Tananarivo, and there I was reduced to the ranks for unbecoming conduct. But that is another story.'"

'Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes' (1908) continues the exploits of the soldier-hero in Madagascar, in the Sahara, on the Congo, in Tonkin; and the last story is dedicated "To Rudyard Kipling, who wrote 'The Finest Story in the World.'" But apparently the author tired of this vein (though the public did not), and the stories that followed were turned in another direction. 'Caillou et Tili' (1911) is an attempt to explain to adults the point of view of a little boy and a little girl. This difficult task is accomplished with much delicacy and subtlety, and with many profound observations of childish nature, of which the following may serve as examples:

"Never tell stories before children of things that have happened to them; if they are inclined to vanity and affectation, you will make little mimics of them; if they are proud, delicate, and sensitive of soul, you will wound their susceptibilities. For in spite of all your efforts you will never tell the story as they have felt it; you are too different from them, and you will not do them justice. So they will think that you are making fun of their vexations and anxieties, that you do not take seriously their personality — and there is no human being more solitary and therefore more proud than a child — or the universe they are constructing in mosaic — by sensations added one to the other — luminous fragments of things, precious gems they are perpetually amassing. . . .

"Never quote children's sayings in their presence; if you yield to this inclination, they will quickly come to stringing phrases together at random, in the hope of exciting surprise and admiration."

These are perhaps counsels of perfection, but if parents would give heed to them, they would save their friends some unhappy hours and their children real suffering. Caillou and Tili are, of course, French children, and much that occurs to them would be strange to American youngsters; but there is no doubt of the insight and skill with which the author has revealed some of the secrets of the nursery, of universal interest and significance.

In 'Louise et Barnavaux' (1912), Mille returned to the hero who had first won him fame, and had not ceased to be popular. In this volume we see Barnavaux attempting to settle down; he does not go so far as marriage, but he enters into a *union libre* with a respectable working-girl, Louise, whose character is drawn with charming sympathy. The result is disastrous for Barnavaux; after making all kinds of good resolutions, he is sent to prison for four days because he has obtained leave to attend the funeral of his son, whose paternity he had not officially acknowledged. Barnavaux gives up Louise, and returns to his old habits and adventures.

Mille's next book, 'Paraboles et Diversions' (1913), is again different from his previous work. The 'Paraboles' are fresh versions of Scripture story, somewhat in the manner of Anatole France, but without his biting and malicious irony. Mille's humor is more gentle and sympathetic, and though readers brought up in the traditions of English Protestantism may find the atmosphere irreverent, the Latin peoples, accustomed to treating sacred personages with a certain affectionate familiarity, will see no cause of offense. The story of Creation is told so as to give more play for the part of Satan, who is identified with the first critic; Noah yields half of his honors to Deucalion; the birth and childhood of Jesus are treated with a delicate humor which has, rightly regarded, no touch of mockery. The legends of Œdipus and Don Juan are dealt with in the same spirit — the latter from the point of view taken by Bernard Shaw in 'Man and Superman.' The next division of the volume, 'Quelques Bêtes et Gens,' again reminds one of Anatole France, though the latter was, of course, not the first to enforce the warning against anthropomorphism by reminding us that the lower animals have a different point of view. It was an old Greek who said, "If the oxen made a god, they would make him in the likeness of an ox," and Mille's 'Diary of a Fat Ox' is conceived in a delicious spirit of humorous gravity which is wholly original:

"I am the Fat Ox. There is no more magnificent title. There is none more assured. I despise the other sovereigns. To what does William II, Emperor of Germany, owe his throne? To the fact that Frederic II, the only great man of the family, had no more children than I have. He reigns by virtue of the chances of a collateral succession. And the president of the Republic? He presides by virtue of the chances of contested election. And for all the others, it is the same thing: inheritance, chance, lottery. But I — I have been weighed! And I weighed more than all the other oxen. I am the ox of oxen; no one can deny it. I have been elected by science and truth. Science and truth march with me — nothing can stop them; I shall go, with them, to the slaughter-house.

"For I know that I shall go to the slaughter-house. That is what constitutes the superiority of oxen over man; we know how we shall die and what end our death will serve; to feed men. But what end is served by men who die? None at all. That is why they are accompanied to the tomb with melancholy hymns, black costumes, ugly withered flowers, and priests who are hidden in carts made like catafalques. My priests were fragrant with wine, like Silenus. They were clad in white, purple, and amaranth. Bacchantes accompanied them. Delirious trumpets sounded on my way. Men dressed like beasts danced before the beast I am. And they will slay me like a god."

The Fat Ox then tells of his birth and early education:

"I was taught to ruminate. It is a real science. You must ruminate stretched on the ground, slowly, gently, with the lower teeth, and think only of ruminating. When you know how to ruminate, you know the foundation of things,

you are happy, nothing can distress you. The moment comes when I shall die; but I am ruminating. That is why bulls are mad. They pass their time in running about, they attack terriers who ought to be respected, they ruminate ill. So they stay lean; they will never be fat oxen. I cannot conceive why they exist.

"Every fortnight I was weighed in a great machine, and each weighing was a triumph. I became huge, fat, powerful, placid, and pacific like the earth, and of a white color lightly tinged with rose, like a plum blossom. When I was put to the plow, I accepted this gymnastic exercise without complaint, knowing that it would make my flesh firmer. I was rewarded by my victory at the Agricultural Show, where the Prefect himself paid homage to me.

"I understood, from the speech of this high official, why I had lived. My existence and embonpoint glorified the Republic. Never, under the Empire, was there an ox like me; for oxen could not grow becomingly fat under the régime of tyranny. The Radical-Socialist Deputy made it known, in a very long address, that the protection he had always accorded to the ward in which I was born was not unconnected with the brilliance of my hide and the richness of my flanks. Then the trumpets played the Marseillaise, the Clairons de Sidi-Brahim, and the Internationale. Tired out, I sank to rest in my own dung. They put a crown of roses on my head, and I concluded that I had done all that was expected of me. . . .

"Now I know that I shall die. It matters little — I have lived my life. My name will resound for the last time in a dark corridor, acclaimed by vigorous and sanguinary young men armed with heavy axes of steel. But even my corpse will be glorious. The butcher who bought me will decorate it for the last time with paper roses, after removing my hide. And the nations will defile before my gigantic body before it is cut in pieces. This is the lot of gods and kings."

The next story, 'Jimmy and Wilkie,' has a larger element of pathos. The heroes are two coal-mine ponies who are brought to the upper air because of a strike; their sensations on seeing the light of day, the meadows, the flowers, the birds, are described with the subtlest sympathy. The other stories and sketches are lighter in tone and of less permanent and universal appeal. Most of them hit off little peculiarities of French life, such as the anglers on the banks of the Seine, who are a perennial source of wonder to American visitors. The story of the restoration of the Mona Lisa to the Louvre is at the expense of the experts, as the 'Courte Conversation avec un Grand Peintre' is at the expense of the latest fads in art, the "Great Painter" being no other than the donkey who with his tail painted a picture which was exhibited in one of the Paris salons, and was much admired — until its origin was made known. American readers will be interested in the story of the theoretical anarchist, Paul-Louis Durand, who was a passenger on the "Titanic":

"When Paul-Louis saw they were getting out the lifeboats, he made haste.

A young officer, correct and cool, in full uniform — it is worth while to dress well for death, it gives courage and generosity, the soul adjusts itself to the body — took him by the collar of his ulster, and said sharply:

"'What are you doing?'

"'You see for yourself,' said Paul-Louis. 'I am going to get into the boat.'

"'Women and children first,' answered the officer. 'Besides, I may tell you that there will only be room for them. There are not enough lifeboats.'

"Durand's principles obliged him to consider his own life as more precious than those of all the rest of the world. He tried to free himself, and felt a revolver pressed against his temple. He was an intellectual; he had time to experience something like respect for this man who showed a determination equal to that of the enemies of society. Yet he protested:

"'What have the women and children to do with me — and with you? This is no time for politeness.'

"'It's not politeness,' said the officer. 'I suppose — well, I suppose it is because children — children are the future — and women the possibility of replacing us. But — go to hell, sir. I've no time to talk.'

"As Paul-Louis Durand was asking himself with some astonishment if in reality there are sometimes interests which exceed those of the individual, the great ship dipped her nose into the dark water like a swan looking for a fish. But she did not raise her head again — ever. And while a fierce lamentation arose from the vessel, swelling and falling like a hymn, Paul-Louis, losing his balance, was thrown into the sea. It was so cold that he said to himself that he could not swim long. But as he had heard of the terrible suction made by a sinking ship, he made efforts to get away. In the cruel darkness that oppressed his eyes like some material, viscous substance, he suddenly felt something solid under his hand. It was a raft, which yielded beneath his feet; but this enabled him to climb on it. It was large and solid. He scrambled to the middle and stood up.

"He was saved! But at that instant a mysterious, inexorable, overwhelming fear increased the shuddering of his miserable flesh. He was alone — all alone in the midst of the sea! He could not stay alone; he was more afraid, alone on this wreckage, than a moment before on the steamer among fifteen hundred men facing death with him. The iceberg drifted near, and in its sickly light he saw a man, sustained by a life-belt in the water a few feet away. He called to him:

"'Here! Here! Do this with your hands!'

"He made the movements of swimming, and almost in a frenzy, on all fours, helped the shipwrecked man to climb on the raft. Others came, and soon there were thirty of them. They were not acquaintances, and yet they were glad to recognize one another. They touched each other gently as if the feeling of comradeship gave them I know not what desperate hope.

"Suddenly there was a change. Some one said:

"'We can't take anyone else. The raft is going down.'

"Yet from the depths of the darkness they saw other unfortunates coming and crying for help.

"'There is no more room,' Paul-Louis shouted with the rest. 'There is no more room — keep off. This raft is ours. If you come on board, you will sink us.'

"Of these exiles, thrown back to death, some said with resignation:

"'God help you! Good-by!'

"But others tried to climb up. Then instinctively there was a guard, watchmen, leaders, who repulsed them without pity.

"'It's ours, this raft. We want to live.'

"And thus Paul-Louis Durand, anarchist and individualist, learned the meaning of patriotism."

It will be seen that Mille has decided convictions. He has not the detachment of Anatole France, to whom he ironically dedicated one of his earlier stories ('L'Aveugle') on the duty of military service. On the other hand, it would be no less a mistake to describe him as an imperialist, if by that we understand an imperialist after the fashion of Rudyard Kipling. Mille has too much irony for that, sees too much of both sides — that of the subjected people as well as that of the white man who is assuming a self-imposed burden. He has not Kipling's sublime confidence in himself and in the divine mission of his race. His is a subtler essence, less powerful, no doubt, but possessing its own delicate charm.

Pierre Mille had a well-established reputation in France for some years before he was known beyond the French reading public. The translations of his work into English have not followed exactly the chronological succession of their composition and original publication, in which they are reviewed above. 'Two Little Parisians' ('Caillou and Tili'), appeared in 1913, 'Barnavaux' ('Sur la Vaste Terre') in 1915, 'Under the Tricolor' ('Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes') in 1915, and 'Louise and Barnavaux' in 1916, all excellently translated by Bérangère Drillien and published in charming editions by John Lane. 'Joffre Chaps and Some Others' (1915), gives both touching and humorous stories of the *poilu,* of whose idiosyncracies Mille is as sympathetic an interpreter as Kipling is of the peculiarities of Tommy Atkins.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

ROMAIN ROLLAND

ROMAIN ROLLAND was born on January 29, 1866, at Clamecy, a little town in the Morvan, of which in later years he put many a peaceful recollection in 'Jean-Christophe.' Here his boyhood was passed, in happy circumstances and under the guidance of wise and affectionate parents. At an early age he showed marked sensitiveness to and fondness for music, and his mother was able to initiate him into the secrets of the art which all through his life he has faithfully served. His father sacrificed an excellent and prominent position in Clamecy to bring the family to Paris that Romain might have all the advantages of a thorough education. At the age of twenty the son matriculated at the École Normale Supérieure. He chose to enter the department of history and geography, not only as a concession to his father's wishes, but also because he was aware of his own need of a strict and somewhat abstract training. Later he spent some years at the French School of Archeology in Rome. During all his young manhood he was deeply interested in literature, especially in the drama, and in painting and architecture, as well as in music. Those who knew him in these years remember his enthusiasm for play-writing rather than the fervor of his piano playing. Yet the doctor's thesis which he submitted to the Sorbonne in June 1895, was on the origin of the lyrical drama, the opera in Europe before Lully and Scarlatti; and his was the first case in which the Sorbonne awarded its degree for work done on a subject in music. In 1898 he organized a course in the history of music at the École des Hautes Études Sociales, and a course on the history of art which he was engaged to give at the École Normale he converted eventually into a course on the history of music.

As a teacher he has striven to win a high place for music in social education; but his works which deal exclusively with music are relatively few. Apart from his doctor's thesis, the most noteworthy are two volumes of brilliant critical study: 'Musiciens d'Autrefois' [Musicians of an Earlier Day], and 'Musiciens d'Aujourd'hui' [Musicians of Today]. In the former he has succeeded in depicting vividly musical life in Paris during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth, with the emphasis thrown on the lives and the personal characteristics of the men who swayed music at that time: Gluck, Mozart, and Grétry, for instance. 'Musiciens d'Aujourd'hui' has more critical analysis of music, and shows a remarkably clear understanding of the tendencies in its modern development. What one welcomes most in both books is the combination of a thorough knowledge of music with genuine literary charm and skill. It is by virtue of this combination, manifest

not only here in these partly technical books, but all through the romance of 'Jean-Christophe' as well, that Romain Rolland has been able to render great service to the cause, if one may so speak, of music. His writings have done much and will do more to reveal to a general public, which has perhaps both a desire for and a need of such revelation, what lies behind the creation of the great masterpieces of music.

Though Romain Rolland has as an historian, a critic, and a novelist a triple claim to attention, it is plain that one impulse lies behind all his work. He has been inspired by a tremendous spirit of revolt against insincerity and pettiness. He has arraigned modern society and modern art, and has found them wanting in simplicity and directness, in sincerity and in vigor. When hardly more than a school-boy, influenced partly by Wagner, but vastly more by Tolstoy, he dreamed of an art restored to life and power by the enthusiasm of the common people. Later he went so far as to plan a theater for the people, writing a book for his project ('Le Théâtre du Peuple'), and a cycle of four plays, based on subjects taken from the French Revolution, 'The Iliad of the French Nation.' This was heroic material. Romain Rolland is, like Carlyle, a worshiper of heroes, as of those who reveal to the human race the full possibilities of life and living. The force of their great natures not only triumphs over sorrow and outward circumstance but bursts through all cant and narrow prejudice. They stand before the race, free spirits. Romain Rolland gave himself almost passionately to the study of heroes. He has written the biographies of five men who have left an indelible mark upon the civilization of the world: Beethoven, Michelangelo, Tolstoy, Handel, and Millet.

The study of Beethoven is a magnificent piece of work, perhaps on the whole the greatest thing Romain Rolland has done. It is restrained and yet impassioned, and more than any other biography of that singularly heroic man gives a vivid impression of the titanic quality of his nature and of his struggles. The studies of Michelangelo and of Tolstoy are hardly inferior. The writing of the three books concurs strikingly with the composition of 'Jean-Christophe.' 'Beethoven' was published in 1903; the first three volumes of 'Jean-Christophe' in 1904 and 1905. 'Michelangelo' was published in 1906; the volumes which deal with Jean-Christophe's development in Paris, between 1907 and 1909. The 'Tolstoy' was published in 1911; the last three volumes of 'Jean-Christophe' between 1910 and 1912. The similarity between the young Jean-Christophe and Beethoven is unmistakable, and the minute analysis of his further development owes much to his creator's intense study of the development of Michelangelo and Tolstoy.

'Jean-Christophe' remains the study of an ideal hero, a man born to suffer, to endure, and to triumph by virtue of the indomitable spirit within him. It represents an attempt to educate the people to "live," to correct their errors, to conquer their prejudices, and to enlarge from day to day their thoughts and their hearts. So the author himself has spoken of it. Perhaps no

important novel of recent years has been so widely read. It has been translated into at least half a dozen languages, proof that in some measure at least Romain Rolland has revealed in it qualities which are common to all mankind. As a work of art it is often long and rambling; but as an analysis of character and as a critique of life it is a masterpiece.

Shortly after the beginning of the Great War, Romain Rolland began to plead through the press that reason and the recollection of what mankind had done in common and what it shared be not utterly swept away by a sea of hate. His articles were much garbled, and he was violently assailed and denounced on every hand. He has assembled what he has written on the subject and published it under the title of the longest article in the collection, 'Au-dessus de la Mêlée' [Above the Battle]. Although the passage of years has soothed the agitation that arose against him, there was no doubt about the reprobation of his countrymen at the time. Rolland retired to Geneva, where he gave himself to philanthropic work of an international character. Since then he has busied himself with a second long novel, or series of novels, entitled 'L'Âme Enchantée' [The Soul Enchanted], in which some striking portrayals of war psychology are achieved, and with Oriental studies, including a life of the Hindu leader Gandhi.

LELAND HALL

AN INFANT PRODIGY

From 'Jean-Christophe,' translated by Gilbert Cannan. Coypright by Henry Holt & Company and reprinted by their permission

SUDDENLY, for no apparent reason, Melchior changed his opinion. Not only did he approve of his father having put together Jean-Christophe's aspirations, but, to the boy's great surprise, he spent several evenings in making two or three copies of his manuscript. To every question put to him on the subject, he replied impressively, "We shall see; . . ." or he would rub his hands and laugh, smack the boy's head by way of a joke, or turn him up and blithely spank him. Jean-Christophe loathed these familiarities, but he saw that his father was pleased, and did not know why.

Then there were mysterious confabulations between Melchior and his father. And one evening Jean-Christophe, to his astonishment, learned that he, Jean-Christophe, had dedicated to H. S. H. the Grand Duke Leopold 'The Pleasures of Childhood.' Melchior had sounded the disposition of the Prince, who had shown himself graciously inclined to accept the homage. Thereupon Melchior declared that without losing a moment they must, *primo,* draw up the official request to the Prince; *secundo,* publish the work; *tertio,* organize a concert to give it a hearing.

There were further long conferences between Melchior and Jean Michel. They argued heatedly for two or three evenings. It was forbidden to interrupt them. Melchior wrote, erased; erased, wrote. The old man talked loudly, as though he were reciting verses. Sometimes they squabbled or thumped on the table because they could not find a word.

Then Jean-Christophe was called, made to sit at the table with a pen in his hand, his father on his right, his grandfather on his left, and the old man began to dictate words which he did not understand, because he found it difficult to write every word in his enormous letters, because Melchior was shouting in his ear, and because the old man declaimed with such emphasis that Jean-Christophe, put out by the sound of the words, could not bother listening to their meaning. The old man was no less in a state of emotion. He could not stand still, and he walked up and down the room, involuntarily illustrating the text of what he read by gestures, but he came every minute to look over what the boy had written, and Jean-Christophe, frightened by the two large faces looking over his shoulder, put out his tongue, and held his pen clumsily. A mist floated before his eyes; he made too many strokes, or smudged what he had written; and Melchior roared, and Jean Michel stormed; and he had to begin again, and then again, and when he thought that they had at last come to an end, a great blot fell on the immaculate page. Then they pulled his ears, and he burst into tears; but they forbade him to weep because he was spoiling the paper, and they began to dictate, beginning all over again, and he thought it would go on like that to the end of his life.

At last it was finished, and Jean Michel leaned against the mantelpiece, and read over their handiwork in a voice trembling with pleasure, while Melchior sat straddled across a chair, and looked at the ceiling and wagged his chair and, as a connoisseur, rolled round his tongue the style of the following epistle:

"*Most Noble and Sublime Highness! Most Gracious Lord!*

"From my fourth year Music has been the first occupation of my childish days. So soon as I allied myself to the noble Muse, who roused my soul to pure harmony, I loved her, and, as it seemed to me, she returned my love. Now I am in my sixth year, and for some time my Muse in hours of inspiration has whispered in my ears: 'Be bold! Be bold! Write down the harmonies of thy soul!' 'Six years old,' thought I, 'and how should I be bold? What would the learned in the art say of me?' I hesitated, I trembled. But my Muse insisted. I obeyed. I wrote.

"And now shall I,

O Most Sublime Highness!

— shall I have the temerity and audacity to place upon the steps of Thy Throne the first-fruits of my youthful labors? . . . Shall I make so bold as

to hope that Thou wilt let fall upon them the august approbation of Thy paternal regard? . . .

"Oh, yes! For Science and the Arts have ever found in Thee their sage Mæcenas, their generous champion, and talent puts forth its flowers under the ægis of Thy holy protection.

"In this profound and certain faith I dare, then, approach Thee with these youthful efforts. Receive them as pure offering of my childish veneration, and of Thy goodness deign,

O Most Sublime Highness!

to glance at them, and at their young author, who bows at Thy feet deeply and in humility!

"*From the most submissive, faithful, and obedient servant of His Most Noble and Most Sublime Highness.*

"JEAN-CHRISTOPHE KRAFFT"

Jean-Christophe heard nothing. He was very happy to have it finished, and, fearing that he would be made to begin again, he ran away to the fields. He had no idea of what he had written, and he cared not at all. But when the old man had finished his reading he began again to taste the full flavor of it, and when the second reading came to an end Melchior and he declared that it was a little masterpiece. That was also the opinion of the Grand Duke, to whom the letter was presented, with a copy of the musical work. He was kind enough to send word that he found both quite charming. He granted permission for the concert, and ordered that the hall of his Academy of Music should be put at Melchior's disposal, and deigned to promise that he would have the young artist presented to himself on the day of the performance.

Melchior set about organizing the concert as quickly as possible. He engaged the support of the Hof Musik Verein, and as the success of his first ventures had blown out his sense of proportion, he undertook at the same time to publish a magnificent edition of 'The Pleasures of Childhood.' He wanted to have printed on the cover of it a portrait of Jean-Christophe at the piano, with himself, Melchior, standing by his side, violin in hand. He had to abandon that, not on account of the cost — Melchior did not stop at any expense — but because there was not time enough. He fell back on an allegorical design representing a cradle, a trumpet, a drum, a wooden horse, grouped round a lyre which put forth rays like the sun. The title-page bore, together with a long dedication, in which the name of the Prince stood out in enormous letters, a notice to the effect that "Herr Jean-Christophe Krafft was six years old." He was, in fact, seven and a half. The printing of the design was very expensive. To meet the bill for it, Jean Michel had to sell an old eighteenth-century chest, carved with faces, which he had never consented to sell, in spite of the repeated offers of Womser, the furniture-dealer. But Melchior

had no doubt but the subscriptions would cover the cost, and beyond that the expenses of printing the composition.

One other question occupied his mind: how to dress Jean-Christophe on the day of the concert. There was a family council to decide the matter. Melchior would have liked the boy to appear in a short frock and bare legs, like a child of four. But Jean-Christophe was very large for his age, and everyone knew him. They could not hope to deceive anyone. Melchior had a great idea. He decided that the boy should wear a dress-coat and white tie. In vain did Louisa protest that they would make her poor boy ridiculous. Melchior anticipated exactly the success and the merriment that would be produced by such an unexpected appearance. It was decided on, and the tailor came and measured Jean-Christophe for his little coat. He had also to have fine linen and patent-leather pumps, and all that swallowed up their last penny. Jean-Christophe was very uncomfortable in his new clothes. To make him used to them they made him try on his various garments. For a whole month he hardly left the piano-stool. They taught him to bow. He had never a moment of liberty. He raged against it, but dared not rebel, for he thought that he was going to accomplish something startling. He was both proud and afraid of it. They pampered him; they were afraid he would catch cold; they swathed his neck in scarves; they warmed his boots in case they were wet; and at table he had the best of everything.

At last the great day arrived. The barber came to preside over his toilet and curl Jean-Christophe's rebellious hair. He did not leave it until he had made it look like a sheep-skin. All the family walked round Jean-Christophe and declared that he was superb. Melchior, after looking him up and down, and turning him about and about, was seized with an idea, and went off to fetch a large flower, which he put in his buttonhole. But when Louisa saw him she raised her hands, and cried out distressfully that he looked like a monkey. That hurt him cruelly. He did not know whether to be ashamed or proud of his garb. Instinctively he felt humiliated, and he was more so at the concert. Humiliation was to be for him the outstanding emotion of that memorable day.

The concert was about to begin. The hall was half empty; the Grand Duke had not arrived. One of those kindly and well-informed friends who always appear on these occasions came and told them that there was a council being held at the Palace, and that the Grand Duke would not come. He had it on good authority. Melchior was in despair. He fidgeted, paced up and down, and looked repeatedly out of the window. Old Jean Michel was also in torment, but he was concerned for his grandson. He bombarded him with instructions. Jean-Christophe was infected by the nervousness of his family. He was not in the least anxious about his compositions, but he was troubled by the thought of the bows that he had to make to the audience, and thinking of them brought him to agony.

However, he had to begin; the audience was growing impatient. The orchestra of the Hof Musik Verein began the 'Coriolan Overture.' The boy knew neither Coriolan nor Beethoven, for though he had often heard Beethoven's music, he had not known it. He never bothered about the names of the works he heard. He gave them names of his own invention, while he created little stories or pictures for them. He classified them usually in three categories: fire, water, and earth, with a thousand degrees between each. Mozart belonged almost always to water. He was a meadow by the side of a river, a transparent mist floating over the water, a spring shower, or a rainbow. Beethoven was fire — now a furnace with gigantic flames and vast columns of smoke; now a burning forest, a heavy and terrible cloud, flashing lightning; and now a wide sky full of quivering stars, one of which breaks free, swoops, and dies on a fine September night setting the heart beating. Now the imperious ardor of that heroic soul burned him like fire. Everything else disappeared. What was it all to him? — Melchior in despair, Jean Michel agitated, all the busy world, the audience, the Grand Duke, little Jean-Christophe. What had he to do with all these? What lay between them and him? Was that he — he, himself? . . . He was given up to the furious will that carried him headlong. He followed it breathlessly, with tears in his eyes, and his legs numb, thrilling from the palms of his hands to the soles of his feet. His blood drummed "Charge!" and he trembled in every limb. And as he listened so intensely, hiding behind a curtain, his heart suddenly leaped violently. The orchestra had stopped short in the middle of a bar, and after a moment's silence it broke into a crashing of brass and cymbals with a military march, officially strident. The transition from one sort of music to another was so brutal, so unexpected, that Jean-Christophe ground his teeth and stamped his foot with rage and shook his fist at the wall. But Melchior rejoiced. The Grand Duke had come in, and the orchestra was saluting him with the National Anthem. And in a trembling voice Jean Michel gave his last instructions to his grandson.

The overture began again, and this time was finished. It was now Jean-Christophe's turn. Melchior had arranged the programme to show off at the same time the skill of both father and son. They were to play together a sonata of Mozart for violin and piano. For the sake of effect he had decided that Jean-Christophe should enter alone. He was led to the entrance of the stage and showed the piano at the front, and for the last time it was explained what he had to do, and then he was pushed on from the wings.

He was not much afraid, for he was used to the theater; but when he found himself alone on the platform, with hundreds of eyes staring at him, he became suddenly so frightened that instinctively he moved backwards and turned towards the wings to go back again. He saw his father there gesticulating and with his eyes blazing. He had to go on. Besides, the audience had

seen him. As he advanced there arose a twittering of curiosity, followed soon by laughter, which grew louder and louder. Melchior had not been wrong, and the boy's garb had all the effect anticipated. The audience rocked with laughter at the sight of the child with his long hair and gypsy complexion timidly trotting across the platform in the evening dress of a man of the world. They got up to see him better. Soon the hilarity was general. There was nothing unkindly in it, but it would have made the most hardened musician lose his head. Jean-Christophe, terrified by the noise, and the eyes watching, and the glasses turned upon him, had only one idea: to reach the piano as quickly as possible, for it seemed to him a refuge, an island in the midst of the sea. With head down, looking neither to right nor left, he ran quickly across the platform, and when he reached the middle of it, instead of bowing to the audience, as had been arranged, he turned his back on it, and plunged straight for the piano. The chair was too high for him to sit down without his father's help, and in his distress, instead of waiting, he climbed up on to it on his knees. That increased the merriment of the audience, but now Jean-Christophe was safe. Sitting at his instrument, he was afraid of no one.

Melchior came at last. He gained by the good-humor of the audience, who welcomed him with warm applause. The sonata began. The boy played it with imperturbable certainty, with his lips pressed tight in concentration, his eyes fixed on the keys, his little legs hanging down from the chair. He became more and more at ease as the notes rolled out; he was among friends that he knew. A murmur of approbation reached him, and waves of pride and satisfaction surged through him as he thought that all these people were silent to listen to him and to admire him. But hardly had he finished when fear overcame him again, and the applause which greeted him gave him more shame than pleasure. His shame increased when Melchior took him by the hand, and advanced with him to the edge of the platform, and made him bow to the public. He obeyed, and bowed very low, with a funny awkwardness; but he was humiliated, and blushed for what he had done, as though it were a thing ridiculous and ugly.

He had to sit at the piano again, and he played 'The Pleasures of Childhood.' Then the audience was enraptured. After each piece they shouted enthusiastically. They wanted him to begin again, and he was proud of his success and at the same time almost hurt by such applause, which was also a command. At the end the whole audience rose to acclaim him; the Grand Duke led the applause. But as Jean-Christophe was now alone on the platform he dared not budge from his seat. The applause redoubled. He bent his head lower and lower, blushing and hang-dog in expression, and he looked steadily away from the audience. Melchior came. He took him in his arms, and told him to blow kisses. He pointed out to him the Grand Duke's box. Jean-Christophe turned a deaf ear. Melchior took his arm, and threatened him in

a low voice. Then he did as he was told passively, but he did not look at anybody, he did not raise his eyes, but went on turning his head away, and he was unhappy. He was suffering; how he did not know. His vanity was suffering. He did not like the people who were there at all. It was no use their applauding; he could not forgive them for having laughed and for being amused by his humiliation; he could not forgive them for having seen him in such a ridiculous position — held in mid-air to blow kisses. He disliked them even for applauding, and when Melchior did at last put him down, he ran away to the wings. A lady threw a bunch of violets up at him as he went. It brushed his face. He was panic-stricken and ran as fast he could, turning over a chair that was in his way. The faster he ran the more they laughed, and the more they laughed the faster he ran.

At last he reached the exit, which was filled with people looking at him. He forced his way through, butting, and ran and hid himself at the back of the anteroom. His grandfather was in high feather, and covered him with blessings. The musicians of the orchestra shouted with laughter, and congratulated the boy, who refused to look at them or to shake hands with them. Melchior listened intently, gaging the applause, which had not yet ceased, and wanted to take Jean-Christophe on to the stage again. But the boy refused angrily, clung to his grandfather's coat-tails, and kicked at everybody who came near him. At last he burst into tears, and they had to let him be.

Just at this moment an officer came to say that the Grand Duke wished the artists to go to his box. How could the child be presented in such a state? Melchior swore angrily, and his wrath only had the effect of making Jean-Christophe's tears flow faster. To stop them his grandfather promised him a pound of chocolates if he would not cry any more, and Jean-Christophe, who was greedy, stopped dead, swallowed down his tears, and let them carry him off; but they had to swear at first most solemnly that they would not take him on to the platform again.

In the anteroom of the Grand Ducal box he was presented to a gentleman in a dress-coat, with a face like a pug-dog, bristling mustaches, and a short, pointed beard — a little red-faced man, inclined to stoutness, who addressed him with bantering familiarity, and called him "*Mozart redivivus!*" This was the Grand Duke. Then he was presented in turn to the Grand Duchess and her daughter, and their suite. But as he did not dare raise his eyes, the only thing he could remember of this brilliant company was a series of gowns and uniforms from the waist down to the feet. He sat on the lap of the young Princess, and dared not move or breathe. She asked him questions, which Melchior answered in an obsequious voice with formal replies, respectful and servile; but she did not listen to Melchoir, and went on teasing the child. He grew redder and redder, and thinking that everybdy must have noticed it, he thought he must explain it away and said with a long sigh:

"My face is red. I am hot."

That made the girl shout with laughter. But Jean-Christophe did not mind it in her, as he had in his audience just before, for her laughter was pleasant, and she kissed him, and he did not dislike that.

Then he saw his grandfather in the passage at the door of the box, beaming and bashful. The old man was fain to show himself, and also to say a few words, but he dared not, because no one had spoken to him. He was enjoying his grandson's glory at a distance. Jean-Christophe became tender, and felt an irresistible impulse to procure justice also for the old man, so that they should know his worth. His tongue was loosed, and he reached up to the ear of his new friend and whispered to her:

"I will tell you a secret."

She laughed and said:

"What?"

"You know," he went on — "you know the pretty *trio* in my *minuetto*, the minuetto I played? . . . You know it? . . ." (He hummed it gently.) ". . . Well, grandfather wrote it, not I. All the other airs are mine. But that is the best. Grandfather wrote it. Grandfather did not want me to say anything. You won't tell anybody? . . ." (He pointed out the old man.) "That is my grandfather. I love him; he is very kind to me."

At that the young Princess laughed again, said that he was a darling, covered him with kisses, and, to the consternation of Jean-Christophe and his grandfather, told everybody. Everybody laughed then, and the Grand Duke congratulated the old man, who was covered with confusion, tried in vain to excuse himself, and stammered like a guilty criminal. But Jean-Christophe said not another word to the girl, and in spite of her wheedling he remained dumb and stiff. He despised her for having broken her promise. His idea of princes suffered considerably from this disloyalty. He was so angry about it that he did not hear anything that was said, or that the Prince had appointed him laughingly his pianist in ordinary, his "Hof Musicus."

He went out with his relatives, and found himself surrounded in the corridors of the theater, and even in the street, with people congratulating him or kissing him. That displeased him greatly, for he did not like being kissed, and did not like people meddling with him without asking his permission.

At last they reached home, and then hardly was the door closed than Melchior began to call him a "little idiot" because he had said that the *trio* was not his own. As the boy was under the impression that he had done a fine thing, which deserved praise, and not blame, he rebelled, and was impertinent. Melchior lost his temper, and said that he would box his ears, although he had played his music well enough, because with his idiocy he had spoiled the whole effect of the concert. Jean-Christophe had a profound sense of justice. He went and sulked in a corner; he visited his contempt upon his father, the Princess, and the whole world. He was hurt also because the neighbors came and con-

gratulated his parents and laughed with them, as if it were they who had played, and as if it were their affair.

At this moment a servant of the Court came with a beautiful gold watch from the Grand Duke and a box of lovely sweets from the young Princess. Both presents gave great pleasure to Jean-Christophe, and he did not know which gave him the more; but he was in such a bad temper that he would not admit it to himself, and he went on sulking, scowling at the sweets, and wondering whether he could properly accept a gift from a person who had betrayed his confidence. As he was on the point of giving in his father wanted to set him down at once at the table, and make him write at his dictation a letter of thanks. This was too much. Either from the nervous strain of the day, or from instinctive shame at beginning the letter, as Melchior wanted him to, with the words, "The little servant and musician — *Knecht und Musicus* — of your Highness . . ." he burst into tears and was inconsolable. The servant waited and scoffed. Melchior had to write the letter. That did not make him exactly kindly disposed towards Jean-Christophe. As a crowning misfortune, the boy let his watch fall and broke it. A storm of reproaches broke upon him. Melchior shouted that he would have to go without dessert. Jean-Christophe said angrily that that was what he wanted. To punish him, Louisa said that she would begin by confiscating his sweets. Jean-Christophe was up in arms at that, and said that the box was his, and no one else's, and that no one should take it away from him! He was smacked, and in a fit of anger snatched the box from his mother's hands, hurled it on the floor and stamped on it. He was whipped, taken to his room, undressed, and put to bed.

In the evening he heard his parents dining with friends — a magnificent repast, prepared a week before in honor of the concert. He was like to die with wrath at such injustice. They laughed loudly and touched glasses. They had told the guests that the boy was tired, and no one bothered about him. Only after dinner, when the party was breaking up, he heard a slow, shuffling step come into his room, and old Jean Michel bent over his bed and kissed him, and said: "Dear little Jean-Christophe! . . ." Then, as if he were ashamed, he went away without another word. He had slipped into his hand some sweetmeats which he had hidden in his pocket.

That softened Jean-Christophe; but he was so tired with all the day's emotions that he had not the strength to think about what his grandfather had done. He had not even the strength to reach out to the good things the old man had given him. He was worn out and went to sleep almost at once.

His sleep was light. He had acute nervous attacks, like electric shocks, which shook his whole body. In his dreams he was haunted by wild music. He awoke in the night. The Beethoven overture that he had heard at the concert was roaring in his ears. It filled the room with its mighty beat. He sat up in his bed, rubbed his eyes and ears, and asked himself if he were asleep. No; he was not asleep. He recognized the sound, he recognized those

roars of anger, those savage cries; he heard the throbbing of that passionate heart leaping in his bosom, that tumult of the blood; he felt on his face the frantic beating of the wind, lashing and destroying, then stopping suddenly, cut off by an Herculean will. That Titanic soul entered his body, blew out his limbs, and his soul, and seemed to give them colossal proportions. He strode over all the world. He was like a mountain, and storms raged within him — storms of wrath, storms of sorrow! . . . Ah, what sorrow! . . . But they were nothing! He felt so strong! . . . To suffer — still to suffer! . . . Ah, how good it is to be strong! How good it is to suffer when a man is strong! . . .

He laughed. His laughter rang out in the silence of the night. His father woke up and cried:

"Who is there?"

His mother whispered:

"Ssh! the boy is dreaming!"

All then were silent; round them all was silence. The music died away, and nothing sounded but the regular breathing of the human creatures asleep in the room, comrades in misery, thrown together by Fate in the same frail barque, bound onwards by a wild whirling force through the night.

[Jean-Christophe's letter to the Grand Duke Leopold is inspired by Beethoven's letter to the Prince Elector of Bonn, written when he was eleven.]

ANDRÉ GIDE

AMONG the writers of the post-symbolist generation in France, none occupies a more commanding position than André Gide. Gide has been continuously active as poet, essayist, and novelist since 1891, and his influence, exercised upon countless young Frenchmen through his numerous books and through the pages of the Nouvelle Revue Française, in the founding of which he took a hand, has been enormous. Steering clear of purely literary controversies, little occupied with politics, Gide has waged constant warfare in the realm of ideas, and generally with success; there are still many who complain that his views of life are dangerous, and others who while applauding their originality wish that he were a little more circumspect in setting them forth, but these hostile or neutral critics are in the minority. In the world of French thought Gide today is a force which cannot be neglected.

Born on November 22, 1869, at Paris, he came of a mixed stock, half-Norman, half-Languedocian; his father's family were Huguenots, his mother's Roman Catholics. He has himself referred to the conflicting influences on his character resulting from the combination, notably in an article printed in L'Occident in 1902. "Between Normandy and the South I would not and could not choose; I feel myself all the more French in that I am not of any single district of France, and that I cannot think and feel especially as a Norman or a Southerner, as a Catholic or as a Protestant, but only as a Frenchman. Born at Paris, I understand at one and the same time the Oc and the Oïl, the thick Norman jargon and the singing speech of the South; I have kept simultaneously my taste for wine and my taste for cider, my love for the deep woods and my love for the white apple tree and the white almond." In such sentences as these we have manifested a constant quality of Gide's genius — the restless self-analysis which carried him to such lengths of frankness in his memoirs, 'Si le Grain ne Meurt' [If the Seed Die Not] (1927), as to shock a great number of hitherto benevolent readers.

After a youth spent at various schools and academies, his education being frequently interrupted by ill-health, he made his entry upon the literary stage with a little book of reflections, represented as a posthumous publication, the 'Cahiers d'André Walter' [Note-books of André Walter] (1891). Even in this comparatively youthful work, we can make out one of the doctrines later developed at length by Gide — the urge towards a life of the utmost intensity. "Never let the soul lapse into inactivity; it must be fed upon enthusiasm," was the key-note of the book.

The following year saw the appearance of 'Les Poésies d'André Walter' [Poems of André Walter], a slim collection of verse full of the symbolism then afloat in French literature, showing a very real response of the author to beauty, and not without touches of irony here and there. These two books, however, were but trial flights. In a group of works which came out during the next five years, Gide is seen gradually formulating a conception of man's destiny which he was to go on proclaiming with extraordinary brilliancy in his more mature creations. These were 'La Tentative Amoureuse' [The Attempt at Love] (1893), 'Le Voyage d'Urien' [Urien's Travels] (1893), and 'Paludes' [Marshes] (1895). Here, for a time, the writer sways between the temptation to live a purely cerebral life, to withdraw into an unnatural seclusion and make books his nourishment, and the opposite tendency to strike out into the world of experience, where he is certain to meet with suffering but where he will find as well much intense joy. The attractions of a life of flesh and blood proved the stronger; and in the tales and collected meditations subsequent upon 'Paludes' Gide gives us in unmistakable language the reasons for his choice.

'Les Nourritures Terrestres' [Earthly Nourishment] (1897) opened a whole series of superbly written books, in each of which individual experience of the world is glorified at the expense of a tame acceptance of inherited and established doctrines. Gide, addressing himself particularly to the young in spirit, urges them to "go out," to abandon the well-trodden paths and find new ways of life and thought.

"And when you have read me," he says, "throw away this book, and go forth. I would have it give to you the desire to set out — set out from no matter where, your town, your family, your room, your thought." In elaborating and stressing his conception, he gives us a very clear picture of his own mental growth up to this time, although he is careful to assure us that the character of Ménalque, his central personage, is not in all respects a self-portrait. "A heretic among heretics, I was always drawn to out-of-the-way opinions, to the extreme limits of thought, to divergencies. Each mind interested me only through what made it different from others." And after sketching his early desires for a universal experience, his determination to pass, if possible, through every state of human existence, he makes a curious prognostication of his own future conduct.

"At the age of fifty, the hour having come, I sold everything, and as my accurate taste and my knowledge of every object had made me the possessor only of what had gone up in value, I realized in a couple of days a considerable fortune. I placed the whole of this fortune in such a manner as to be able to dispose of it at all times. I sold absolutely everything, since I did not wish to keep anything personal on this earth — not the tiniest remembrance of former days."

When, in the spring of 1925, André Gide roused a storm of hostility by

selling, at no small profit, his stock of rare books, most of which were gifts to him from the authors, these words must have returned to his mind. Many of the writers whose works were disposed of were alive at the time of the sale, and they and their friends showed, by acrimonious comment in the newspapers and reviews, how deeply they resented the profits reaped upon the evidences of their admiration and friendship. Surely Gide could then point with perfect consistency to what he had written twenty-eight years before, and maintain that he was doing no more than putting into practice a principle that he had long ago established.

The otherwise trivial incident brings us to another of Gide's most striking characteristics — his attachment to the Protestant doctrine of renunciation. This prophet of a fuller and richer man, who advocates a complete experience of life, and the neglect on moral grounds of no human action, however apparently mean and unworthy, has none the less a curious hankering after the ascetic ideal. He would pass through his grasp the whole gorgeous stuff of the world, only to let it go in the end as not worth the trouble of keeping.

After 'Le Promethée Mal Enchainé' [The Badly-Fastened Prometheus] (1899), an ironical disquisition on the gratitude of man to his enlighteners Gide published his famous story 'L'Immoraliste' [The Immoralist] (1902), concerning which a positive legend has grown up. The hero (if he can be called that) of this tale falls under the spell of an enigmatical personage, one Ménalque, in whom we recognize once more the figure of the 'Nourritures Terrestres.' Ménalque, like Gide himself, has no sense of property; he hates people of fixed principles, and loves "the dangerous life." And his example is decisive. Having recovered from a severe illness, his friend and pupil abandons the past and decides to live wholly for the future, for Ménalque has explained to him that one must forget yesterday as though it had never been. In his frenzy of new-found individualism, the "Immoralist" is led to abandon a loving wife and to frequent various shady characters. He succeeds in living "intensely," but that does not save him from unhappiness.

A curious incident, repeated with variations in the much later novel, 'Les Faux-Monnayeurs,' is that of the Arab boy of Biskra, whom the Immoralist surprises in the act of stealing a pair of scissors. Instead of seizing the thief, he — does nothing! The mere examination of this little slice of life has satisfied him. In this characteristic detachment, this unwillingness to condemn, and apparent lack of moral indignation, we have one of the tendencies of Gide's nature that have been most frequently held up as pernicious.

'Saül' (1902), a brief dramatic experiment, need not be analyzed here; and 'Prétextes' (1903) will be considered under the head of Gide's literary criticism. But 'Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue' [The Return of the Prodigal Son] (1907) and 'La Porte Étroite' [Strait is the Gate] (1909) are both of prime importance. In the first, Gide repeats with new and vivid imagery the lesson of 'Les Nourritures Terrestres.' The Prodigal comes home, indeed,

tired and broken; but when in his turn the younger brother feels a desire to roam, and comes to him for advice, he urges the boy to depart. Nothing can be learned vicariously. One must taste life for oneself, must feel its raptures and endure its sufferings. In a scene of great poetical beauty, the Prodigal bids his little brother farewell just as the dawn is breaking: — "Leave me! leave me! I remain to console our mother. Without me you will be all the braver. Now it is time . . . The sky is paling . . . Go without a sound. There! kiss me, my young brother; you bear with you all my hopes. Be strong: forget us, forget me. May you never return. . . ."

In the same volume as 'Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue' Gide published a group of "traités" or treatises, some of which had been separately brought out years before, or had appeared in Paul Fort's review, Vers et Prose. The earlier ones, 'Le Traité du Narcisse' [Treatise of Narcissus], 'La Tentative Amoureuse' (which has already been mentioned), and 'El Hadj,' show plainly the influence on their author of Mallarmé and the Symbolists. Each sets forth in narrative form some aspect of the contacts between the artist and the world around him: 'Narcisse,' for example, deals with the search for ideal beauty, and 'El Hadj' with the efficacy of faith in good even if no reality corresponds to it.

'La Porte Étroite' is a short novel (though Gide has always denied it the name) of heart-rending pathos, all the keener because kept under perfect restraint. It tells the story of a soul captivated by the ideal of self-abnegation. Alissa, the heroine, is in love with her cousin, but is willing to stand aside in favor of her sister. On realizing that it is she herself whom Jérôme loves, she none the less refuses to marry him, for fear of spoiling the purity of their devotion to each other and offending their God. The analysis of her mind, carried out by means of letters written by her to Jérôme, and pages from her journal, is a superb achievement. Nowhere has asceticism been more sympathetically handled; yet we are left with the conviction that Alissa's sacrifice has been a needless one.

Between the appearance of 'La Porte Étroite' and the outbreak of the Great War, which necessarily caused a break in Gide's literary activity, he brought out an account of Oscar Wilde, whose acquaintance he had made in Morocco, a collection of critical essays, 'Nouvelles Prétextes' (1911), a tale, 'Isabelle' (1911), and the astonishing 'Les Caves du Vatican' [Lafcadio's Adventures] (1914). The last-mentioned work, although it was longer than his previous stories, he still refused to consider as a novel, giving it instead the whimsical name of *sotie*, after the burlesque pieces acted by merrymakers in the fifteenth century. It gave rise to a great deal of comment, not all of it favorable; for the main character, Lafcadio, was an unprincipled young rogue who brought his career to a climax by tossing a perfectly unoffending fellow-traveler out of a railway carriage, and killing him. This incident of the "unmotivated crime," however, though the most discussed of any in the book, was

only one of a succession of extraordinary adventures, through which moved a whole array of bizzare folk, depicted with the greatest verve and brilliancy. The plot, if such can be said to exist, centers around a supposed conspiracy to confine the Pope in the cellars of the Vatican, a "canard" which is skilfully exploited by a band of rogues, to the confusion of various honest and gullible citizens. The whole performance is full of humor of a particularly rich sort; anything less like 'La Porte Étroite' can hardly be imagined. The figure of Lafcadio evidently held an attraction for the mind of his creator, since it was for a time his intention to make him play a part in 'Les Faux-Monnayeurs.'

'La Symphonie Pastorale' [The Pastoral Symphony] of 1920 was a return to the less exuberant vein of Gide's early stories. A benevolent Swiss pastor takes into his home a wretchedly poor and ignorant blind girl, and does his best to awaken her soul. At first out of pure humanity, later out of an as yet unrecognized love, he trains her awkward, humble mind, and is rewarded with the light of intelligence and religion. But his son, too, has admired the grace and charm of his pupil, and when he confesses his love the pastor is torn by feelings of jealousy which he is ready to ascribe to any but the true cause. Finally, the girl's blindness is cured by an operation; she sees the two men as they are, not as she had imagined them, and her affections shift to the younger. In despair at the agony she is causing her friends, she drowns herself. The most complete disaster has been brought about by the kindest of intentions.

After having given to the world a number of works of fiction, called by him *récits* or *soties,* Gide at last in 1925 published what he termed his first novel. This was 'Les Faux-Monnayeurs' [The Counterfeiters], a work which immediately gained him that reputation in the English-speaking countries which none of his previous works had built up for him. While it is always agreeable to see the due recognition of such original genius as Gide's, one may question whether it was altogether a good thing that 'Les Faux-Monnayeurs,' translated into English, should have become a "best seller" on both sides of the Atlantic, and more particularly in America. Far too many readers have come to know the author by this one book, to the neglect of his many other remarkable works.

There can be little doubt, however, that 'Les Faux-Monnayeurs' is one of Gide's most maturely deliberated books, even if it is not his most entirely characteristic one. Along with the fascinating analysis of its composition entitled 'Le Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs,' it marks an important step in the progress of the European novel, the transition from the sculpturesque form into which fiction fell in the hands of nineteenth-century writers to the more fluid, suggestive, and evocatory form of its present masters. As Gide has said of his own work it was "written backwards." ". . . I am constantly finding," he notes in the 'Journal,' "that this or that exterior event must be spoken of. And so the chapters are added, not one after the other, but continually driving further back the one I had at first intended to be the opening."

His reaction from the cruder realism of the preceding generation is complete: "If I spoiled the portrait of old La Pérouse, it was because I made it too like reality. I was incapable of losing sight of my model. . . . The difficulty is to invent, where a memory binds you down." Gide abandons any attempt to *describe* his men and women; their own words and actions have to fulfil that function. He seeks a direct expression of their states of mind. His creations in consequence have a life of their own from the very beginning; they build up in the reader's brain a conception of their characters comparable to that built up by acquaintances who from day to day become more intimate. This requires work on the reader's part; but Gide is not for lazy readers, nor complacent ones. "To disquiet — that is my rôle," he comments.

To attempt to recount the complicated story of the 'Faux-Monnayeurs' in such brief space as is here allotted would be sheer folly. One character may be specifically referred to — that of Édouard, the novelist, whose figure stretches through the whole many-colored web and serves to unite the design. In many ways he reminds us of his creator himself, whose keen, watchful eye lets nothing that comes to pass before him escape. But it is utter misrepresentation to carry the analogy further; Gide excels in the "externalization," the embodiment in human form, of every state of man's intelligence and soul, beneficent and otherwise. Édouard is no more all of Gide than Ménalque was. In this respect Gide's lack of bias is altogether extraordinary. His book has no hero, no villain, and hence no "plot" and no conclusion, in which the threads are neatly wound up. And the evil impulses of all his characters are as fully stated, as minutely studied, as their good — yet not more so.

The impression left by this book is like that of some powerful musical composition, the echoes of which ring in the inner ear long after they have died to the outer sense. Gide himself has said that he writes "only to be re-read." There is perhaps no novelist living of whom it can be more confidently predicted that his works will be read again and again.

A study of Gide, in no matter how brief a compass, would be manifestly incomplete without some reference to his literary criticism. This is contained in the 'Prétextes' (1903), the 'Nouvelles Prétextes' (1911), the 'Dostoievski' (1911) and the 'Morceaux Choisis' (1921). It comprises an enormous number of illuminating remarks on men and books, dominated by two or three fruitful ideas. One of these, the conception of literary genius as something universal and international, brought him into direct conflict with the gifted Maurice Barrès, who in his 'Déracinés' and elsewhere had dwelt on the evil effects upon writers of separation from their native soil. Gide is all for travel, for adventure in strange places, whether of the body or mind. While discussing Gourmont he remarks, "I read as I would be read, that is very slowly; to read an author, with me, is not merely to take account of what he says, it is to absent myself, to travel in his company." And when Barrès fulminated against

foreign, and particularly German, ideas, Gide's reply was: "All the protectionists in the world will not be able to prevent words, forms, and sounds from flying over the frontiers as birds fly over the seas. All the most admirably patriotic considerations will not keep me from being on the watch for everything strange that may appear. I am ever awaiting something or other unknown, new forms of art and new thoughts; and if they were to come from the planet Mars, still no Lemaître would ever persuade me that they must be harmful to me and that I should ignore them."

Another conception to which Gide in his criticism frequently returns is that of the artist as necessarily free from all "moral" considerations, so long as he remains an artist. This is of curious interest with him, for he is constantly dealing with "moral" struggles of one kind or another, and is infinitely removed from the much-abused "art for art's sake" stand of the Parnassians and their followers. But Gide's peculiar ability to embody the most contrary ideals of life and to make them attractive, the equal relish he brings to the painting of the young rapscallion Lafcadio and the tortured Puritan Alissa, make such critical tenets inevitable for him.

The acuteness of Gide's passing criticisms upon his contemporaries may be gauged from this comment on Anatole France: "I think of Goethe's remark: the *trembling* is the best of the man. Alas! exactly. . . . It is no use my trying, I do not feel France's *trembling* at all; I read France without *trembling*." No doubt this is not a final estimate of the writer; but have the numerous strictures leveled at the mental attitude of Anatole France ever been so perfectly summed up in a phrase?

Gide has published a few striking accounts of travel, in each of which pure description is subordinated to an examination of his own mental states in the face of strange environments. His later works of this type, 'Le Voyage au Congo' and 'Sur le Logone,' which appeared in the Nouvelle Revue Française in 1927 and 1928, excited a good deal of interest through their free criticisms of French colonial policy.

A. Smillie Noad

PARISIAN ADOLESCENTS

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[Olivier Molinier, who has fallen under the influence of the Comte de Passavant, a writer of decadent tendencies, renews his friendship with Bernard Profitendieu, an independent lad, and the secretary of Olivier's uncle Edouard, the novelist.]

OLIVIER, who had returned to Paris the day before, arose that morning fresh and rested. The air was warm, the sky pure. When he went out, after his shave and his shower-bath, elegantly dressed, conscious of his strength, his youth, his beauty, Passavant was still sleeping.

Olivier hastened to the Sorbonne. This was the morning that Bernard had to go up for his examination. How did Olivier know that? But perhaps he didn't know it. He was going to find out.

He quickened his step. He had not seen his friend since the night that Bernard came to take refuge in his room. What changes since then! Who knows whether he was not more anxious to show himself to his friend than to see him. A pity that Bernard cared so little about elegance. But it's a taste that sometimes comes with affluence. Olivier knew that by experience, thanks to the Comte de Passavant.

Bernard was doing his written examination this morning. He wouldn't be out before twelve. Olivier waited for him in the quadrangle. He recognized a few of his school-fellows, shook a few hands. He felt slightly embarrassed by his clothes. He felt still more so when Bernard, free at last, came up to him in the quadrangle and exclaimed, with outstretched hand:

"Oh, dear! how lovely he is!"

Olivier, who *had* thought he would never blush again, blushed. He could not but feel the irony of these words, notwithstanding the cordiality of their tone. As for Bernard, he was still wearing the same suit he had on the evening of his flight. He had not been expecting to see Olivier. With his arm is his, he drew him along, questioning as they went. He felt a sudden shock of joy at seeing him. If at first he smiled a little at the refinement of his dress, it was with no malice; his heart was good; he was without bitterness.

"You'll lunch with me, won't you? Yes; I have got to go back at one-thirty for Latin. This morning it was French."

"Pleased?"

"*I* am, yes; but I don't know whether the examiners will be. We had to discuss these lines from Lafontaine:

> Papillon du Parnasse, et semblable aux abeilles
> A qui le bon Platon compare nos marveilles,
> Je suis chose légère et vole à tout sujet,
> Je vais de fleur et d'objet en objet.

How would you have done it?"

Olivier could not resist a desire to shine:

"I should have said that Lafontaine, in painting himself, had painted the portrait of the artist — of the man who consents to take merely the outside of things, their surface, their bloom. Then I should have contrasted with that the portrait of the scholar, the seeker, the man who goes deep into things, and

I should have shown that while the scholar seeks, the artist finds; that the man who goes deep, gets stuck, the man who gets stuck, gets sunk — up to his eyes and over them; that the truth is the appearance of things, that their secret is their form and that what is deepest in man is his skin."

This last phrase Olivier had stolen from Passavant, who himself had gathered it from the lips of Paul-Ambroise, as he was discoursing one day in a lady's drawing-room. Everything that was not printed was fish for Passavant's net; what he called "ideas in the air" — that is to say, other people's.

Something or other in Olivier's tone showed Bernard that this phrase was not his own. Olivier's voice did not seem at home in it. Bernard was on the point of asking: "Whose?" But besides not wishing to hurt his friend, he was afraid of hearing Passavant's name, which up till now had not been pronounced. Bernard contented himself with giving his friend a searching look; and Olivier, for the second time, blushed.

Bernard's surprise at hearing the sentimental Olivier give voice to ideas which were entirely different from those which he had once known him to have, immediately gave place to violent indignation; he was overwhelmed by something as sudden and surprising and irresistible as a cyclone. And it was not precisely against the ideas themselves that he was angry — though they struck him as absurd. And even perhaps, after all, they were not as absurd as all that. In his collection of contradictory opinions, he might have written them down on the page facing his own. Had they been genuinely Olivier's ideas, he would not have been angry either with him or with them; but he felt there was someone hidden behind them; it was with Passavant that he was angry.

"It's with ideas like those that France is being poisoned!" he cried in a muffled, vehement voice. He took a high stand. He wished to outsoar Passavant. And he was himself surprised at what he said — as if his words had preceded his thoughts; and yet it was these very thoughts he had developed that morning in his essay; but he felt shamefaced at expressing what he called "fine sentiments," particularly when he was talking to Olivier. As soon as they were put into words, they seemed to him less sincere. So that Olivier had never heard his friend speak of the interests of "France"; it was his turn to be surprised. He opened his eyes wide, without even thinking of smiling. Was it really Bernard? He repeated stupidly:

"France? . . ." Then, so as to disengage his responsibility — for Bernard was decidedly not joking:

"But, old boy, it isn't *I* who think so, it's Lafontaine."

Bernard became almost aggressive:

"By Jove, I know well enough it isn't you who think so. But, my dear fellow, it isn't Lafontaine either. If he had only had that lightness, which, for that matter, he regretted and apologized for at the end of his life, he would never have been the artist we admire. That's just what I said in my essay this morning, and I brought a great many quotations in support of my theory —

for you know I've a fairly good memory. But I soon left Lafontaine, and taking as my text the justification these lines might afford to a certain class of superficial minds, I just let myself go in a tirade against the spirit of carelessness, of flippancy, of irony, of what is called "French wit," which some people think is the spirit of France, and which sometimes gives us such a deplorable reputation among foreigners. I said that we ought not to consider all this as even the smile of France, but as her grimace; that the real spirit of France was a spirit of investigation, of logic, of devotedness, of patient thoroughness; and if Lafontaine had not been animated by that spirit, he might have written his tales, but never his fables nor the admirable epistle (I showed that I knew it) from which the lines we had to comment upon were taken. Yes, old boy, a violent attack — perhaps I shall get plowed for it. But I don't care two straws; I had to say it."

Olivier had not particularly meant what he had said just before. He had yielded to his desire to be brilliant and to bring out, as it were carelessly, a sentence which he thought would tremendously impress his friend. But now that Bernard took it in this way, there was nothing for him to do but to beat a retreat. But his great weakness lay in the fact that he was in much more need of Bernard's affection than Bernard of his. Bernard's speech had humiliated, mortified him. He was vexed with himself for having spoken too soon. It was too late now to go back on it — to agree with Bernard, as he certainly would have done if he had let him speak first. But how could he have foreseen that Bernard, whom he remembered so scathingly subversive, would set up as a defender of feelings and ideas which Passavant had taught him could not be considered without a smile? But he really had no desire to smile now; he was ashamed. And as he could neither retract nor contradict Bernard, whose genuine emotion he couldn't help respecting, his one idea was to protect himself — to slip out of it.

"Oh! well, if you put it that way in your essay, it wasn't against me that you were saying it. . . . I'm glad of that."

He spoke as though he were vexed — not at all in the tone he would have liked.

"But it *is* against you that I am saying it now," retorted Bernard.

These words cut straight at Olivier's heart. Bernard had certainly not said them with a hostile intention, but how else could they be taken? Olivier was silent. Between Bernard and him a gulf was yawning. He tried to think of some question to fling from one side of the gulf to the other which might reestablish the contact. He tried, without much hope of succeeding. "Doesn't he understand how miserable I am?" he said to himself, and he grew more miserable still. He did not have to force back his tears, perhaps, but he said to himself that it was enough to make anyone cry. It was his own fault, too; his meeting with Bernard would have seemed less sad if he had looked forward to it with less joy. When two months before he had hurried off to meet

Edouard, it had been the same thing. It would always be the same thing, he said to himself. He wanted to go away — anywhere — by himself — to chuck Bernard — to forget Passavant, Edouard. . . . An unexpected meeting suddenly interrupted these melancholy thoughts.

A few steps in front of them, going up the Boulevard Saint-Michel, along which he and Bernard were walking, Olivier caught sight of his younger brother George. He seized Bernard's arm, and, turning sharply on his heel, drew him hurriedly along with him.

"Do you think he saw us? . . . My people don't know I'm back."

Young George was not alone. Léon Ghéridanisol and Philippe Adamanti were with him. The conversation of the three boys was exceedingly animated; but George's interest in it did not prevent him from keeping "his eyes skinned," as he said. In order to listen to the children's talk we will leave Olivier and Bernard for a moment; especially since our two friends have gone into a restaurant, and are for the moment more occupied in eating than in talking — to Olivier's great relief.

"Well then, *you* do it," says Phiphi to George.

"Oh, he's got the dithers! He's got the dithers!" retorts George, putting what cold contempt he can into his voice, so as to goad Philippe to action. Then says Ghéridanisol with calm superiority:

"Look here, my lambs, if you aren't game, you had better say so at once. I shan't have any difficulty in finding fellows with a little more pluck than you. Here! Give it back!"

He turns to George, who is holding a small coin in his tight-shut hand.

"I'll do it!" cries George, in a sudden burst of courage. "Won't I just! Come on!" (They are opposite a tobacco shop.)

"No," says Léon; "we'll wait for you at the corner. Come along, Phiphi."

A moment later George comes out of the shop; he has a packet of so-called "de luxe" cigarettes in his hand and offers them to his friends.

"Well?" asks Phiphi anxiously.

"Well, what?" replies George with an air of affected indifference, as if what he has just done has suddenly become so natural that it wasn't worth mentioning.

But Philippe insists:

"Did you pass it?"

"Good Lord! Didn't I?"

"And nobody said anything?"

George shrugged his shoulders:

"What on earth should they say?"

"And they gave you back the change?"

This time George didn't even deign to answer. But as Philippe, still a little sceptical and fearful, insists again: "Show us," George pulls the money out of

his pocket. Philippe counts — the seven francs are there right enough. He feels inclined to ask: "Are you sure *they* aren't false too?" But he refrains.

George had given one franc for the false coin. It had been agreed that the money should be divided between them. He holds out three francs to Ghéridanisol. As for Phiphi, he shan't have a farthing; at the outside a cigarette; it'll be a lesson to him.

Encouraged by this first success, Phiphi is now anxious to try for himself. He asks Léon to sell him another coin. But Léon considers Phiphi a muff, and in order to screw him up to the right pitch, he affects contempt for his former cowardice and pretends to hold back. He had only to make up his mind sooner; they could very well do without him. Besides which, Léon thinks it imprudent to risk another attempt so close upon the first. And then it's too late now. His cousin Strouvilhou is expecting him to lunch.

Ghéridanisol is not such a duffer that he can't pass his false coins by himself; but his big cousin's instructions are that he is to get himself accomplices. He goes off now to give him an account of his successfully performed mission.

TRAGEDY IN THE CLASS-ROOM

[The group of young rascals with whom George Molinier associated has persuaded little Boris, a classmate, that he must fire a revolver at his head to show his courage]

THE next afternoon, the bell assembled all the boys in the classroom. Boris, Ghéridanisol, George, and Philippe were seated on the same bench. Ghéridanisol pulled out his watch and put it down between Boris and him. The hands marked five-thirty-five. Preparation began at five o'clock and lasted till six. Five minutes to six was the moment fixed upon for Boris to put an end to himself, just before the boys dispersed; it was better so; it would be easier to escape immediately after. And soon Ghéridanisol said to Boris, in a half whisper, and without looking at him, which gave his words, he considered, a more fatal ring:

"Old boy, you've only got a quarter of an hour more."

Boris remembered a story-book he had read long ago, in which, when the robbers were on the point of putting a woman to death, they told her to say her prayers, so as to convince her she must get ready to die. As a foreigner who, on arriving at the frontier of the country he is leaving, prepares his papers, so Boris searched his heart and head for prayers, and could find none; but he was at once so tired and so overstrung, that he did not trouble much. He tried to think, but could not. The pistol weighed in his pocket; he had no need to put his hand on it to feel it there.

"Only ten minutes more."

George, sitting on Ghéridanisol's left, watched the scene out of the corner of his eye, pretending all the while not to see. He was working feverishly. The class had never been so quiet. La Pérouse hardly knew his rascals and for the first time was able to breathe. Philippe, however, was not at ease; Ghéridanisol frightened him; he was not very confident the game mightn't turn out badly; his heart was bursting; it hurt him, and every now and then he heard himself heave a deep sigh. At last, he could bear it no longer, and tearing a half sheet of paper out of his copy-book (he was preparing an examination, but the lines danced before his eyes, and the facts and dates in his head) scribbled on it very quickly: "Are you quite sure the pistol isn't loaded?" then gave the note to George, who passed it to Ghéri. But Ghéri, after he had read it, raised his shoulders without even glancing at Phiphi; then, screwing the note up into a ball, sent it rolling with a flick of his finger till it landed on the very spot that had been marked with chalk. After which, satisfied with the excellence of his aim, he smiled. This smile, which began by being deliberate, remained fixed till the end of the scene; it seemed to have been imprinted on his features.

"Five minutes more."

He said it almost aloud. Even Philippe heard. He was overwhelmed by a sickening and intolerable anxiety, and though the hour was just coming to an end, he feigned an urgent need to leave the room — or was perhaps seized with perfectly genuine colic. He raised his hand and snapped his fingers, as boys do when they want to ask permission from the master; then, without waiting for La Pérouse to answer, he darted from his bench. In order to reach the door he had to pass in front of the master's desk; he almost ran, tottering as he did so.

Almost immediately after Philippe had left the room, Boris rose in his turn. Young Passavant, who was sitting behind him, working diligently, raised his eyes. He told Séraphine afterwards that Boris was frightfully pale; but that is what is always said on these occasions. As a matter of fact, he stopped looking almost at once and plunged again into his work. He reproached himself for it bitterly later. If he had understood what was going on, he would certainly have been able to prevent it; so he said afterwards, weeping. But he had no suspicions.

So Boris stepped forward to the appointed place; he walked slowly, like an automaton — or rather like a somnambulist. He had grasped the pistol in his right hand, but still kept it in the pocket of his coat; he took it out only at the last moment. The fatal place was, as I have said, in the recess made by a disused door on the right of the master's desk, so that the master could only see it by leaning forward.

La Pérouse leant forward. And at first he did not understand what his grandson was doing, though the strange solemnity of his actions was of a nature to alarm him. Speaking as loudly and as authoritatively as he could, he began:

"Master Boris, kindly return at once to your . . ."

But he suddenly recognized the pistol: Boris had just raised it to his temple. La Pérouse understood and immediately turned icy cold as if the blood were freezing in his veins. He tried to rise and run towards Boris — stop him — call to him. . . . A kind of hoarse rattle came from his throat; he remained rooted to the spot, paralytic, shaken by a violent trembling.

The shot went off. Boris did not drop at once. The body stayed upright for a moment, as though caught in the corner of the recess; then the head, falling on to the shoulder, bore it down; it collapsed.

When the police made their inquiry a little later, they were astonished not to find the pistol near Boris' body — near the place, I mean where he fell, for the little corpse was carried away almost immediately and laid upon a bed. In the confusion which followed, while Ghéridanisol had remained in his place, George had leapt over his bench and succeeded in making away with the weapon, without anyone's noticing him; while the others were bending over Boris, he had first of all pushed it backwards with his foot, seized it with a rapid movement, hidden it under his coat, and then surreptitiously passed it to Ghéridanisol. Everyone's attention being fixed on a single point, no one perceived Ghéridanisol either, and he was able to run unperceived to La Pérouse's room and put the pistol back in the place from which he had taken it. When, in the course of a later investigation, the police discovered the pistol in its case, it might have seemed doubtful whether it had ever left it, or whether Boris had used it, had Ghéridanisol only remembered to remove the empty cartridge. He certainly lost his head a little — a passing weakness, for which, I regret to say, he reproached himself far more than for the crime itself. And yet it was this weakness which saved him. For when he came down and mixed with the others, at the sight of Boris' dead body being carried away, he was seized with a fit of trembling, which was obvious to everyone — a kind of nervous attack — which Madame Vedel and Rachel, who had hurried to the spot, mistook for a sign of excessive emotion. One prefers to suppose anything, rather than the inhumanity of so young a creature; and when Ghéridanisol protested his innocence, he was believed. Phiphi's little note, which George had passed him and which he had flicked away with his finger, was found later under a bench and also contributed to help him. True, he remained guilty, as did George and Phiphi, of having lent himself to a cruel game, but he would not have done so, he declared, if he had thought the weapon was loaded. George was the only one who remained convinced of his entire responsibility.

George was not so corrupted but that his admiration for Ghéridanisol yielded at last to horror. When he reached home that evening, he flung himself into his mother's arms; and Pauline had a burst of gratitude to God, who by means of this dreadful tragedy had brought her son back to her.

MARCEL PROUST

WITHIN a few years of the death of Marcel Proust in 1922, a Proust legend had grown up. Enormous publicity was given to the extraordinary methods of life followed by the late novelist; his death-pale face with its huge eyes surrounded by dark circles, his torturing asthma, his cork-lined, airless room in the Boulevard Haussmann, his remoteness from the ordinary business of men, all these seemed part of a fantastic nightmare of which his vast series of novels was the written record. As a result the reader who now comes to Proust has been fully prepared for something unfamiliar and alarming, if not scandalous. It is likely that, after a first hasty reading of 'Du Côté de Chez Swann,' he will experience a disappointment proportionate to his expectations. For while there is a precious hoard of treasure in the books of this writer — whole chapters containing the unforgettable accounts of his exploration in the dark places of the human soul — it is not for the merely casual and curious visitor to discover. Long stretches of closely-packed pages have to be plodded through, many queer and irritating tricks of expression have tc be mastered, before a reader can begin to extract the precious ore held for him by Marcel Proust. Consequently it seems almost certain that for this generation, at all events, Proust will remain an author who is far more talked about than read, and far more frequently dipped into than "chewed and digested." Yet there is no writer of modern Europe who has more to offer his genuine devotees.

Proust was born at Paris on July 10, 1871. His father was a doctor of considerable intellectual attainments, who became inspector of public health; his mother was a Jewess, with the characteristics of her race strongly marked. Her influence over her son was enormous, and persisted up to the time of her death. In fact, so completely did her image predominate in his mind as a child that it is quite possible that the loving and attentive mother may unintentionally have cramped the character of her son. At any rate, the narrator of Proust's great novel, who is identified in many respects with the writer himself, tells us that the childhood tendency to lean too heavily upon his parents, and particularly upon his mother, cost him dear in later life and ruined his chances of happiness.

At the age of nine, the boy developed asthma, a disease from which he suffered with increasing acuteness; while in his youth it was checked by careful attention, after the death of his parents he aggravated it by his ill-regulated ways of life. He was educated at the Lycée Condorcet at Paris, and although his ill-health broke seriously into the regularity of his studies his marks were as a rule excellent.

No sooner had he passed out of school than Proust entered the army. He was only eighteen years old, and had not yet been summoned to the colors; but 1889 was the last year of voluntary service in France and Proust did not wait for his call. His life in the army was not the harsh experience it has been for some other equally sensitive natures; on account of his delicate health he was released from heavy duty, and he found some companions of his own age who were not utterly uncongenial.

Meanwhile his thoughts were turning to literature as a career, and he was trying his hand at composition, among his first efforts being the very close and subtle analysis of his impressions of the three towers of Martinville, given in Volume One of 'Du Côté de Chez Swann.' Work of this sort, and the partial success he felt he had attained in it, whetted his appetite. On his release from military service he returned to Paris, and in obedience to his father's wishes entered the Faculty of Law at the Sorbonne, but his interests were elsewhere. He soon associated himself with a number of young writers; along with Fernand Gregh, Henri Barbusse (later to gain fame by his war-novel 'Le Feu') and the late Robert de Flers, he founded Le Banquet, one of the innumerable ephemeral reviews that sprang up in Paris during the closing years of the last century. To this he contributed a few critical articles, and acquired a reputation for independence of thought and breadth of interests.

In fact, just at this time Proust was enjoying to the full the life of the well-to-do worldling. He had the entrée to a number of fashionable salons, among them those of the Princess Mathilde, and of Mme. Arman de Caillavet, the friend of Anatole France. It was through the kind offices of Mme. de Caillavet that Proust obtained a preface from the pen of France for one of his first books — 'Les Plaisirs et les Jours' [Pleasures and Days — a whimsical variant upon Hesiod's 'Works and Days']. This was a collection of short sketches in a rather affected and precious style. But if the manner was meretricious, the subjects were generally drawn from the life. Proust had utilized his observations of the men and women he had met in the society amid which he had been moving, and in such rapid outlines as the figures of 'Comédie Italienne' we have the first adumbration of the magnificent full-length portraits of 'À la Recherche du Temps Perdu.' It could hardly be expected that Anatole France, who took no very special interest in the young author, should have prophesied his future greatness; no doubt when he had written, "He attracts us and holds us in a hothouse atmosphere, among artificial orchids that do not draw from the earth their strange and sickly beauty," he felt he had awarded a full measure of praise.

But Proust was no ordinary amateur of literature; the making of books, or rather of a book, was before very long to become the one goal of his life. In the meantime, encouraged to some extent by the kindly reception of his little venture by the critics (though he must have felt he had far better stuff in him) he went on with his pursuit of social pleasure, turning his experiences and

notes into a rich subsoil that was later to nourish such a splendid harvest. He made friends with the fantastic Count Robert de Montesquiou, the original of Huysmans' Des Esseintes, and frequented his gatherings in spite of the capricious and even insulting treatment to which Montesquiou subjected him. With deadly persistency he drove his way into the confidence of the conceited, eccentric, and perverted creature, and extracted from him a wealth of confession, which duly went to the creation of the Comte de Charlus, one of Proust's greatest, though most repulsive, literary portraits. The house, too, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, near the Madeleine, where Proust's family lived at this time, was worked into the novelist's ever-growing tapestry; it appears as the setting for a large part of 'Le Côté de Guermantes.'

In 1903 Adrien Proust died, and two years later his wife followed him. The loss of his mother was a terrible blow to Marcel. With his father he had little enough in common, but Madame Proust had been to her son as a protecting wall, warding off from him a thousand harsh contacts with life. He was at first inconsolable; it became impossible for him to go on living alone in the house where he had been born, and he moved into an apartment in the Boulevard Haussmann. There he shut himself up and devoted himself to writing in earnest. The salons, which were no longer what they had been, saw him but rarely now. His days were spent in rest, his nights in feverish activity. The asthma from which he constantly suffered led him to keep every breath of fresh air out of his rooms, for fear of the dust and pollen that were poison to him. His horror of noise and sunlight was such that he lined his apartment with cork, and worked entirely by artificial illumination. His life in Paris was broken only by summer visits to the seacoast, Cabourg being his favorite resort. (This appears as Balbec in the second section of Proust's work — 'A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs'). Such were the conditions in which this extraordinary man produced his great fictions.

His manner of composition was the despair of printers and proofreaders. Lying in bed, with a sheet of cardboard across his knees, he would scrawl off his pages of all but indecipherable writing, filling note-book after note-book. As he re-read these, new ideas, new forms of expression, crowded ceaselessly into his morbidly active mind; he added enormously long passages to the manuscript, to accommodate them pasting additional sheets of paper to the first. When the printers had succeeded in making out and arranging this mass of material, their troubles were not at an end. Proust went on adding to and revising his book when it was in the form of proof. It has been estimated that the whole of 'A la Recherche du Temps Perdu,' as it was in 1913, supposedly complete, made hardly more than a third of the series in its final form.

Between 1906 and 1912 Proust's great conception of a comprehensive picture of the society of his youth, tinged with the bitter realization of its futility and lit with flashes of infernal fire from the underworld, worked itself out and took on a definite shape. When, at the end of 1911, he had about seven

hundred pages ready, he took the manuscript to various publishers, beginning with the Nouvelle Revue Française as the organ of the youngest and most progressive element in French literature. Everywhere he met with rejections. He was known to the reading public only as the author of 'Les Plaisirs et les Jours,' and two translations of Ruskin, for whom he had felt, about 1905, a strong admiration, and whose style had certainly affected his own. The mannerisms and apparent incoherency of the first volume of his book, 'Du Côté de Chez Swann' [Swann's Way] were such as to make its chances of a favorable reception decidedly remote; the days of the New Psychology were not yet, and much in Proust's work that today is clear enough to any educated person must have seemed dark, if not meaningless symbolism to the publishers' readers of 1911. But at last Proust found his publisher; and in 1913 'Du Côté de Chez Swann' appeared from the presses of Bernard Grasset.

The battle, however, was not yet won. Far from arousing a chorus of praise among the influential critics, the first instalment of what the author felt was his masterpiece did not even awaken their interest, friendly or the reverse. A few admirers praised it enthusiastically, but of the official guides of public taste only one, Paul Souday of the Temps, took the trouble to analyze it and apportion praise and blame. He complained of the formlessness, the sprawling nature of the book, and the eccentricities of its style, but perceived that it contained "precious elements out of which the author might have made an exquisite little book." This was the highest point, and nearly the sum total, of the reaction to Proust prior to the Great War.

During the turmoil of the period 1914–1918, Proust, debarred from military service by his illness, was at work upon the sequel to 'A la Recherche du Temps Perdu' which he entitled 'Le Temps Retrouvé,' and which was not to appear until after his death. The war he introduced into this work only in so far as it affected the development of his characters, bringing to one misfortune and sorrow and to another prosperity.

It was 1919 before the publication of the series was resumed; this time Proust appeared under the ægis of the Nouvelle Revue Française, whose brilliant young director, Jacques Rivière, had become a devoted admirer of his writings. 'A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs' [Within a Budding Grove] received far more attention than 'Du Côté de Chez Swann' had attracted, although in form it was scarcely simpler, while there was if anything even less vestige of a conventional plot. But by this time a number of readers were to be found who remembered the earlier book, were prepared for Proust's mannered style, and felt an interest in his ideas. 'A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs' was submitted for the Goncourt Prize, and won it against worthy competition; its closest rival was the 'Croix de Bois' [Wooden Crosses] of Roland Dorgelès, a war novel of unusual merit. It was recognized, however, that in Proust France had produced a truly original writer; once the critics had admitted this, the reading public hastened into line, and Marcel Proust's name

was soon on everyone's lips. In 'Le Côté de Guermantes' [The Guermantes Way] (1920–21) the series was continued, with the grandiose scheme of its author steadily unfolding. But he was not to survive until its publication. In the autumn of 1922, Proust's illness, which had taken a turn for the worse, developed into pneumonia, of which he died, refusing medical aid, on November 18. Fortunately, he had been able to revise the whole of 'À la Recherche du Temps Perdu' and had completed the first draft of 'Le Temps Retrouvé.'

The appearance of the remaining volumes followed during the next five years, although interrupted by the sudden death of Rivière, in whose hands the manuscripts had been placed. 'Sodome et Gomorrhe' [The Cities of the Plain] had come out in 1921–1922, 'La Prisonnière' [The Prisoner] in 1924, 'Albertine Disparue' [The Loss of Albertine] in 1926. The publication in the Nouvelle Revue Française during 1927 of 'Le Temps Retrouvé' completed the vast structure, begun over twenty years before. By that year the reputation of its author was firmly established both at home and abroad.

When one comes to consider the work of Proust as a whole, the impression is immediately forced home of its artistic unity. Huge and rambling, and spreading into many strange and unexpected annexes, 'À la Recherche du Temps Perdu' unquestionably is; but every part has solid connections with every other, and by the time a reader has made his way through to the last volume he will have grasped the conception of life that governed the constructor's mind. Incidents that appear trivial and that seem to have been introduced entirely at the caprice of Proust in the earlier volumes are later seen to possess essential value; several characters which play minor parts near the beginning acquire prime importance before the end, and *vice versa*. The march forward of the book, once its figures have taken possession of the mind, is like that of some well-disciplined army through a difficult and arid country: the ranks sway and divide, but always re-form; men drop out here and there, but others fill their places; and though the eye may now and again lose sight of the compact body in hollows or dust-clouds, it invariably emerges, sweeping to its goal. The goal which Proust set himself he attained, but only barely, as we know. He felt the presentiment of his coming death, and his one desire was to finish his work before it arrived. "I had lived," he says in the closing pages of 'Le Temps Retrouvé,' "like a painter going up a road that overhangs a lake, which is hidden from his view by a screen of rocks and trees. Through a breach he perceives it, he has it all before him, he seizes his brushes. But already the night is upon him, when one can no longer paint, and upon which day will never dawn again!"

The word "time" is one which is constantly recurring throughout the series of Proust's novels; the two titles under which he grouped them contain it, and "time" is the theme of the very first and the very last sentences. It was Proust's belief that he had developed a new method for the exploration of man's nature — the exploration in time. Regarding himself and the persons

around him not merely as occupying so many cubic inches of space and potentially occupying so many more through their powers of movement, but as containing within them all the years they had lived, or perched on the summit of a dizzy peak of past events, back through which they could go by means of their powers of memory, he set himself to interpret life as he had known it. Each one of his characters is presented with this conception in mind; the past of each is invisibly riveted to him or to her; it is perceived by the outside observer only in unexpected glimpses, yet each has the ability to call his own up before him. It is Proust's firm belief, however, that this deliberate effort to recapture the past can result only in its falsification, its rearrangement according to the laws of logic. Truth lies alone in the sudden flashes that illuminate former experiences through their association with the senses; these glowing moments are unfortunately all too rare.

It is on this account that relativity seems to play so important a part in Proust's conception of the world. Since all things are moving in time, and changing as they move, it is possible for a single man or woman, during the exploration in time, to take on many different aspects. Which is the true one? Proust answers: "We cannot say." Observer and observed alike are fluid things. Hence the enormous multiplicity of relations between two persons, which makes it possible for one to affect the actions of another even when they are separated. As Proust, in the person of the narrator of 'Le Temps Retrouvé,' says of his friend Robert de Saint-Loup, "A life of Saint-Loup depicted by me would develop in all the settings of my own life, would involve it all, even the sections of that life to which he was a stranger, such as my grandmother or Albertine." For in the lifetime of a man, through the action of the subconscious self, an experience may play a decisive part in determining his course, years after it has taken place.

Linked up with this philosophical view is that aspect of Proust's work which has caused some critics to consider him first and foremost a satirist of contemporary society. For the story-teller, after having spent, like Proust himself, a whole youth in the worldly gratifications of salon life, suddenly "rediscovers time" while in the library of the Princesse de Guermantes. He picks up a book by George Sand, and the sight of it brings back in a flood all the childhood memories stored in his mind and connected with the evening when his mother read to him from it. He hears the ringing of the bell on his parents' gate. "At that very moment, in the mansion of the Prince de Guermantes, the noise of my relatives' steps as they accompanied M. Swann out, the resounding, iron, unending, harsh, clear ringing of the little bell which used to announce to me that at last M. Swann had left and that Mother was going to come up to my room — I heard them again, I heard the sounds themselves, situated though they were so far off in the past." And immediately the salon and its inmates become a mere mask of reality to him; this outward life is not the true one, and the years he has spent in fostering it have been "time lost."

The truth of life lies hidden within him, and to dredge it up he must go down deep into his own personality, to find there the days gone by, and set them down in a book, before his death and that of the other actors in his story have made it impossible. So the worldling, the frequenter of society, turns against the world of polite society, and scathingly ridicules its shams and hollowness. In the first volumes this attitude is not strongly marked, though clearly enough present, but in the closing part of the work it is dominant in almost every passage. With the disappearance of the narrator's grandmother, of Swann, and of Bergotte the novelist, almost all the more pleasant personages have been withdrawn, and in the Baron de Charlus, an almost demoniac pervert, Albertine, a Lesbian, and their associates, we have a company such as we might expect to find in Dante's hell.

Some idea of the path followed by Proust in his voyage in time may be given here, but of course no detailed analysis is possible. The series opens with 'Du Côté de Chez Swann,' of which the first part introduces us to the central character in childhood. The very beginning tells us of those memories which at the end of the tale are to be awakened by the ringing of the bell at the home of the Prince de Guermantes. Then we have Swann, the friend of the family, brought in, and are told of his love-affair with Odette de Crécy, a beautiful but mentally commonplace courtesan, whom he is so foolish as to marry. 'A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs' [Within a Budding Grove] returns to the youth of the narrator; he spends a holiday by the sea, and falls in love with Gilberte, daughter of Swann, but the two are not really congenial, and she drifts away from him when his neurasthenic tendency to demand attention annoys her. In 'Le Côté de Guermantes' [The Guermantes Way] we have a brilliant account, full of satirical pictures, which almost become caricatures, of salon life. Many of the personages which have been barely mentioned or partly developed in the previous volumes now play an important part in the life of Proust's hero. We are introduced to the terrible Baron de Charlus, a tragic and unforgettable mixture of masculine and feminine. The grandmother who has been one of the few thoroughly likable characters is stricken with paralysis and dies. The description of the hero's interview with a famous doctor who diagnoses the case is written with grim concision quite unlike Proust's usual sinuous prolixity.

"'Your grandmother is lost,' said he to me. 'It's an attack brought on by uremia. In itself, uremia is not necessarily a mortal complaint, but this case appears to me hopeless. I need not say that I hope I am mistaken. At all events, with Cottard you are in excellent hands. Excuse me,' he added, as a maid came in, carrying the professor's black coat over her arm. 'I am dining with the Minister of Commerce, you know, and I have a visit to pay first. Ah! life is not all roses, as people fancy at your age.'

"And he graciously held out his hand. I had shut the door, and a footman was leading my grandmother and me into the antechamber, when we heard

loud cries of rage. The maid had forgotten to pierce the button-hole for his decorations. The professor went on storming, while I was looking on the staircase at my grandmother, who was doomed. Every person is quite alone. We started for home."

Then the scene darkens; 'Sodome et Gomorrhe' take us over the blasted heath of homosexuality. The Baron and his group of friends occupy the center of the stage. The hero falls utterly under the spell of Albertine, whom he shuts up in his apartment in a foolish attempt to monopolize her. Dark rumors of her evil habits have reached him and filled his mind with misgivings ('La Prisonnière'). In the next instalment, 'Albertine Disparue,' the girl has rebelled, and fled from her hypochondriac and suspicious lover. While he is trying to win her back, and is yet tortured by doubts as to her fidelity, she is killed, supposedly by accident. The narrator is left with his suspicions; he will never know certainly whether she was tainted with vice or not. In this enormously long incident, both actors have suffered exquisite tortures without any corresponding gain to their characters. 'Le Temps Retrouvé' is in a minor key. The war has come, and an age has ended. Proust's hero, or Proust himself, suddenly realizes, on meeting the daughter of Gilberte Swann, that he has grown old. He turns to the writing of his book, for it is high time; he has been warned by a sudden attack of dizziness and weakness that the sands are running low. "Instead of working, I had lived in idleness, in the dissipations of pleasure, in illness, worry, and hallucination; and I was undertaking my work on the eve of death, knowing nothing of my trade."

And, in fact, the intelligibility of Proust's masterpiece, particularly in its opening stages, is obstructed by tricks of style, such as enormously long parentheses and qualifying phrases, that a longer apprenticeship might have smoothed away. To say that such oddities and downright obscurities are merely part of the man's natural expression is to overlook the fact that they tend to disappear as the work advances, and are almost entirely absent from the last part. Proust unquestionably was a painstaking writer; he made the mistake at first of trying to crowd all his impressions on paper at the same time, and as a result the arrangement and even the grammar of his sentences appeared to suffer. But these were not the errors of slipshod writing; we know that Proust had the highest regard for "construction" in the novel. "The writer of a great work," he says, "must prepare his book minutely, with perpetual regroupings of forces as if for an offensive, must support it like a fatigue, accept it like a rule, construct it like a church, follow it like a way of life, overcome it like an obstacle, conquer it like a friendship, feed it like a child, create it like a world, without leaving aside those mysteries which probably have their explanation only in other worlds, and whose presentiment is what moves us the most in life and in Art."

In the final analysis, what does appear most worth while to Proust is Art. The characters who come off best in his "Human Tragedy" are those who

live for beauty: Bergotte the author, Elstir the painter, Vinteuil the composer. They are free from the tortures which those inflict on one another who seek their happiness in human beings. The unhappy Swann has tried to win his from Odette, and failed; the heartless and often brainless inhabitants of the various salons have found their social triumphs turning to ashes in their mouths; the Baron de Charlus, knowing his accomplices care nothing for him, has sunk into the mire; the narrator himself has been balked of love in both Gilberte and Albertine. There remains to him only the pleasure of artistic creation, whereby egotism can in the end bring good to others.

Such is the course taken by Proust's great book. It is not a cheerful thing, in spite of the many flashes of humor that lighten its pages. But if it is depressing, it is sobering; and, strangely enough for a novel that deals so much with perverted instincts, it can produce a really bracing effect. Moral values, however much they may seem to be turned topsy-turvy, invariably reassert themselves. We are left with an immense admiration for the man (Marcel Proust himself now, and not the weak-kneed narrator) who brought it to its triumphant culmination.

A. Smillie Noad

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

From 'Swann's Way' translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff; published by Henry Holt & Company, and reproduced by their permission

I FEEL that there is much to be said for the Celtic belief that the souls of those whom we have lost are held captive in some inferior being, in an animal, in a plant, in some inanimate object, and so effectively lost to us until the day (which to many never comes) when we happen to pass by the tree or to obtain possession of the object which forms their prison. Then they start and tremble, they call us by our name, and as soon as we have recognized their voice the spell is broken. We have delivered them: they have overcome death and return to share our life.

And so it is with our own past. It is a labor in vain to attempt to recapture it: all the efforts of our intellect must prove futile. The past is hidden somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach of intellect, in some material object (in the sensation which that material object will give us) which we do not suspect. And as for that object, it depends on chance whether we come upon it or not before we ourselves must die.

Many years had elapsed during which nothing of Combray, save what was comprised in the theater and the drama of my going to bed there, had any existence for me, when one day in winter, as I came home, my mother, seeing that

I was cold, offered me some tea, a thing I did not ordinarily take. I declined at first, and then, for no particular reason, changed my mind. She sent out for one of those short, plump little cakes called "petites madeleines," which look as though they had been molded in the fluted scallop of a pilgrim's shell. And soon, mechanically, weary after a dull day with the prospect of a depressing morrow, I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of the cake. No sooner had the warm liquid, and the crumbs with it, touched my palate than a shudder ran through my whole body, and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary changes that were taking place. An exquisite pleasure had invaded my senses, but individual, detached, with no suggestion of its origin. And at once the vicissitudes of life had become indifferent to me, its disasters innocuous, its brevity illusory — this new sensation having had on me the effect which love has of filling me with a precious essence; or rather this essence was not in me, it was myself. I had ceased now to feel mediocre, accidental, mortal. Whence could it have come to me, this all-powerful joy? I was conscious that it was connected with the taste of tea and cake, but that it infinitely transcended those savors, could not, indeed, be of the same nature as theirs. Whence did it come? What did it signify? How could I seize upon and define it?

I drink a second mouthful, in which I find nothing more than in the first, a third, which gives me rather less than the second. It is time to stop; the potion is losing its magic. It is plain that the object of my quest, the truth, lies not in the cup but in myself. The tea has called up in me, but does not itself understand, and can only repeat indefinitely, with a gradual loss of strength, the same testimony; which I, too, cannot interpret, though I hope at least to be able to call upon the tea for it again and to find it there presently, intact and at my disposal, for my final enlightenment. I put down my cup and examine my own mind. It is for it to discover the truth. But how? What an abyss of uncertainty whenever the mind feels that some part of it has strayed beyond its own borders; when it, the seeker, is at once the dark region through which it must go seeking, where all its equipment will avail it nothing. Seek? More than that: create. It is face to face with something which does not so far exist, to which it alone can give reality and substance, which it alone can bring into the light of day.

And I begin again to ask myself what it could have been, this unremembered state which brought with it no logical proof of its existence, but only the sense that it was a happy, that it was a real state in whose presence other states of consciousness melted and vanished. I decide to attempt to make it reappear. I retrace my thoughts to the moment at which I drank the first spoonful of tea. I find again the same state, illumined by no fresh light. I compel my mind to make one further effort, to follow and recapture once again the fleeting sensation. And that nothing may interrupt it in its course I shut out every obstacle, every extraneous idea, I stop my ears and inhibit all attention to the sounds

which come from the next room. And then, feeling that my mind is growing fatigued without having any success to report, I compel it for a change to enjoy that distraction which I have just denied it, to think of other things, to rest and refresh itself before the supreme attempt. And then for the second time I clear an empty space in front of it. I place in position before my mind's eye the still recent taste of that first mouthful, and I feel something start within me, something that leaves its resting-place and attempts to rise, something that has been embedded like an anchor at a great depth; I do not know yet what it is, but I can feel it mounting slowly; I can measure the resistance, I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed.

Undoubtedly what is thus palpitating in the depths of my being must be the image, the visual memory which, being linked to that taste, has tried to follow it into my conscious mind. But its struggles are too far off, too much confused; scarcely can I perceive the colorless reflection in which are blended the uncapturable whirling medley of radiant hues, and I cannot distinguish its form, cannot invite it, as the one possible interpreter, to translate to me the evidence of its contemporary, its inseparable paramour, the taste of cake soaked in tea; cannot ask it to inform me what special circumstance is in question, of what period in my past life.

Will it ultimately reach the clear surface of my consciousness, this memory, this old, dead moment which the magnetism of an identical moment has traveled so far to importune, to disturb, to raise up out of the very depths of my being? I cannot tell. Now that I feel nothing, it has stopped, has perhaps gone down into its darkness, from which who can say whether it will ever rise? Ten times over I must essay the task, must lean down over the abyss. And each time the natural laziness which deters us from every difficult enterprise, every work of importance, has urged me to leave the thing alone, to drink my tea and to think merely of the worries of today and of my hopes for tomorrow, which let themselves be pondered over without effort or distress of mind.

And suddenly the memory returns. The taste was that of the little crumb of madeleine which on Sunday mornings at Combray (because on those mornings I did not go out before church-time), when I went to say good day to her in her bedroom, my aunt Léonie used to give me, dipping it first in her own cup of real or of lime-flower tea. The sight of the little madeleine had recalled nothing to my mind before I tasted it; perhaps because I had so often seen such things in the interval, without tasting them, on the trays in pastry-cooks' windows, that their image had dissociated itself from those Combray days to take its place among others more recent; perhaps because of those memories, so long abandoned and put out of mind, nothing now survived, everything was scattered; the forms of things, including that of the little scallop-shell of pastry, so richly sensual under its severe, religious folds, were either obliterated or had been so long dormant as to have lost the power of expansion which would have allowed them to resume their place in my consciousness. But when

from a long-distant past nothing subsists, after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfaltering, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection.

And once I had recognized the taste of the crumb of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime-flowers which my aunt used to give me (although I did not yet know and must long postpone the discovery of why this memory made me so happy) immediately the old gray house upon the street, where her room was, rose up like the scenery of a theater to attach itself to the little pavilion, opening on to the garden, which had been built out behind it for my parents (the isolated panel which until that moment had been all that I could see); and with the house the town, from morning to night and in all weathers, the Square where I was sent before luncheon, the streets along which I used to run errands, the country roads we took when it was fine. And just as the Japanese amuse themselves by filling a porcelain bowl with water and steeping in it little crumbs of paper which until then are without character or form, but, the moment they become wet, stretch themselves and bend, take on color and distinctive shape, become flowers or houses or people, permanent and recognizable, so in that moment all the flowers in our garden and in M. Swann's park, and the water-lilies on the Vivonne and the good folk of the village and their little dwellings and the parish church and the whole of Combray and of its surroundings, taking their proper shapes and growing solid, sprang into being, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea.

THE VINTEUIL SONATA

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MEANWHILE the concert had begun again, and Swann saw that he could not now go before the end of the new number. He suffered greatly from being shut up among all these people whose stupidity and absurdities wounded him all the more cruelly since, being ignorant of his love, incapable, had they known of it, of taking any interest, or of doing more than smile at it as at some childish joke, or deplore it as an act of insanity, they made it appear to him in the aspect of a subjective state which existed for himself alone, whose reality there was nothing external to confirm; he suffered overwhelmingly, to the point at which even the sound of the instruments made him want to cry, from having to prolong his exile in this place to which

Odette would never come, in which no one, nothing was aware of her existence, from which she was entirely absent.

But suddenly it was as though she had entered, and this apparition tore him with such anguish that his hand rose impulsively to his heart. What had happened was that the violin had risen to a series of high notes, on which it rested as though expecting, an expectancy which it prolonged without ceasing to hold on to the notes, in the exaltation with which it already saw the expected object approaching, and with a desperate effort to continue until its arrival, to welcome it before itself expired, to keep the way open for a moment longer, with all its remaining strength, that the stranger might enter in, as one holds a door open that would otherwise automatically close. And before Swann had had time to understand what was happening, to think: "It is the little phrase from Vinteuil's sonata. I mustn't listen!" all his memories of the days when Odette had been in love with him, which he had succeeded, up till that evening, in keeping invisible in the depths of his being, deceived by this sudden reflection of a season of love, whose sun, they supposed, had dawned again, had awakened from their slumber, had taken wing and risen to sing maddeningly in his ears without pity for his present desolation, the forgotten strains of happiness.

In place of the abstract expressions "the time when I was happy," "the time when I was loved," which he had often used until then, and without much suffering, for his intelligence had not embodied in them anything of the past save fictitious extracts which preserved none of the reality, he now recovered everything that had fixed unalterably the peculiar, volatile essence of that lost happiness; he could see it all; the snowy, curled petals of the chrysanthemum which she had tossed after him into his carriage, which he had kept pressed to his lips — the address "Maison Dorée," embossed on the note-paper on which he had read "My hand trembles so as I write to you," the frowning contraction of her eyebrows when she said pleadingly: "You won't let it be very long before you send for me?"; he could smell the heated iron of the barber whom he used to have in to singe his hair while Loredan went to fetch the little working girl; could feel the torrents of rain which fell so often that spring, the ice-cold homeward drive in his victoria, by moonlight; all the network of mental habits, of seasonable impressions, of sensory reactions, which had extended over a series of weeks its uniform meshes, by which his body now found itself inextricably held. At that time he had been satisfying a sensual curiosity to know what were the pleasures of those people who lived for love alone. He had supposed that he could stop there, that he would not be obliged to learn their sorrows also; how small a thing the actual charm of Odette was now in comparison with that formidable terror which extended it like a cloudy halo all around her, that enormous anguish of not knowing at every hour of the day and night what she had been doing, of not possessing her wholly, at all times and in all places! Alas, he recalled the accents in which

she had exclaimed: "But I can see you at any time; I am always free!"—she, who was never free now; the interest, the curiosity that she had shown in his life, her passionate desire that he should do her the favor—of which it was he who, then, had felt suspicious, as of a possibly tedious waste of his time and disturbance of his arrangements—of granting her access to his study; how she had been obliged to beg that he would let her take him to the Verdurins'; and, when he did allow her to come to him once a month, how she had first, before he would let himself be swayed, had to repeat what a joy it would be to her, that custom of their seeing each other daily, for which she had longed at a time when to him it had seemed only a tiresome distraction, for which, since that time, she had conceived a distaste and had definitely broken herself of it, while it had become for him so insatiable, so dolorous a need. Little had he suspected how truly he spoke when, on their third meeting, as she repeated: "But why don't you let me come to you oftener?" he had told her, laughing, and in a vein of gallantry, that it was for fear of forming a hopeless passion. Now, alas, it still happened at times that she wrote to him from a restaurant or hotel, on paper which bore a printed address, but printed in letters of fire that seared his heart. "Written from the Hôtel Vouillemont. What on earth can she have gone there for? With whom? What happened there?" He remembered the gas-jets that were being extinguished along the Boulevard des Italiens when he had met her, when all hope was gone, among the errant shades upon that night which had seemed to him almost supernatural and which now (that night of a period when he had not even to ask himself whether he would be annoying her by looking for her and by finding her, so certain was he that she knew no greater happiness than to see him and to let him take her home) belonged indeed to a mysterious world to which one never may return again once its doors are closed. And Swann could distinguish, standing, motionless, before that scene of happiness in which it lived again, a wretched figure which filled him with such pity, because he did not at first recognize who it was, that he must lower his head, lest anyone should observe that his eyes were filled with tears. It was himself.

When he had realized this, his pity ceased; he was jealous, now, of that other self whom she had loved, he was jealous of those men of whom he had so often said, without much suffering: "Perhaps she's in love with them," now that he had exchanged the vague idea of loving, in which there is no love, for the petals of the chrysanthemum and the "letter-heading" of the Maison d'Or; for they were full of love. And then, his anguish becoming too keen, he passed his hand over his forehead, let the monocle drop from his eye, and wiped its glass. And doubtless, if he had caught sight of himself at that moment, he would have added to the collection of the monocles which he had already identified, this one which he removed, like an importunate, worrying thought, from his head, while from its misty surface, with his handkerchief, he sought to obliterate his cares.

There are in the music of the violin — if one does not see the instrument itself, and so cannot relate what one hears to its form, which modifies the fullness of the sound — accents which are so closely akin to those of certain contralto voices, that one has the illusion that a singer has taken her place amid the orchestra. One raises one's eyes; one sees only the wooden case, magical as a Chinese box; but, at moments, one is still tricked by the deceiving appeal of the Siren; at times, too, one believes that one is listening to a captive spirit, struggling in the darkness of its masterful box, a box quivering with enchantment, like a devil immersed in a stoup of holy water; sometimes, again, it is in the air, at large, like a pure and supernatural creature that reveals to the ear, as it passes, its invisible message.

As though the musicians were not nearly so much playing the little phrase as performing the rites on which it insisted before it would consent to appear, as proceeding to utter the incantations necessary to procure, and to prolong for a few moments, the miracle of its apparition, Swann, who was no more able now to see it than if it had belonged to a world of ultra-violet light, who experienced something like the refreshing sense of a metamorphosis in the momentary blindness with which he had been struck as he approached it, Swann felt that it was present, like a protective goddess, a confidant of his love, who, so as to be able to come to him through the crowd, and to draw him aside to speak to him, had disguised herself in this sweeping cloak of sound. And as she passed him, light, soothing, as softly murmured as the perfume of a flower, telling him what she had to say, every word of which he closely scanned, sorry to see them fly away so fast, he made involuntarily with his lips the motion of kissing, as it went by him, the harmonious, fleeting form.

He felt that he was no longer in exile and alone since she, who addressed herself to him, spoke to him in a whisper of Odette. For he had no longer, as of old, the impression that Odette and he were not known to the little phrase. Had it not often been the witness of their joys? True that, as often, it had warned him of their frailty. And indeed, whereas, in that distant time, he had divined an element of suffering in its smile, in its limpid and disillusioned intonation, tonight he found there rather the charm of a resignation that was almost gay. Of those sorrows, of which the little phrase had spoken to him then, which he had seen it — without his being touched by them himself — carry past him, smiling, on its sinuous and rapid course, of those sorrows which were now become his own, without his having any hope of being, ever, delivered from them, it seemed to say to him, as once it had said of his happiness: "What does all that matter; it is all nothing." And Swann's thoughts were borne for the first time on a wave of pity and tenderness towards that Vinteuil, towards that unknown, exalted brother who also must have suffered so greatly; what could his life have been? From the depths of what well of sorrow could he have drawn that godlike strength, that unlimited power of creation?

When it was the little phrase that spoke to him of the vanity of his sufferings, Swann found a sweetness in that very wisdom which, but a little while back, had seemed to him intolerable when he thought that he could read it on the faces of indifferent strangers, who would regard his love as a digression that was without importance. 'Twas because the little phrase, unlike them, whatever opinion it might hold on the short duration of these states of the soul, saw in them something not, as everyone else saw, less serious than the events of every-day life, but, on the contrary, so far superior to every-day life as to be alone worthy of the trouble of expressing it. Those graces of an intimate sorrow, 'twas them that the phrase endeavored to imitate, to create anew; and even their essence, for all that it consists in being incommunicable and in appearing trivial to everyone save him who has experience of them, the little phrase had captured, had rendered visible. So much so that it made their value be confessed, their divine sweetness be tasted by all those same onlookers — provided only that they were in any sense musical — who, the next moment, would ignore, would disown them in real life, in every individual love that came into being beneath their eyes. Doubtless the form in which it had codified those graces could not be analyzed into any logical elements. But ever since, more than a year before, discovering to him many of the riches of his own soul, the love of music had been born, and for a time at least had dwelt in him, Swann had regarded musical *motifs* as actual ideas, of another world, of another order, ideas veiled in shadows, unknown, impenetrable by the human mind, which none the less were perfectly distinct one from another, unequal among themselves in value and in significance. When, after that first evening at the Verdurins', he had had the little phrase played over to him again, and had sought to disentangle from his confused impressions how it was that, like a perfume or a caress, it swept over and enveloped him, he had observed that it was to the closeness of the intervals between the five notes which composed it and to the constant repetition of two of them that was due that impression of a frigid, a contracted sweetness; but in reality he knew that he was basing this conclusion not upon the phrase itself, but merely upon certain equivalents, substituted (for his mind's convenience) for the mysterious entity of which he had become aware, before ever he knew the Verdurins, at that earlier party, when for the first time he had heard the sonata played. He knew that his memory of the piano falsified still further the perspective in which he saw the music, that the field open to the musician is not a miserable stave of seven notes, but an immeasurable keyboard (still, almost all of it, unknown), on which, here and there only, separated by the gross darkness of its unexplored tracts, some few among the millions of keys, keys of tenderness, of passion, of courage, of serenity, which compose it, each one differing from all the rest as one universe differs from another, have been discovered by certain great artists who do us the service, when they awaken in us the emotion corresponding to the theme which they have found, of

showing us what richness, what variety lies hidden, unknown to us, in that great black impenetrable night, discouraging exploration, of our soul, which we have been content to regard as valueless and waste and void. Vinteuil had been one of those musicians. In his little phrase, albeit it presented to the mind's eye a clouded surface, there was contained, one felt, a matter so consistent, so explicit, to which the phrase gave so new, so original a force, that those who had once heard it preserved the memory of it in the treasure-chamber of their minds. Swann would repair to it as to a conception of love and happiness, of which at once he knew as well in what respects it was peculiar as he would know of the *Princesse de Clèves,* or of *René,* should either of those titles occur to him. Even when he was not thinking of the little phrase, it existed, latent, in his mind, in the same way as certain other conceptions without material equivalent, such as our notions of light, of sound, of perspective, of bodily desire, the rich possessions wherewith our inner temple is diversified and adorned. Perhaps we shall lose them, perhaps they will be obliterated, if we return to nothing in the dust. But so long as we are alive, we can no more bring ourselves to a state in which we shall not have known them than we can with regard to any material object, than we can, for example, doubt the luminosity of a lamp that has just been lighted, in view of the changed aspect of everything in the room, from which has vanished even the memory of the darkness. In that way Vinteuil's phrase, like some theme, say, in *Tristan,* which represents to us also a certain acquisition of sentiment, had espoused our mortal state, had endued a vesture of humanity that was affecting enough. Its destiny was linked, for the future, with that of the human soul, of which it was one of the special, the most distinctive ornaments. Perhaps it is not-being that is the true state, and all our dream of life is without existence; but, if so, we feel that it must be that these phrases of music, these conceptions which exist in relation to our dream, are nothing either. We shall perish, but we have for our hostages these divine captives who shall follow and share our fate. And death in their company is something less bitter, less inglorious, perhaps even less certain.

PAUL VALÉRY

YOU know, dear You, that I have a mind of the most obscure sort. You know this by experience, and you know it even better through having heard it said hundreds of times. There is no lack of persons, learned and kindly and well-disposed, who in order to read me are waiting until I have been translated into French. . . . But I — I am extremely sorry to afflict these lovers of light. Nothing attracts me like clarity. Alas, friend of mine! I assure you I can find it scarcely anywhere."

In such words does Paul Valéry in his 'Lettre à M. Teste' defend himself against the charge of obscurity brought against him. Poet, essayist, Member of the Academy, he is at the very head of his chosen profession, not in France alone but in the whole of Europe. A solid volume of 'Hommage des Écrivains Étrangers à Paul Valéry,' published in honor of his election to the Academy and containing illustrious names from every literary country of the Continent, leaves no doubt on this score. Yet that he is hard to understand not his most devoted admirers will deny; and men of his own race and language have been the warmest in their criticism.

Valéry, it will be seen, does not deny that he makes difficult reading. He does maintain, however, that to a thinking reader the glittering, but often empty phrases of "easier" authors present even greater obscurities than his own, elliptical as it may be, even crabbed at times, but always repaying a close examination with a full kernel of meaning.

Before discussing the works whose merits and demerits have thus been contested, it is worth while to cast an eye over their creator's career. Paul Valéry was born at Cette, in the south of France, in 1871, and educated there and at Montpellier, where he studied law. In 1890 he happened to strike up an acquaintance with Pierre Louÿs, the author of 'Aphrodite,' who invited him to write for his review, the Conque. Valéry rapidly composed the poem, 'Narcisse,' and afterwards contributed a few short pieces of verse to the Conque and another ephemeral review, the Centaure. He came to Paris in 1892, and soon fell under the spell of Mallarmé; most of his youthful work shows the influence of the master. For the Nouvelle Revue of 1894, however, he wrote in prose an essay of astonishing profundity and force, the 'Introduction à la Méthode de Léonard de Vinci.' This he followed up in 1895 with a yet more powerful composition, the 'Soirée avec M. Teste' [Evening with M. Teste], which is now famous, and has been read all over the continent of Europe.

Then, abruptly, Valéry disappeared from the world of letters. Dissatisfied with the results he had been obtaining, and uncertain of his intellectual ground, the promising young writer gave up his literary career to enter the world of business. He spent a short time in London directing a French press bureau, returned to Paris, spent three years in the War Office, and eventually joined the staff of the great Havas Agency. During the years of his journalistic and commercial experience, however, his mind was ceaselessly active. He disciplined it by means of the study of mathematics and the sciences, and spent long hours in meditation. Thus he accustomed himself to grappling with the thorniest problems presented to the intellect, in the search for absolute knowledge — a bridge between the isolated human mind and the vast world outside it.

At the request of the Nouvelle Revue Française group, Valéry began in 1913 to revise his early poems, which he published with new material in 'La Jeune Parque' [The Young Fate] in 1917. He had broken his silence at last, and a chorus of hearty praise from such critics as had the desire or ability to read his work was the reward. Two years later he re-edited his 'Introduction à la Methode de Léonard de Vinci' with an additional note, and in 1920 brought out 'Le Cimitière Marin' [The Graveyard by the Sea], a brief poem of 140 lines, perfect in form, and breathing a lofty faith in man's will and power to act. Since then Valéry has published 'Le Serpent' (1921) and 'Charmes ou Poèmes' (1922) in verse, besides an enlarged edition of the 'Soirée avec M. Teste' (1920) and two striking collections of prose essays, 'Eupalinos ou l'Architecte' (1923) and 'Variété' (1924). These books have sufficed to place him at the head of contemporary French poets and among the finest of French essayists. None of them is bulky, and several are hardly more than pamphlets in size. But there is not one which can be run through at a jog-trot, and then located in the geography of ideas. They all demand careful reading and a mature consideration.

Let us consider first the prose compositions, for it was in the field of prose that Valéry first produced really notable work, his 'Léonard de Vinci' and 'M. Teste.' The first essay, he has told us, was written for the Nouvelle Revue at the instance of Léon Daudet and Mme. Juliette Adam, and expresses the intense enthusiasm Valéry felt at the time for the idea of universal genius. Leonardo da Vinci represented for him the man who was intellectually good for all things — his deep scientific knowledge did not interfere with, rather it aided, his self-expression in art. Under the influence of Stéphane Mallarmé, Valéry had embarked on the search for Beauty as an end in itself. And the beauty of the intelligence which he saw shining through every product of Leonardo's brain and hand drew him irresistibly. In his youthful impatience with partial or unconscious exercise of the mind, Valéry longed for masterpieces which should express the *whole* of their creator, and which should provide their own explanation. The figure of Leonardo stood before him, the

model of the "bel animal pensant" [beautiful thinking animal]. As a mettled horse passes from one pace to another without shock or loss of energy, so this mind turned from scientific analysis to artistic creation, and was equally competent in each sphere. The very fact that Leonardo left behind him so few completed works, when the number and magnitude of his schemes are considered, was an additional reason for setting him up as an ideal. For with him it was the process, rather than its end, that counted. The more difficult and intractable the material, the greater the exercise of genius needed to conquer it.

There is here, too, an idea to which Valéry returns very frequently, in both his prose and his poetry, the conception of creation as a kind of falling-off from pure contemplation. As fast as the artist brings forth visible and tangible results of his mental processes, he becomes dissatisfied with them, and passes beyond them. "I had," says Valéry, "a mania for loving only the functions of beings, and in works only their generation. I knew that these works are always falsifications, arrangements, the author, happily, never being the *man*. The life of this latter is not the life of the former: accumulate all the details you can on the life of Racine, you will not obtain from them the art of making his poetry." And again: "There is nothing so beautiful as what does not exist."

Valéry's picture of the great mental worker, before whom nature unfolds her plasticity in every direction, is an unforgettable one. Equally impressive, though less striking, and even more provocative of thought in its immense implications, while lacking the romantic attractiveness of Leonardo, is the figure of M. Teste. The 'Soirée avec M. Teste' has been a germ of amazing fertility in French letters since its appearance; Paul Valéry has not been allowed by his admirers to neglect his creation, and to the original sketch he has added a 'Lettre à M. Teste,' a 'Lettre de Madame Emilie Teste,' containing a delightful picture of the hero by his wife, and some extracts from his literary 'Log-Book.'

Taken in combination these essays give us a rounded image of the man whose whole life is concentrated in his brain. Where Leonardo adventured greatly in the world of human activity, this even mightier genius, according to Valéry, made his excursions within the limits of his own personality. When the narrator of 'La Soirée avec M. Teste' first encounters him, he is a man of rather commonplace exterior, regular habits, and enormous mental activity, who "produces" nothing because the production of works of genius is too easy! The exaggerations of the portrait are explained by the author himself when he remarks, "Teste was engendered during a period of intoxication of my will, and amid curious scenes of consciousness of self. I was tinged with the disease of perfection in an acute form. I tended to the extreme of a mad desire to understand, and sought in myself the compass points for my faculty of attention. . . . To all that was easy for me I was indifferent, almost hos-

tile." The young intellectual, then, created a sort of monster, by isolating, heightening, and embodying in the form of M. Teste, the characteristics he had noted in himself. Drunk, as he has said, with the recognition of his own will, he imagined a man of whom he could say: "He is dominated by the thought of his potentialities. He observes himself, maneuvers himself; he does not wish to let himself be maneuvered." M. Teste has gone beyond the point of remembering only what he needs; his wish is to be able to remember "what he will need tomorrow." All in his nature is calm, mechanical, and perfect of its kind, his passions utterly under control. His wife's confessor says of him, "He is terribly tranquil. His heart is a desert island." There is no hope in his nature, for M. Teste never looks farther than his own immediate possibilities.

Such is this curious product of the brain of one who is at once a scientist and a poet. Its attractiveness cannot be denied by those who have sympathetically read Valéry's books, and its effect upon a post-war generation weary of the established creeds and of worn-out philosophies has been most decisive.

In another essay Valéry pays tribute to Poe, the foreign writer who has had the deepest influence on him. English and American readers may marvel that this strict thinker should speak enthusiastically of 'Eureka,' with its often quaint ideas of scientific truth. The explanation lies in the need Valéry felt, when he took up Poe's fantasy, for a treatment of science that glowed. He was tired of text-books, and welcomed 'Eureka' because of the flashes of light it seemed to throw on the whole problem of how we can achieve to an exact knowledge of the universe.

'L'Ame et la Danse' makes easier reading than most of Valéry's prose; it is a charming sketch, in dialogue form, of a philosophy of the dance as evolved by Socrates. Looking at the vibrant form of the incomparable Athikté as she weaves her measured figures to the sound of flutes, the philosopher concludes that in this creative action is to be found the one release from an intolerable burden — that of reflection, of seeing things as they are. "The real," says Eryximaque, "in its pure state instantaneously stops the heart. . . . A drop of that icy lymph suffices to relax in a soul the springs and the palpitations of desire, to exterminate all hopes, ruin all the gods that were in our blood. . . . The soul appears to itself as an empty and measurable form." And as in her final effort the dancer whirls till she falls exhausted, Socrates sees in her the living proof of a purity of existence that mere contemplation can never attain. "See!" he cries, "She turns. . . . A body by its simple power, by its own act, is powerful enough to alter the nature of things more profoundly than even the mind in its speculations and its dreams succeeded in doing."

'Eupalinos, ou l'Architecte' repeats and develops the theme. Socrates and Phædrus, in the shades, discuss the master-builder Eupalinos and his special

creative genius, and the conclusion to which the philosopher seems driven is here again that the activity of the artist, who is one with his work, is superior to that of the thinker, who stands forever hesitant and would judge the universe. "If the universe is the effect of some act; and that act itself the effect of a Being, and of a need, a thought, a science, and a power which belong to this Being, it is only by an act that you can fall into the great design, and set yourself to the imitation of that which has made all things." Thus is Socrates led to deny the efficacy of his own questioning philosophy.

The poetical work of Valéry is contained in even smaller compass than his prose; but, like it, is of uniformly excellent quality. In it the author has put into practice the precepts of 'Leonardo' and 'Eupalinos,' yet without abandoning the curious scorn for completed work we saw expressed in the 'M. Teste.' Valéry is in no sense a technical innovator; he has kept to regular and recognized forms of poetical composition, and in an essay on La Fontaine's poem 'L'Adone' [Adonis] has given us his attitude towards them. Since for him thought undirected by the will is not the free and glorious thing the romanticist would make it out, since language, the form into which poetry must fit, is governed by a multitude of rules and conventions of the most arbitrary sort, it follows that the poet must be above all a vigilant craftsman. "The true condition of the true poet is the most distinct state possible from that of the dream. I see in it only a voluntary search, the rendering supple of thoughts, the consent of the soul to exquisite discomfort, and the perpetual triumph of sacrifice. Even he who wishes to write his dream must be infinitely awake." We can see then that "dancing in chains" is not to Valéry the abhorrent thing it has become to the writer of *vers libre*.

Valéry's 'La Jeune Parque' (1917) and 'Le Cimitière Marin,' reprinted in 'Charmes' (1921) are by common consent of his readers his finest work. The first poem takes up the problem which has obsessed Valéry (if so fine and well-balanced a mind can be said to be obsessed) throughout his life: the choice between meditation and action, between solitude and submission to the world of others. His young Fate, bitten by the serpent of desire, revolts in verses of a thrilling beauty against her forced yielding to the law of nature. Her virginal snows are melting — "Le gel cède à regret ses derniers diamants." She accepts the task of a newer and fuller life, symbolizing the genius of the poet, who has now renounced his sterile contemplation of himself (an attitude he had set forth in his early 'Narcisse'). 'Le Cimitière Marin' is another call to life. Valéry sits by the tombs of those he loves: he recognizes that they are at peace, while he, with his torturing activity, is but a false note in a mighty harmony. "My repentances, my doubts, my constraints, are the flaw in thy great diamond!" he exclaims. And he, too, will soon pass out of life, and reappear in other forms. "All departs. My being is porous; even holy Impatience dies too!" He rejects the "beautiful lie" of religious comfort, and yet cries out in agony at his own beliefs. But the close of his meditation

is again a call to action — "Up! . . . break, O my body, this pensive form! . . . The wind rises! We must try to live!"

In lines such as these we have the quintessence of Valéry's later view of life; he has abandoned the exaggerated conception of genius as outlined in M. Teste, and would submit himself to life in order to produce something of beauty.

It would be useless to deny that Valéry is often hard to comprehend. From the Symbolists and from Mallarmé he has inherited a taste for out-of-the-way figures of speech and uncommonly elliptical expression. But a close study of his lines will not merely give the reader an experience of rare beauty, it will reveal to him the amazing depth and subtlety of the thought contained in them.

A. Smillie Noad

THE EUROPEAN MIND

From 'Variety,' by Paul Valéry, translated by Malcolm Cowley. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, and reprinted with their permission

PEACE, I was saying the other day, is that form of war which admits acts of love and creation; hence, it is something more complex and obscure than war in the strict sense, just as life is more profound and more obscure than death.

But the beginning and setting in motion of peace are more obscure than peace itself, just as fecundation and the origin of life are more mysterious than the functioning of the being which has already been made and adapted.

Of this mystery, every one is conscious today; it is a sensation physically present. There are doubtless a few men who can perceive their own selves as forming an actual part of this mystery; and perhaps there is some one whose sensibility is clear, fine, and rich enough to examine itself, and there find future phases of our destiny.

Such is not my ambition. The affairs of the world interest me only as they relate to the intellect — everything in relation to the intellect. Bacon would call this intellect an idol. I agree, but have found none better.

Hence, when I think of the establishment of peace, it is from the standpoint of the intellect and the things of the intellect. This point of view is *false,* since it separates the mind from all other activities; but this abstraction and falsification are inevitable; every point of view is false.

A first thought appears. Our idea of culture, of intelligence, of masterpieces stands in a very ancient relation — so ancient as rarely to be perceived — with the idea of Europe.

Other parts of the world have had admirable civilizations, poets of the first

rank, constructors, and even scientists. But no other part of the world has possessed that extraordinary *physical* property which consists in the most intense power of *radiation* combined with the most intense power of *absorption.*

Everything came to Europe, and from Europe everything has come. Or almost everything.

Now, the present situation permits of this capital question: Will Europe retain its leadership in all activities?

Will Europe become *what she is in reality:* that is, a little cape of the Asiatic continent?

Or will Europe remain *what she seems to be:* that is, the most precious part of the terrestrial universe, the pearl of the globe, the brain of a vast body?

In order to set forth this alternative in all its rigor, I will take the liberty of developing a sort of fundamental theorem.

Consider a map which shows the whole of the habitable world. This whole is divided into regions, and in each of these regions there is a certain density of population, a certain quality of men. To each of these regions also corresponds of natural wealth — a more or less fertile soil, a more or less precious subsoil, a more or less watered territory, more or less adapted to transportation, etc. These characteristics enable us to classify these regions at any epoch, in such a way that at any epoch *the state of the living world can be defined by a system of inequalities between the inhabited regions of its surface.*

At any moment the *history* of the following moment depends on this given inequality.

Let us now examine, not this theoretical classification, but the classification which existed in reality, and still existed yesterday. We perceive a fact which is both remarkable in itself and extremely familiar to us: The little region of Europe stands at the head of the classification, and so has stood for centuries. In spite of its small area, and although the wealth of the soil is not extraordinary, it dominates the picture. By what miracle? Certainly the miracle must reside in the quality of its population. This quality must compensate for the smaller number of men, square miles, and tons of ore assigned to Europe. Put the Empire of India in one scale of a balance; put the United Kingdom in the other. See: the balance inclines toward the scale with the lighter weight!

Here is an extraordinary upset of equilibrium. But its consequences are more extraordinary still: *they lead us to foresee a progressive change in the opposite direction.*

We suggested a moment ago that the quality of its men must determine the pre-eminence of Europe. I cannot analyze this quality in detail, but I find by rapid examination that burning desire, ardent and disinterested curiosity, a happy blend of imagination and logical precision, a scepticism that is not pessimistic and a mysticism that is not resigned . . . are the more specifically active qualities of the European psyche.

A single example of this European spirit — it is an example of the first rank and of paramount importance. Greece — for all the shores of the Mediterranean belong in Europe, Smyrna and Alexandria being as European as Athens or Marseilles — Greece invented geometry. It was a foolhardy enterprise; we are still disputing over the *possibility* of such folly.

In order to achieve this fantastic creation, what had to be done? Remember that neither the Egyptians nor the Chinese, the Chaldeans nor the Hindus ventured so far. Reflect that it was an enthralling adventure, a conquest a thousand times more precious and positively more poetic than that of the Golden Fleece. No mere sheepskin is worth the proposition of Pythagoras.

Geometry was an enterprise demanding gifts which are generally incompatible. It required Argonauts of the mind, hardy pilots who would let themselves neither be lost in their thoughts, nor distracted by their impressions. Neither the fragility of the premises which bore them on, nor the subtlety or infinity of the inferences which they were exploring, could divert them from their course. They were equidistant from the variable negroes and the indefinite yogis. They adjusted common speech to precise reasoning, an extraordinarily delicate and improbable achievement. They analyzed motor and visual operations of great complexity. They made these operations correspond to grammatical and linguistic properties. Blind seers, they trusted in speech to guide them through space. . . . And space itself, as the centuries passed, became an always richer and more surprising creation; it developed along with thought, which was acquiring more mastery over itself and placing more confidence both in the power of reason and in the initial subtlety which had provided it with such incomparable tools: definitions, axioms, lemmata, theorems, problems, porisms, and the rest.

I should need a whole book to discuss the subject. I only wished to specify, in a few words, one of the characteristic acts of the European genius. This very example carries me back to my original thesis.

I was arguing that the inequality which has so long been observed to favor Europe might, *by its own effects,* be changed progressively into an opposite sort of inequality. This is what I called by the ambitious name of a fundamental theorem.

How can we demonstrate this proposition? — I will take the same example, that of Greek geometry, and ask the reader to consider the effects of this discipline through the ages. Little by little, very slowly but very surely, one can see it assuming such authority that all researches and all acquired experience tend irresistibly to borrow its rigorous manner, its scrupulous economy of "matter," its automatic generalization, its subtle methods, and that infinite prudence which permits it the wildest daring. . . . Modern science was born from this education in the grand style.

But once it was born, once tried and rewarded by its practical applications,

our science, becoming a means of power, a means of concrete domination, a stimulant of wealth, a device for exploiting the capital of the planet, ceased to be an artistic activity, and an end in itself; instead it has become an exchange value. The utility of knowledge makes it a *commodity,* desired no longer by a few distinguished enthusiasts, but by Everyman.

This commodity, as a result, will be prepared in more and more convenient or comestible forms; it will be distributed to a larger and larger circle of buyers; it will be transformed into something commercial, something which is imitated and produced almost everywhere.

Result: the inequality which used to exist between the different regions of the world, in respect to the mechanical arts, applied sciences, and scientific methods of war or peace — the inequality on which European predominance was based — tends gradually to disappear.

Hence, *the classification of the habitable regions of the world tends to become such that brute size, numbers, and statistical elements — population, area, raw materials — will at last exclusively determine this classification of the compartments of the world.*

And hence, the balance which inclined to our side, although we *seemed* lighter, is slowly beginning to change its direction — as if we had stupidly taken the invisible weight which bore us down and cast it into the other scale. *We have been fools enough to make forces proportional to masses.*

This phenomenon of our times might be compared with another, which can be observed in the heart of every nation; it consists in the diffusion of culture, and in the accession to culture of larger and larger categories of individuals.

To predict the consequences of this diffusion, and determine whether it will necessarily produce a degradation, would be attempting a delightfully complicated problem of intellectual physics.

For the speculative mind the charm of this problem arises first from its resemblance to the physical fact of diffusion, and thence from the sudden change of this resemblance into a profound difference, as soon as the thinker returns to his first subject, which was *men* and not *molecules.*

A drop of wine will fall into water and hardly color it; after a rosy mist the wine tends to disappear. This is the physical fact. But now suppose that some time after this disappearance and this return to limpidity, we saw drops of *pure wine* being formed here and there in this vessel which seemed once more to contain only *pure water* — our wonder would have no bounds. . . .

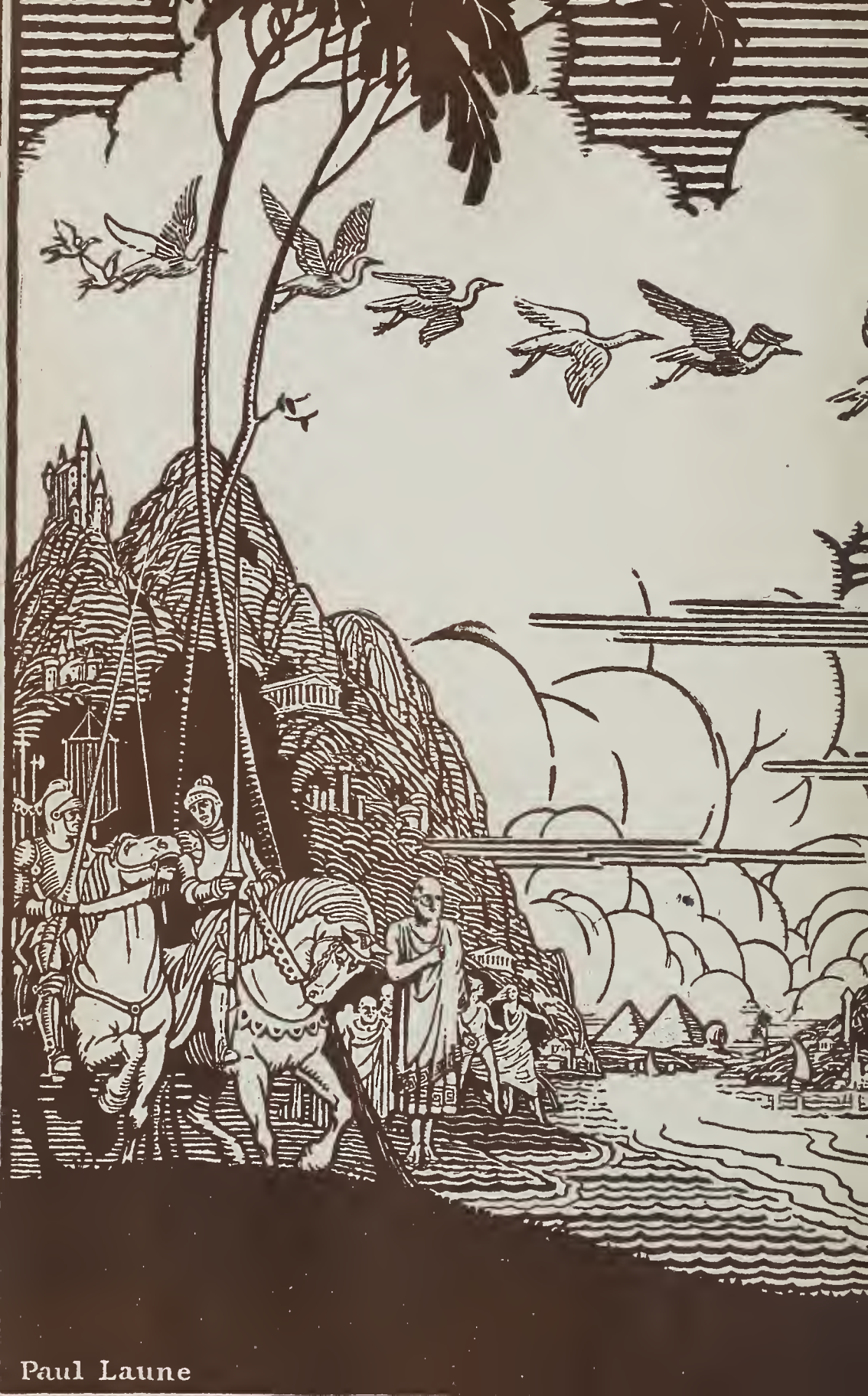
This miracle of Cana is not impossible in the field of intellectual and social physics. We then speak of *genius* and oppose it to diffusion.

A short time ago we were considering a curious balance, which moved contrary to weight. Now we are watching a liquid system which passes, as if

spontaneously, from homogeneous to heterogeneous, from a thorough mixture to complete separation. . . . These paradoxical images give the simplest and most practical representation of the rôle played in the world by what has been called — for five or ten thousand years — the Mind.

"But can the European mind, or at least its most precious elements, be totally diffused? The exploitation of the globe, the equalization of techniques, democracy — these phenomena point to a *deminuito capitis,* a loss of rights, by Europe; should they be taken as irrevocable decisions of destiny? Or have we some liberty *against* this menacing conspiracy of things?"

It is perhaps by seeking this liberty that one creates it. However, for such a research, we must temporarily abandon the consideration of groups, and study the struggle of personal life against social life in the thinking individual.



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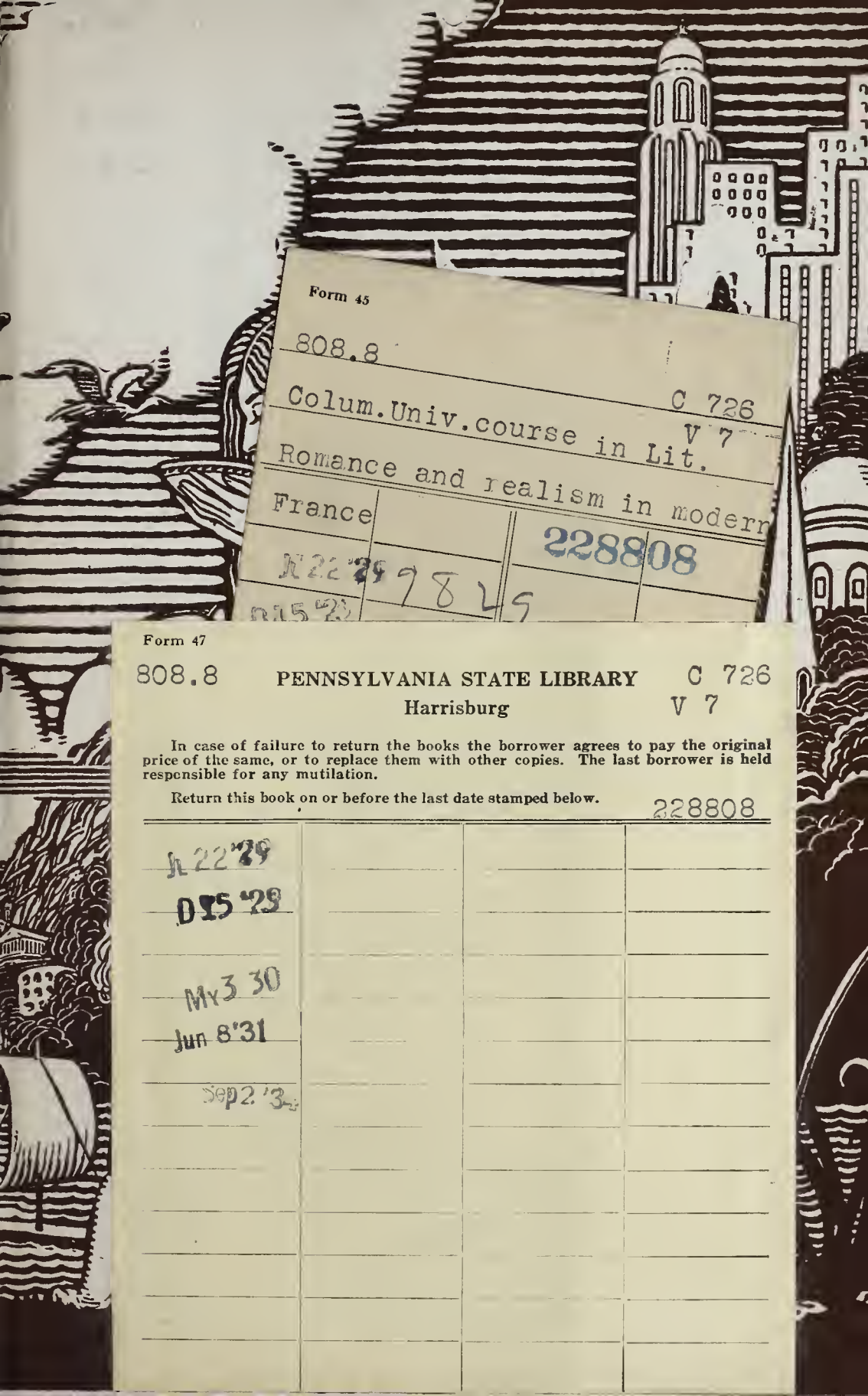

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